READINGS FROM ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

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READINGS FROM ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

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PREFACE

To read a good book is like listening to a good friend. Ruskin has said that these book friends of ours — the wisest and wittiest people of all time — are always waiting on our bookcase shelves to talk to us, to speak in their best words and of the things nearest their hearts, and that we can have a visit from them when we will by simply opening the pages and letting them talk. To make these famous men and women who are talking to us through their books, our friends in fact as well as in name, to feel their presence and their influence as living persons, is the object of this book. Great literature is not a dead thing. It is eternally alive, and we should take up the reading of it not as a task to be accomplished but as a pleasure to be enjoyed.

The selections in this book are arranged in the order in which they were written. As we read them, we see unfolding before us the history of England and America. First, with the beginnings of English books and learning is Chaucer, and a little later Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. After them come the writers of the Eighteenth Century, Addison, Goldsmith, and Burns; then the great Romantic writers and poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott and others of their day; then the Victorians, — Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray and their contemporaries.

We find American literature growing out of the English and flowering in the last century in that group of poets and writers which included Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell and their followers. We find the literature of our own times growing out of that which

went before, as the branch grows out of the parent tree. We do not ask you now to study a formal history of these things, but only to note them while you are following this course of reading from the best writers that the world has ever known. These readings will not only interest you, — they will make you think, and the more you think, the more you will find in them to think about. Do not be satisfied to leave a selection until you understand it. Read it first to get a general impression of it. Then read it with the notes and questions before you, and see how much you can find in it that you missed the first time. You are like a miner digging for gold. When you find a nugget hold it up to the light.

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READINGS FROM ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

I. EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

A.D. 1340(?)–1400

The first great story-teller who wrote in English was Geoffrey Chaucer. He was born about 1340, when Edward III was king of England, and when the English language was just beginning to be used for books.

Before his time books were written generally in Latin or in French, though there were several fine old poems in Old English, or Anglo-Saxon, telling of the deeds of heroes, and of fabulous monsters, and of the lives of wandering minstrels. The greatest of these poems was "Beowulf."

But Chaucer wrote of the life of his own times, and told old stories and fables in everyday language. The English which he used was not such English as we speak to-day, but perhaps if you heard it, you could catch enough words to understand.

For instance, Chaucer wishes to tell us that it happened one day in the spring season that he was at the Tabard Inn at Southwark, ready to go on a pilgrimage to Canterbury with a devout or prayerful heart, and that at night there came to that hotel a company of twenty-nine people of various sorts, all pilgrims, who had fallen by chance into comradeship. This is the way he tells it:

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle.

Those were rude old days. People traveled on horseback, for the roads were too narrow and too muddy for carriages; and they seldom traveled alone, but in companies, for fear of thieves. Houses were cold and walls were bare, except that on some of those belonging to the rich was hung, here and there, a piece of tapestry or curtain with figures worked upon it. Floors were covered in winter with rushes or straw to keep the feet warm. Chairs were wooden benches. Tables were boards laid upon racks or horses, and were taken down when not in use. There were no knives or forks; people ate with their fingers and were none too nice about it. Chaucer tells us, as if it were quite remarkable, that a certain lady let no morsel fall from her lips in eating, nor dipped her fingers too deeply into the sauce, and that she could so carry her food that no drop of it fell upon her breast.

Clothes, in those days, were of gay colors, and the clothes of the rich were often elegantly embroidered and covered with jewels. Every trade had its own special dress, and you could tell at a glance whether a man was a merchant, a farmer, a miller, or a carpenter. But you will be most interested to hear something about Chaucer himself.

Chaucer's father was a London merchant who used to supply the king's table with wine. In those days nearly every one drank wine and ale, and there was much drunkenness. The boy Chaucer was probably sent to school and was certainly bright and a good scholar, for he always loved

books. We know little about his boyhood until we hear of him at seventeen as a page in the house of the Princess Elizabeth. Here he probably waited upon the ladies, learned to be polite — or as polite as any one was in those days — and acquired all the manners of the court. Two years later he followed his master Prince Lionel into France, fought in the wars, and was taken prisoner. We know that King Edward paid something toward his ransom.

Some eight years or so after Chaucer had returned to England he married a lady of noble birth, who was one of the maids of honor to the queen, and about the same time he won the friendship of John of Gaunt, the powerful Duke of Lancaster, who was one of King Edward's sons. This friendship lasted throughout the lives of the two men and was made firmer by the marriage of John of Gaunt to the sister of Chaucer's wife.

Chaucer now began to be an important figure at court. He was sent by the king several times to France and to Italy on business of state and was made a public officer, having charge of all the duties, or taxes, on imported goods. He was also a knight of the shire, or as we should say now, a member of Parliament. And during all these years of public business he studied and wrote poetry. He tells us that when his work at the office was done he would go home and read and write far into the night.

After a time John of Gaunt lost his power at court, and with that, Chaucer lost his office and was for some years poor and in debt. But at last John became powerful again and gave Chaucer another office.

Under King Richard II Chaucer was given charge of the public works. It was his business to see that the palace, the Tower of London, and other public buildings, as well as the city walls, were kept in repair.

When Henry IV, who was the son of John of Gaunt, became king, one of his first acts was to increase the pension allowed by the government to his father's old friend. But

Chaucer did not need the pension long, for he died about a year later, in 1400, at the age of sixty years.

Chaucer's greatest poem is the "Canterbury Tales," which was begun when he was about forty-five years old. He tells us that one day in the early spring he set out to make a pilgrimage to Canterbury. A pilgrimage was a journey to some church or tomb or holy place, and the journey was made to show the pilgrim's love toward God and to gain some special blessing. In former times a pilgrim took long journeys on foot, dressed in coarse garments and with only a staff in his hand to help him in walking. But in Chaucer's day pilgrims went on horseback, gayly clothed, and the pilgrimage was more a holiday excursion than a religious act. So Chaucer went over London Bridge and put up at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, as you have read in the few lines already quoted. Here he knew he should find others who were making the same journey, and he would thus have company and protection against the thieves who were then swarming along all the English roads.

The travelers whom he met were of all kinds and classes. There was a knight, who had just come back from the wars; and his son, who was a young squire; and their servant, with a coat and hood of green and a mighty bow. And there were two nuns, and several priests, and a monk, and a merchant with a forked beard, and a lawyer full of business — and yet Chaucer says that he "seemed busier than he was." And there was a miller, with a wart on his nose and a mouth as big as a furnace; and there was a long-legged reeve, or steward, with a shaven head; and there was a poor scholar from Oxford, and a good-natured plowman, and a carpenter, and a sailor, and many another.

After they had all eaten a good supper, the innkeeper, Harry Bailey, a big man with a bright eye and a merry laugh, suggested that they should make the way seem shorter by telling stories.

Geoffrey Chaucer

"Let each one," he said, "tell two stories on the way to Canterbury, and two more on the way home, and the one who tells the best story shall have a good supper here in this place, when we come back, and the others shall pay for the supper. I will go with you and be your guide." All the party agreed; and the next morning they set out upon their journey.

The stories that were told were of all kinds, some serious and some amusing. The one given here is an old tale that was told by the Man of Law. It is put into modern prose, with a few quotations from Chaucer's verse, modernized just enough to make them readable.

FAITHFUL CONSTANCE

In Syria there once lived a company of rich merchants, who traveled with their wares far and wide over the world. On one of their voyages they visited Rome, and while there they heard much talk about the emperor's daughter, the Lady Constance. Every day new tales of her beauty, her goodness, and her wisdom were told to them.

When the merchants returned to Syria, the sultan sent for them and asked them what they had seen and heard upon their travels. They told him, and among other things mentioned what they had heard concerning the Lady Constance. In fact, they spoke in so high praise of her that the sultan kept thinking of her day and night and finally decided that he must have her for his wife.

So he sent ambassadors to Rome, bearing rich gifts and asking for the hand of the Lady Constance in marriage. He said that if she would come to him he would give up the Moslem religion and become a Christian. The emperor agreed, apparently without consulting Constance, and she, sad and oppressed, but yielding to her father's will, made herself ready.

The day is comen [1] for departing now,
I say the woful, fatal day is come;
No longer tarrying may there be, I trowe [2]
But forthward they make ready, all and some.
Constance, who was with sorrow overcome,
Full pale arose and dressed her for to wend [3]
For well she sees there is no other end.

She sailed away with a splendid retinue and after many days arrived in Syria. Now the old sultana, mother of the sultan, when she heard of her son's plan, was violently angry. She did not wish to give up the Mohammedan faith, so she determined to get rid of Constance and all her Christian attendants. She called together a council of her friends and told them her plot, — which was to invite all the Christians to a feast, and when they had come together, to put them to death. The sultan, hearing that the old sultana wished to honor the Christians, was pleased and gladly gave his consent.

Great was the press and rich was the array
Of Syrians and Romans met in fere [4]
The mother of the Sultan, rich and gay
Receiveth her with marvelous good cheer,
As any mother might her daughter dear;
And to the neighboring city, side by side,
An easy journey festively they ride.

. . . . . .

But shortly for to tell you, in a word,
The sultan and the Christians every one
Were stabbed and hewn to pieces at the board,
But Lady Constance was preserved alone, —
The ancient sultaness, — accursed crone!
Hath with her comrades done this woful deed,
For she herself would all the country lead.

[1] come [2] believe [3] go [4] company

As for Constance, they saved her for what they considered a worse fate. They set her in a boat without a rudder and told her to find her way back to Rome.

The boat was driven far through the Greek Sea and the Straits of Gibraltar, till at last it was cast ashore on the coast of Northumberland, which was a part of England. The constable of a castle that was near by found Constance, half-dead, and took her to his home, where his wife Dame Hermengild cared for her until she was strong again. She lived with them a long time and had many adventures in that pagan land. At last King Ælla was told of her goodness and beauty, and of the misfortunes which she had suffered, and to make a long story short, he married her, and there was joy and feasting. King Ælla and all his court became Christians.

But King Ælla, too, had a queen mother who wished to have her way, and this queen mother, Donegild, was determined to be rid of the young queen Constance. It happened some time after, that King Ælla was called to Scotland to fight his enemies, and while he was gone a little prince was born, to whom Constance gave the name of Maurice. The constable at once sent a messenger to King Ælla telling him the joyful news. On the way, the messenger stopped at the old queen mother Donegild's castle and told her of the great event that had occurred in the king's house.

She asked him to stay for a night and rest himself, and gave him ale and strong drink, so that he was soon sunk in a drunken sleep. Then she stole the letters which he was carrying to the king, and put other letters in their place, in which she wrote that the young prince was a horrible-looking, fiend-like creature, so frightful that no one dared stay in the castle with him, — and that his mother was undoubtedly a witch.

The king received the letters and was greatly cast down, but he wrote to the constable asking him to take good care of the child and of his wife till his return. This letter he gave to the same messenger and sent him back.

On the way the messenger stopped again at Donegild's castle, and again Donegild kept him and gave him strong drink and while he was asleep stole the king's letter, writing in place of it another, in which the constable was commanded, on pain of hanging, not to allow Constance to remain in his realm "three days and the quarter of a tide," but to put her and the child into the same boat that brought her to the kingdom, push her out into the sea, and tell her never to return.

The constable and all the court were filled with grief and pity, but there was no questioning the command of the king. So Constance, pale and sad, with her little one in her arms, went down to the seashore. She prayed and said:

He that hath kept me from the false blame
While I was in the land amongst you all
He can me keep from harm and eke from shame
In the salt sea. . . .

Her little child lay weeping in her arm,
And kneeling, piteously to him she said,
"Peace, little one, I will do thee no harm."
With that she took her kerchief from her head
And over his own little eyes she laid;
Then in her arms she lulled him close and fast
While up to heaven her meek eyes she cast.

Soon afterwards King Ælla came home and asked for his wife and child. The constable's heart grew cold at the question, as he told the king what he had done and what letters he had received. Ælla did not blame the constable, for the orders were explicit and could not be passed over, but he discovered the trick of Donegild and had her put to death.

Meanwhile the emperor of Rome received letters from Syria, telling him how all the Christian folk had been destroyed, and straightway he sent a certain mighty senator with a large expedition to punish the Syrians. The senator

burned and slew and harried all Syria for many a day. Then he turned homeward, and on the way fell in with the boat in which Constance and her little son were drifting. The senator did not know who she was, and she did not tell him, but he brought her back to Rome and took care of her.

Some years after this, King Ælla went on a pilgrimage to Rome and was there honorably entertained. At a feast that was given for him, the senator came, bringing with him Maurice, then a half-grown boy. King Ælla was attracted by the boy and asked, "Whose is that fair child that standeth yonder!" "I know not," said the senator. "A mother he hath but father hath he none that I know of." Then he told King Ælla how the boy and his mother had been found. Ælla went to the senator's house, found Constance, and explained the cruel mistake. He took her with him to her father, the emperor, who was as surprised and joyful as himself. Ælla and Constance went back to England together and reigned happily until the death of Ælla, when Constance returned with Maurice to Rome and there, after some years, Maurice succeeded his grandfather as emperor.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can of life in England at the time of Chaucer. 2. Write or tell what you can about Chaucer. 3. Give the general plan of the "Canterbury Tales," and describe some of the pilgrims. 4. Tell in your own words, and briefly, this story of Faithful Constance. 5. What is the constable of a castle? 6. What improbable things do you find in the story? 7. What does this show you in regard to the story? (This is a very old story, — older than Chaucer. He found it, in prose, in a book of stories written during the Middle Ages, and called Gesta Romanorum — which means Deeds of the Romans. It is entirely legendary.) 8. What is a legend?

Other good stories from Chaucer are found in Darton's "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims," McSpadden's "Stories from Chaucer," and Eva March Tappan's "The Chaucer Story Book." Katharine Lee Bates has also modernized some of them, in verse, — in the same meter as Chaucer's original tales — with the title "Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims."

EDMUND SPENSER

1552–1599

About a hundred and fifty years had passed since the death of Chaucer, the great story-teller of the "Canterbury Tales." During that time few great books had been written. Sir Thomas Malory had translated from the French the stories of King Arthur — some of which you have doubtless read, the Bible had also been translated, and about the same time a man named Caxton had printed the first book in English. Before then books had been written by hand. Columbus, too, had sailed from Spain and had discovered the new continent of America. During all these years men were beginning to think less about their meat pies and strong drink and were growing anxious to learn. The world was waking up. The old Greek learning which had been so long forgotten was revived, and because it was new to the people of that age they called it the "new learning." So the years had passed since Chaucer died.

In 1552 another great poet and story-teller was born in England. His name was Edmund Spenser, and like Chaucer he was born in London. It is supposed that his father was a tailor and that he was poor. If young Spenser had been like most boys in his position, he would have been content to be a tailor like his father, but the lad had heard of the "new learning" and wanted some of it. He wanted to go to college. As his father could not afford to send him, he went as a sizar; that is, he earned his board and lodging by waiting on the tables and doing other work. He also acted as a servant to wealthy students. He worked hard and was

often ill as a result of it, but he loved his college and speaks of it in his poems with great tenderness.

At twenty-four he had finished his course, and still being in ill health, he went to live for a time with relatives in the north of England. There he began to write a poem called "The Shepherd's Calendar," telling of country life through all the months of the year.

Then one of his college friends wrote asking him to come to London. He went, and there he met several famous courtiers and scholars. The great Sir Philip Sidney became his friend, and the Earl of Leicester took him into his house as secretary. He traveled to France and to Ireland in the service of the earl and published "The Shepherd's Calendar," which made him known.

Queen Elizabeth was then upon the throne of England and was beginning to gather about her that famous group of poets and scholars who have made the England of her time so celebrated — Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh and Spenser and Lord Bacon and, greatest of all, Shakespeare.

Spenser soon received a position as secretary to the governor of Ireland. In Ireland he saw war and bloodshed. The Irish were in rebellion against the English rule and were fighting savagely. But at last the rebellion was put down, and Spenser was given for a home a fair old ivy-covered castle near the city of Cork. There he lived for many years and there he wrote most of his great poem, "The Fairy Queen." Sir Walter Raleigh visited him there, and Spenser read to Raleigh the first three parts of the poem. Raleigh was delighted with it and made Spenser go back to London with him and publish all that was finished. Queen Elizabeth was also greatly pleased and told her Lord Treasurer to give Spenser a generous pension, but the Lord Treasurer was an economical person and gave Spenser only half of what the queen had asked. That was not enough for Spenser to live upon in London, so he went back to Ireland to his castle.

Edmund Spenser

Spenser employed the years that followed in working busily at "The Fairy Queen." Meanwhile he married a beautiful Irish girl, writing in her honor a marriage hymn, which is one of his most famous poems. He went to London again, published three more parts of "The Fairy Queen," and spent some months at the court of Elizabeth, meeting all the great men of that day. Here he must have talked with Shakespeare, who was already one of the celebrated writers and actors of the time.

A few years after he had returned to his castle, the Irish rebellion broke out again. The castle was plundered and burned, and his youngest child was lost in the flames. The poet with his wife and two young sons were driven out with nothing but the clothes that they wore. It is supposed by some that parts of "The Fairy Queen," still unfinished, were burned in the castle.

Spenser and his family fled to Cork, and from there he went on alone to London, hoping to regain his fortune. But the loss of his child, his home, and his property seemed to have broken his heart, and he died in an inn near London. This was in the year 1599. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey among the tombs of the kings and statesmen of England and near the grave of Chaucer, whom he always called his master.

"The Fairy Queen" was never finished as Spenser planned it. But each part — or "book," as it is called — is complete in itself. The story runs that the Fairy Queen, — who was called Gloriana, — once held a feast that lasted twelve days. Upon each of these twelve days some person came asking for help, and the queen replied to each by sending forth a knight to give such aid as he might. The adventures of each of the twelve knights were to form a book. Of the twelve books only six were finished.

Book One tells of the adventures of the Red Cross Knight, who seems to be St. George. A fair lady called Una, clothed

all in black, enters the court and falls upon her knees before the queen, saying that her father and mother, an honorable king and queen, have been for years shut up in a brazen castle guarded by a frightful dragon. She begs for a knight to go and fight the dragon and rescue her parents. Behind her comes a dwarf, leading a war horse laden with all the armor and weapons of a knight, and the Lady Una says that her knight must wear this armor or he cannot win.

The Red Cross Knight is appointed by the Fairy Queen to go upon this quest. He seems at first to be an awkward sort of fellow, but when he has put on the armor he becomes at once the goodliest man in all that company. He and Una go forth together and have many adventures.

Spenser had a hidden meaning beneath all these stories, but sometimes it is hard to follow. The English is not so difficult to understand as that of Chaucer. It was spelled quite differently from the English of to-day, but there are not, after all, a great many strange words. After changing the spelling, the first part of the poem, telling how the Knight of the Red Cross rode across the plain, and fought his first battle, reads like this:

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT'S FIRST BATTLE

A gentle knight was pricking [1] on the plain,
Yclad [2] in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints [3] of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield.
His angry steed did chide [4] his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly [5] knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

[1] galloping [2] clad [3] dents [4] champ [5] handsome

. . . . . .

Upon a great adventure he was bound
That greatest Gloriana to him gave —
That greatest glorious queen of Fairy Land —
To win him worship [1] and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave,
And ever as he rode his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance [2] in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn —
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled [3] was full low;
And over all a black stole [4] she did throw,
As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey [5] slow;
Seeméd in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milkwhite lamb she led.

. . . . . .

Behind her, far away, a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seemed, in being ever last,
Or wearied by the bearing of her bag
Of needments [6] at his back. Thus, as they passed,
The day with clouds was sudden overcast
And angry Jove a hideous storm of rain
Did pour into the lap of Earth so fast
That every wight [7] to shun it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke [8] to shroud [9] themselves were fain.[10]

. . . . . .

[1] fame
[2] strength
[3] drawn down
[4] a long cloak
[5] a small saddle horse
[6] necessaries
[7] person
[8] likewise
[9] shelter
[10] desirous

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, all clad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide
Not pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys [1] wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far,
Fair harbor that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which, therein shrouded [2] from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky:
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The dancing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-clad elm, the poplar, never dry,
The builder, oak, sole king of forests all;
The aspen, good for staves; the cypress, funeral.[3]

. . . . . .

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown;
When, thinking to return whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was shown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,[4]
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own;
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take in diverse [5] doubt they been.[6]

At last resolving forward still to fare,[7]
Till that some end they find, or in or out,

[1] passages [2] sheltered [3] solemn [4] think [5] various [6] were [7] proceed

That path they take that beaten seemed most brave,[1]
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by track they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoon[2] dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarf awhile his needless spear he gave.

"Be well aware," quoth then that lady mild,
"Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,
And peril without show; therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, withhold till further trial made."
"Ah, lady," said he, "shame were to revoke[3]
The forward footing for a hidden shade:
Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade."

. . . . . .

"Yea, but," quoth she, "the peril of the place
I better wot[4] than you: though now too late
To wish you back return with foul disgrace,
Yet wisdom warns, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the step, ere forcéd to retreat.
This is the Wandering Wood, this Error's den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I say beware." "Fly! fly!" quoth then
The fearful[5] dwarf, "this is no place for living men."

But full of fire and greedy hardiment[6]
The youthful knight could not for aught be stayed:
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And lookéd in: his glistering armor made

[1] fine
[2] forthwith
[3] turn back
[4] know
[5] frightened
[6] courage

A little glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plain
Half like a serpent horribly displayed.

. . . . . .

Which, when the valiant knight perceived, he leapt
As lion fierce upon the flying prey,
And with his trenchant [1] blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forcéd her to stay:
Therewith enraged, she loudly 'gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled tail advanced,
Threatening her angry sting, him to dismay;
Who, naught aghast, his mighty hand enhanced: [2]
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glanced.

Much daunted with that blow, her sense was dazed:
Yet kindling rage herself she gathered round,
And all at once her beastly body raised
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Though wrapping up her wreathéd folds around,
Leapt fierce upon his shield, and her huge train
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain.
God help the man so wrapped in Error's endless train!

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,[3]
Cried out, "Now, now, Sir Knight, show what ye be!
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee!"
That when he heard, in great perplexity
His soul did fret for grief and high disdain,
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he gripped her throat with so great pain
That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constrain.

[1] cutting [2] raised up [3] necessity

. . . . . .

Thus ill beset and fearful more of shame
Than of the certain peril he stood in,
Half furious unto his foe he came,
Resolved in mind all suddenly to win
Or soon to lose, before he once would lin:[1]
And struck at her with more than manly force,
That from her body, full of filthy sin,
He reft[2] her hateful head without remorse:
A stream of coal-black blood forth gushéd from her corse.[3]

. . . . . .

Then mounted he upon his steed again
And with the lady backward sought to wend.
That path he kept which beaten was most plain,
Nor ever would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one unto the end:
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way, with God for friend,
He passéd forth and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveléd before he heard of aught.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. About how long was it from the death of Chaucer to the birth of Spenser? Name some important things that happened during that time. Who printed the first book in English? 2. Write or tell what you can of Spenser's life. 3. Who was the ruler of England at this time, and what can you say of the court and the people? Name at least one great man who lived at the same time as Spenser — more if you can. 4. Tell briefly what "The Fairy Queen" is about. 5. Tell some of the main points in the story of Una and the Red Cross Knight. What other name did the Red Cross Knight have?

6. Supply modern words for those marked in the text by index figures. Are Spenser's words or the modern words the better? Give

[1] stop [2] cut off [3] dead body

reasons for your answer. 7. Explain "into the lap of Earth" etc., line 25, page 16. This manner of expression is called personification. It is a fanciful or imaginative way of referring to an inanimate thing or idea as if it were a person. Here the Earth is represented as a person, and the rain as falling into her lap. Personification is a *figure of speech*, that is, it expresses something in figurative or imaginative form. 8. What examples of personification do you find in the first stanza on page 17?

9. Give briefly the details of this picture of the grove, — as (*a*) tall trees shutting out the light, (*b*) paths worn by the feet, (*c*) birds singing, etc. 10. How should we express "That makes them doubt their wits be not their own"? (In modern English it is improper to use a double negative as here; but in old English it was quite common.) 11. What is a labyrinth? 12. What figure in "breeds dreadful doubts," line 11, page 18? 13. Explain the reason for the lady's saying "Oft fire is without smoke." (This, and "Virtue gives herself light" etc. may be considered as proverbs.)

14. In line 5, page 19, "As lion fierce" etc., we have another figure of speech. Here the knight does not leap upon the dragon actually as a lion leaps, but as fiercely as a lion. A comparison of this sort that expresses a fanciful likeness between two things is called a simile (sĭm′ĭ lē). It is generally introduced by *like* or *as*. Does this comparison with the lion add anything to the strength of the picture? 15. What do you think was Spenser's meaning, in having the knight fight the dragon? What was the dragon's name? 16. What other fights with dragons or monsters do you remember having read about?

17. In line 14, "kindling rage," we have another figure of speech, called a metaphor. The metaphor expresses a fanciful comparison, like the simile, but does it more briefly, by using the name of a thing or idea in place of another that has some resemblance to it. Here the dragon's rage was not actually kindling, but was rising like a fire. If the poet had said, "Her rage was like a kindling fire," it would have been a simile. A metaphor, then, is a condensed simile, making a comparison without using *like* or *as* to introduce it. 18. Write out each stanza of this selection in good modern English prose.

The story of the Fairy Queen is retold by Alfred J. Church in a book called "The Fairy Queen and her Knights." Part of the story, told largely in Spenser's language and in verse, will be found in N. G. Royde-Smith's "Una and the Red Cross Knight."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564–1616

In the little village of Stratford on Avon, on a spring morning in the year 1564, a boy was born in the home of John and Mary Shakespeare. John Shakespeare was a man of some importance in Stratford. He was one of the town officers and a dealer in corn, meat, leather, and other products of the farm. Some say he was a maker of gloves, but that was probably only a part of his business. Mary Shakespeare was the daughter of a wealthy farmer not far from town.

The Shakespeares lived in a well-built house of rough stone, covered outside with plaster and crossed with heavy beams of dark oak. The house is still standing and is visited every year by hundreds of travelers. Do you ask why? It is because of this boy who was born in it, three hundred and fifty years ago, and who afterwards became the greatest of English poets. His name was William Shakespeare.

Other children came into the Shakespeare family, and it was a pleasant life that they led in the old plastered house with the dark-oak beams. The Avon River flowed quietly through the meadows at the end of the next street, and the country all around seemed like a great playground. For several years young Will attended the Stratford Grammar School, where he learned Latin and busied himself with such other studies as the boys of that day were expected to take up.

Strolling companies of players sometimes came to Stratford, and as Will's father was the officer to whom they came to get permission to act their plays, it is probable that Will saw them and was greatly interested, for he loved above all

other things to see a play. The plays were usually acted out of doors, or perhaps in the courtyard of some inn, and the people who looked on either stood, or if it were in an inn court, may have looked out of the windows or sat upon the balconies that often stretched around the sides of the court at each story of the inn. The players would sometimes raise a rough stage of boards; sometimes they would act their play upon the green turf; but there was hardly any scenery. The audience had to imagine a great deal, but the actors wore fine costumes and made a great show in their silks and velvets; and the whole town always poured out to see them.

When Will Shakespeare was about eleven, it was whispered in Stratford one afternoon that Queen Elizabeth was to visit the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle, only about sixteen miles away. The Earl of Leicester was one of the greatest lords of his time. It was he, you will remember, who helped young Edmund Spenser. And this visit of the queen was to be the most magnificent affair ever seen in that part of the country. All the people for miles around hurried to Kenilworth to see the show.

We may be pretty sure that John Shakespeare was there, and very likely he took young Will with him. There were plays and shows of all kinds, like a great fair, and above all there was the queen herself, who smiled upon the people as she passed.

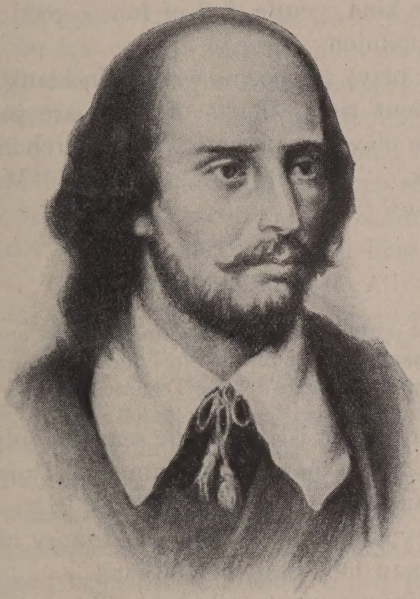
When William was about thirteen, a change came over his father's fortunes. John Shakespeare fell into debt and had to sell the larger part of his property; while the boy was obliged to leave school and earn his own living. We do not know just what he did. Some say he worked at the butcher's trade, but the most important thing that he did was to notice carefully all the people whom he met, and the river, and the sky, and the meadows, so that he knew how every sort of man and woman looked and behaved, and how every flower grew, and what every change of season brought.

Nothing escaped his eye, and he stored away in his memory all that he saw, so that years later he was able to recall it and put it into his plays.

When he was little more than eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter living at Shottery, only a short walk across the fields from Stratford. Before long they had a family of three children. People in Stratford thought Will Shakespeare ought to spend less time in hunting deer and tramping over the fields and ought to stick to some honest trade. There is a story that he once got into trouble by hunting in a piece of woods belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, and that Sir Thomas had him arrested. But Shakespeare could not think of settling down to the life of a village tradesman. There was something in him that told him to look farther, and so one day he said good-by to his wife and children and started off for London to seek his fortune.

There is a story that when he reached London he went straight to the theater, determined to get work of some sort there; and that finding nothing better to do, he began by holding the horses of the fine gentlemen who came to see the plays. It is said that a little later he was employed to call out the names of the actors and the pieces, and after a time was given a small part to act. But he soon showed that he could make himself most useful in changing old plays so that they could be more easily acted. That was something which the actors themselves could not do. Every old play that Shakespeare took in hand he made over into something different and far better. Then he began to write plays himself, and almost before he knew it he was famous. All the actors wanted to act Shakespeare's plays, and all the people wanted to see them acted, because there was life in them, and because they showed men and women as they really were.

In spite of his fame Shakespeare did not grow proud. He worked hard, writing at one time of his life about two plays each year. He returned often to Stratford to see his family,



William Shakespeare

bought as good a house for them as could be found in town, paid his father's debts, and when he had earned all that he thought he needed, retired to Stratford and spent the rest of his days looking after his farm and living the life of a country gentleman. He died there at the age of fifty-two, the most famous writer of his time and of all time. Every one loved him. He was kind, gentle, full of fun, a good friend, and a delightful companion.

Most of his plays are poems written in blank verse — that is, verse without rime. Parts of them are in prose. The greatest of the plays are perhaps "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "The Tempest."

A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

[The narrative portions, in prose, are from Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," published in London in 1807; the dramatic portions are from Shakespeare's "The Tempest."]

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were

ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these, Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices, and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink

the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother — for so indeed he proved. I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse, as would seem to her, with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son Ferdinand was the

first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing:

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:[1]
Foot it featly[2] here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden[3] bear.
Hark, hark!

BURDEN (*from all sides*). Bow-wow.
ARIEL. The watch-dogs bark:
BURDEN. Bow-wow.
ARIEL. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against[4] the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

[1] silent
[2] nimbly
[3] chorus or refrain
[4] on account of

ARIEL *sings*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

BURDEN. Ding-dong.

ARIEL. Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND. The ditty[1] does remember[2] my drowned father.
This is no mortal business nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO. [*To* MIRANDA] The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

MIRANDA. What is 't? a spirit?
Ah! how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave[3] form. But 't is a spirit.

PROSPERO. No, wench;[4] it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant[5] which thou see'st
Was in the wreck; and, but[6] he's something stain'd
With grief, — that's beauty's canker, — thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

MIRANDA. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

[1] song
[2] refer to
[3] handsome
[4] girl
[5] gay young man
[6] except that

FERDINAND. [*Seeing* MIRANDA] Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe[1] my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me[2] here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
MIRANDA. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Prospero was well pleased to find they admired each other, but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air:

PROSPERO. I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st[3] not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
FERDINAND. No, as I am a man.
MIRANDA. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
PROSPERO. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle[4] thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles,[5] wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
FERDINAND. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws his sword, and is charmed from moving*]

[1] grant
[2] behave myself
[3] ownest
[4] fetter
[5] shellfish

MIRANDA. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle,[1] and not fearful.
PROSPERO. What, I say,
My foot my tutor![2] Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[3]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
MIRANDA. Beseech you, father!
PROSPERO. Hence! hang not on my garments.
MIRANDA. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
PROSPERO. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,[4]
And they to him are angels.[5]
MIRANDA. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
PROSPERO. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.
FERDINAND. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid:

[1] brave
[2] My inferior instruct me!
[3] guard (position of the sword)
[4] as ugly as Caliban
[5] like angels, by comparison

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log*

FERDINAND. There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off:[1] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens[2] what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up
Upon a sore injunction:[3] my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had never like executor.[4] . .

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance, unseen*

MIRANDA. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd[5] to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

[1] offsets
[2] makes alive
[3] strict command
[4] such a doer
[5] commanded

MIRANDA. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
FERDINAND. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
MIRANDA. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against. You look wearily.[1]
FERDINAND. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you, —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, —
What is your name?
MIRANDA. Miranda: — O my father,
I have broke your hest[2] to say so!

Prospero, who was standing in the background unseen, only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which the young man professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

Then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech, — for young princes speak in courtly phrases, — told the innocent Miranda that he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am[3] your wife if you will marry me."

[1] weary [2] command [3] will be

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples and Antonio the false brother repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them?"

PROSPERO. Fetch me the hat and rapier [1] in my cell;
I will discase [2] me, and myself present

[1] sword [2] strip off my disguise

As I was sometime [1] Milan: [2] quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *sings and helps to attire him*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch [3] when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere [4] your pulse twice beat.

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

[1] formerly [2] when Duke of Milan [3] lie [4] before

Antonio with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother. Prospero forgave them, and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave [1] world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much but never saw him till now. Of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly [2] will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples,

[1] beautiful [2] odd

for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite, when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit."

For Prospero nothing now remained but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Shakespeare's life. 2. Tell how plays were acted in Shakespeare's time, and anything that you know about the players, the stage, and the theaters. 3. Name six of Shakespeare's plays. 4. Tell briefly the story of Prospero and Miranda, and how they came upon this island. 5. What did Prospero study and how did he apply it? 6. Was magic believed in at the time that Shakespeare wrote this play? Do you think the play would have seemed more reasonable to an audience of that day than of this?

7. Put the words of Ariel's song, page 31, into their natural prose order, and substitute more common words for those that are unusual.

To whom is Ariel singing? What is the "burden," and who sings it? 8. What omission is indicated by the apostrophe in line 24, page 31? (In Shakespeare's time it was considered proper to abbreviate *in*, *of*, and many other words that we now write in full.) 9. Notice the repetition of the *f* at the beginnings of words in line 1, page 32. This is called alliteration, and adds much to the musical effect of verse. What examples of alliteration do you find in the first stanza of the song, on page 31? Note also that the "sea-change" is purely fanciful.

10. Explain: "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance"; "that's beauty's canker." (Grief is like a canker or sore which disfigures beauty.) 11. Why did Miranda think Ferdinand was a spirit, or "a thing divine"? 12. Explain Prospero's remark "It goes on," etc., page 32, line 24. What spirit is referred to in the next line? 13. Would Ferdinand naturally be as much surprised at the sight of Miranda as Miranda would be at the sight of Ferdinand? Why? What, then, does Ferdinand's surprise tell you about Miranda's appearance? 14. Explain: "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

15. Explain: "He's gentle and not fearful" (line 3, page 34). 16. What is meant by "My foot my tutor" (line 4)? 17. Explain: "Come from thy ward" (line 6); "thy nerves are in their infancy again" (line 18). 18. What did Prospero mean by comparing Ferdinand to Caliban (line 15)? 19. What does this conversation show you of Miranda's character? How did she treat her father? 20. What should we say to-day instead of "You look wearily"? (In Shakespeare's day the adverb was often used for the adjective.) 21. What does Ferdinand mean by "chiefly that I might set it in my prayers"? 22 What traits of character are shown in Ariel, and how are they shown? 23. Memorize one or both of Ariel's songs.

Other good songs from Shakespeare are "I Know a Bank Where the Wild Thyme Blows," and "Over Hill, over Dale," from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," from "As You Like It"; and "Hark, Hark, the Lark," from "Cymbeline."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

If you want to know more about Shakespeare and his times, read Bennett's "Master Skylark." Read also Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem on Shakespeare, called "The King."

JOHN MILTON

1608–1674

On a December day in 1608, while Shakespeare was still writing his great plays, and Raleigh was in prison, and Elizabeth had been but five years dead, and James the First was on the throne of England, another great English poet was born in London. He was John Milton.

Milton's father made a business of preparing law papers, and was a prosperous man. He was a Puritan, but not so harsh as most of the Puritans of his day, for he loved music and taught his boy to love it. He also loved books, and young John Milton began to show, when a very small boy, that he loved them, too. His father had a private teacher for him, and when scarcely more than ten years old the boy wrote good verse and sat up later than was good for him over his studies. We are told that his father had the maid sit up with him after the rest of the family had gone to bed. A recent writer [1] has said of this time of Milton's life:

We can imagine to ourselves the silence of the house, when all the Puritan household had been long abed. We can picture the warm, quiet room where sits the little fair-haired boy poring over his books by the light of flickering candles, while in the shadow a stern-faced, white-capped Puritan woman waits. She sits very straight in her chair, her worn hands are folded, her eyes heavy with sleep. Sometimes she nods. Then with a start she shakes herself wide awake again, murmuring softly that it is no hour for any Christian body to be out o' bed, wondering that her master should allow so young a child to keep so long

[1] H. E. Marshall, "English Literature."

over his books. Still she has her orders, so with a patient sigh she folds her hands again and waits.

When about twelve years old, young Milton was sent to a famous boys' school in London called St. Paul's, and from there at fifteen he went to Cambridge University. He was a handsome youth, but somewhat proud and independent in his ways of thinking. He was said to be the finest scholar in the university.

Milton had planned to be a clergyman of the English Church, but strife arose between the Puritans and the Church, and Milton was a Puritan. It was at about this time that the Pilgrims went to Plymouth, and a few years later that colonies of Puritans settled at Salem and Boston, in New England. During these troubles King James died, and Charles the First became king.

After finishing his university course and deciding not to be a clergyman, Milton was for a time in some doubt what he should do, but the more he thought of it the more clear it seemed to him that he was born to be a poet. So for five years he lived at home in his father's country house at Horton, about twenty miles from London, writing poetry and studying hard, in order better to fit himself for his work. Between his hours of study and writing he roamed the fields and woods and thought high thoughts and saw marvelous visions, some of which he put at once into his verse, while others he kept in his memory and wrote out years afterwards.

It was during these years at Horton that he wrote his shorter poems: "L'Allegro," describing happiness; "Il Penseroso," describing meditation; "Lycidas," praising a dear friend who had been drowned; and "Comus," presenting a masque or play, from which we are soon to read.

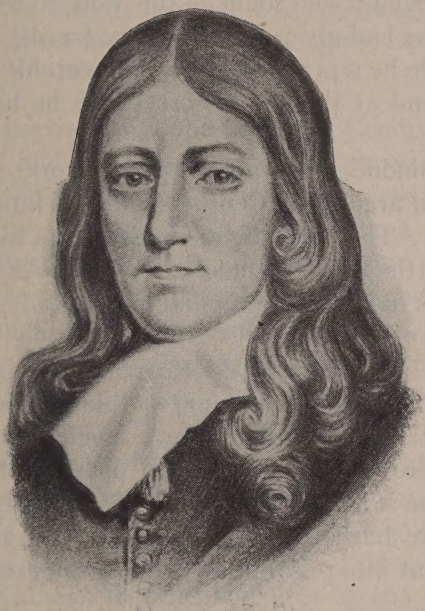
But Milton soon tired of this quiet country life. He longed to see more of the world, and at last, with money which his good father gave him, he set out to travel through

France, Switzerland, and Italy. While he was in Italy, news came that trouble had sprung up in England between the king and the people, and that war might come of it. At this he immediately gave up his plans for traveling and writing poetry, and went back to England, "For," said he, "I thought it base that while my fellow countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be traveling at my ease."

Milton set up a small house in London and took two of his young nephews to live with him. He taught them Latin and Greek, and soon took also several other boys, making, in fact, a small private school. But all the time he kept on writing, and now it was not so much poetry as essays and pamphlets, to help the cause of the people in their struggle for freedom.

About this time Milton took a journey to Oxford and came back with a young wife. She was but seventeen — about half his age — and the two were not well suited to each other. She cared nothing for books, and he cared little for the sort of merrymaking that she loved. Then, too, young Mary Milton and her father and all her father's family were Royalists — that is, supporters of the king — while Milton was a Puritan. So after a few weeks Mary Milton ran away from her husband and went back to live with her own people. There she stayed until the king was beaten and his followers driven from their homes. Then she came again to her husband and begged his forgiveness, and he not only took her in, but took also her father, mother, brothers, and sisters. His own father and his pupils were also living with him at that time, so we may imagine that his house was full.

In the year 1649 the king, Charles the First, was beheaded by order of Parliament, and Oliver Cromwell became the head of the government, with the title of Lord Protector. The leaders of this new Puritan government remembered how Milton had helped their cause by his essays and pamphlets, and they gave him the important office of Secretary for Foreign Tongues. Besides translating the letters from other



John Milton

governments and answering them in Latin, he was obliged to reply to all the criticisms and arguments against the government of Cromwell. The work was very hard, and he had to write so steadily that soon his eyes began to fail. The doctors told him he must stop using them or he would become blind, but his friends knew, and he himself knew, that there was no one else in England who could do this work so well as he. He said that as he had given up his poetry for the service of the English people he was now ready to give up his sight. So he worked on, and at the age of forty-three he became totally blind.

But his blindness did not stop his work. He dictated his letters and arguments to others and was busy from morning till night. Then his wife died, leaving to him the care of their three little girls, the oldest of whom was but six years old. It was a hard task for a blind man already overwhelmed with public work.

Then came the return of the Royalists to power. Charles the Second, son of the former king, was placed upon the throne, and the Puritans fled for their lives. Some went to America, and some were caught and put to death. Milton hid for months in the house of a friend. His property was seized, his books were burned by the hangman, and at last he was caught and put into prison, but the king afterwards pardoned him.

Now that his public work was at an end, he returned to the writing of poetry and worked for seven years upon his great poem "Paradise Lost," which tells how Satan rebelled against God and how Adam and Eve were driven out of Eden. This he dictated sometimes to his daughters, sometimes to friends who came to see him. "Paradise Lost" won him great honor, and famous scholars and statesmen came from far to visit him. After finishing this poem he wrote "Paradise Regained" and a play telling the story of Samson, the champion of Israel, who, like Milton himself, passed his last days in blindness.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST

[The masque, or play, of "Comus" was written when Milton was at Horton, after having finished his course at the university. The Earl of Bridgewater had just been appointed lord lieutenant, or governor, of Wales, and with his family was about to take possession of beautiful old Ludlow Castle. A great festival was planned at Ludlow in the autumn of 1634 to welcome him, and it was suggested that a masque be given in which the earl's three children should take part. Milton was selected to write the masque.]

The play begins by supposing that Comus, a pleasure-loving spirit, had his palace in a thick wood near Ludlow Castle. Now Comus could take at will any form that he wished. He was a son of Circe, the nymph who changed the companions of Odysseus into swine, and he had, in a way, his mother's art of turning men and women into beasts, at least, he could turn their heads into beasts' heads, and in this wood he was always surrounded by a crowd of strange creatures with human bodies and the heads of wolves, bears, tigers, hogs, and goats.

When travelers came through the wood, weary and thirsty with their journey, Comus would meet them and invite them to his palace, where he would offer them a wonderful liquor from a crystal glass, and whoever drank of this liquor would at once lose his human features and take on the likeness of an animal. They did not know that they had been changed, but they simply forgot their home and friends and all that had happened to them in the days before and wished only to remain there, feasting and drinking, making merry, and serving this gay master, Comus. To guide and save the travelers from such a fate a good angel called the Attendant Spirit was sent down from heaven. He put off his sky-robes, spun from the woof of the rainbow, and took the form of a mortal, that he might not alarm those to whom he was sent.

Now the story goes that through this wood came the three children of the Earl of Bridgewater, to take part in the festival at Ludlow Castle. The Lady Alice was a beautiful young girl, and as good as she was beautiful; her two brothers were boys who had no fear. But the way through the wood was long, and the tangled vines and branches of the great trees confused them, so that they lost the path. Then it began to grow dark, and the Lady Alice grew hungry and very thirsty. The boys thought they might find wild berries for her in a near-by thicket, and leaving her for a moment upon a bank beneath the shelter of a group of pines, they plunged into the bushes.

It grew darker, and soon they could not find their way back to their sister. After waiting long the Lady heard in the distance the noise of Comus and his followers, and thinking that they were peasants at a country dance, who would perhaps show her the way out of the wood, she followed the sound. Then she lost it, and to attract the attention either of them or of her brothers she sang a song.

Comus heard her, and taking the form of a shepherd, he drew near. She told him that she had lost her brothers, and he replied in these flattering words:

> I saw them under a green mantling vine,
> That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
> Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
> Their port was more than human, as they stood.
> I took it for a fairy vision.

Comus told the Lady he would lead her to the spot, but instead he took her to his palace and offered her a drink of his magic liquor.

Meanwhile the Attendant Spirit hastened to find the two brothers. He too took the form of a shepherd — the shepherd who was accustomed to tend their father's flocks,

and whom they knew well. He told them that as he was sitting upon a bank of ivy, not long before, he had heard the roar and riot of Comus's crew and then the song of the lost Lady, and running to her aid he had found Comus already leading her away.

"Come, let's on!" cried the elder of the brothers, and drawing his sword he started in search of Comus.

But the Attendant Spirit held him back. "Good venturous youth," said he, "I love thy courage, but here thy sword can do thee little stead. He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints and crumble all thy sinews. But I have here a small unsightly root with darkish leaf and prickles on it, which has a greater power than that herb which Hermes once gave to wise Odysseus. It is called hæmony, and it is proof against all enchantments. If you have this about you, you may boldly assault the necromancer's hall, rush on him, break his glass, and shed the liquor on the ground. But seize his wand. Though he and his crew make sign of battle, yet they will soon retire, if he shrinks back."

The scene then changes to the palace of Comus in the heart of the woods. Soft music sounds throughout the halls. Tables are spread with all sorts of dainties. The Lady is seen seated in an enchanted chair, while Comus and his crew gather about her. Comus offers her the glass of magic liquor, but she will not touch it, and starts to rise.

"Nay, Lady, sit," says Comus. "If I but wave this wand, your nerves are all chained up, and you a statue."

"Do not boast," replies the Lady. "Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind with all thy charms, though thou hast chained my body."

"Why are you vexed, Lady?" asks Comus. "Why do you frown? See this liquor that flames and dances in its crystal glass, mixed with balm and fragrant sirups. It will cool your thirst and bring you joy."

The Lady answers him:

> Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
> I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
> But such as are good men can give good things;
> And that which is not good is not delicious
> To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Comus begins to feel the strength of the Lady's goodness and is afraid. But he makes one more effort and holds out the cup again.

At this instant the two brothers rush in with their swords drawn. One of them dashes the glass out of the hand of Comus and breaks it into a thousand pieces. The crowd of Comus's followers fight for a time, but finally all turn and flee into the shadows of the wood. The last one has but just disappeared when in rushes the Attendant Spirit, crying:

> What! Have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
> O ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand,
> And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
> And backward mutters of dissevering power,
> We cannot free the Lady that sits here
> In stony fetters fixed and motionless.

"But," he continues, "there is a gentle nymph not far from here who dwells in the smooth Severn stream. Sabrina is her name. Often at eve she visits the herds along the twilight meadows and guards them from the spells that the meddling elves throw about them, and for this the shepherds love her and at their festivals sing songs to her and throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream, of pansies, pinks and gaudy daffodils. She can unlock all charms and spells, and if she is called upon with a song, she will be swift to aid the Lady. I will call upon her thus and add the power of some beseeching verse."

Then the Attendant Spirit calls upon the nymph and sings this song:

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save

When the song has ceased, Sabrina rises from the stream with her water-nymphs around her and sings:

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue and emerald green
That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here!

SPIRIT. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distressed
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.

SABRINA. [*To the Lady*] Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;

Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Now the spell hath lost his hold.

At the end of this song Sabrina and her nymphs sink into the stream, and the Lady rises from her seat.

The scene changes again, and we are in Ludlow Town, with Ludlow Castle in the background. Country youths and maidens come in, and there is dancing and merry-making in honor of the earl. In the midst of it all the Attendant Spirit, the Lady, and the Brothers enter, and the Spirit presents the three to their father and mother, telling of the trial through which they have passed and of their victory over the enchanter.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Name some things that were happening in England when Milton was born. 2. Tell or write the story of Milton's life: (*a*) when and where he was born; (*b*) something about his father, his home, and his early studies; (*c*) his school and university life; (*d*) his life at Horton; (*e*) his travels; (*f*) his teaching, and his marriage; (*g*) his work for the government, and his blindness; (*h*) his return to the writing of poetry, and his last days. 3. Tell why "Comus" was written. 4. Tell briefly in your own words the story of Comus. 5. Who was Circe?

6. What herb did the Attendant Spirit give to the brothers to protect them, and to what other herb did he compare it? 7. Memorize the speech of the Lady beginning with line 2, page 50. 8. Why did Comus fear the Lady? 9. What is meant by "Without his rod reversed and backward mutters of dissevering power we cannot free the Lady"? What are "stony fetters"? 10. Memorize the song "Sabrina fair," page 51. 11. Memorize Sabrina's reply. 12. What is meant by "The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair"; by "rushy-fringèd," "osier dank," "azurn sheen," "turkis blue," "printless feet," "rubied lip"?

The thought which Milton wishes to bring out in this play is that good is stronger than evil and can conquer it.

Read about Charles I, Cromwell, and Charles II in any good book of stories from English history.

II. EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672–1719

Two hundred years ago, in London, the coffee-houses were the social centers where men met and heard the news and talked of books and politics and lighter things. "Will's Coffee-House" was a meeting place for poets and politicians, "The Grecian" was the resort of scholars, "St. James's" furnished the latest news from abroad. The coffee-houses and chocolate-houses were the clubs of that day.

At one of these coffee-houses, in the early part of the eighteenth century, — some thirty or forty years after the death of Milton, — one might have been pretty sure of seeing, as the center of a group, a quiet, kindly gentleman with a grave smile about his mouth and a twinkle in his eye. It was Joseph Addison, the wit, statesman, poet, and essayist. With him might often have been seen Dick Steele, a bluff, kind-hearted soldier, who was a writer, too. Occasionally, if Dean Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels," were in London, he might also be found with them, or sometimes the poet Pope — but Pope was not a very sociable sort of person and did not like these meetings. Then there was Defoe, who was then writing "Robinson Crusoe." He might possibly have dropped in, when in town, but he was not popular with the literary people of his day, and kept much to himself.

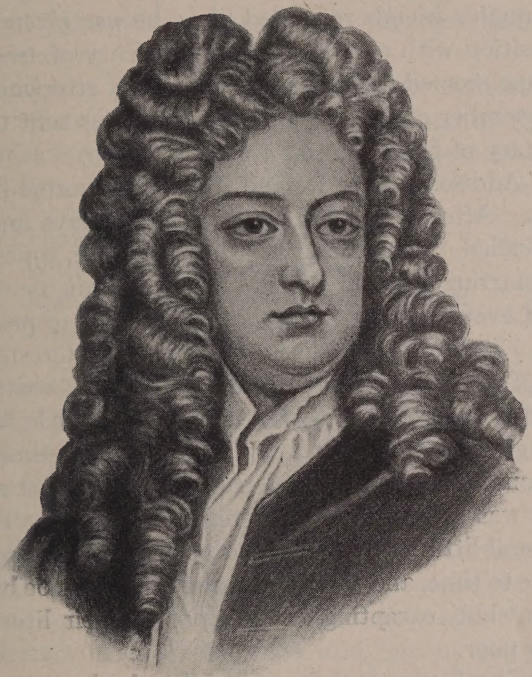
Joseph Addison, the central figure of these coffee-house meetings, was the son of a clergyman and was born in 1672 in the little village of Milston, in Wiltshire. He went to the Charterhouse School in London, where he first met Dick Steele, then a small boy of about his own age — short, round, black-eyed, bubbling over with fun and mischief, an orphan of Irish parentage who was being educated by an uncle.

The two boys became fast friends. Joseph, though a few months the younger, was the leader. He was the stronger character, the better student, the more quiet and resourceful. Dick fairly worshiped Joseph, and Joseph loved Dick for his warm Irish heart.

At fifteen the two boys went to Oxford, to the university. Young Addison soon became known as a writer of verses. He had expected to become a clergyman, like his father, but he became interested in politics; and several statesmen, seeing his talent for political writing, offered him a pension of three hundred pounds, or about fifteen hundred dollars, a year, to enable him to travel on the Continent, study French, become acquainted with the politics of other European states, and then come back to England to aid their party — the Whigs — with his pen.

While this was going on, Dick Steele, who was not overfond of study, saw one day a troop of soldiers in their red coats marching through town to the music of a fife and drum; at this he dropped his college work, ran away, and joined the army.

Addison traveled on the Continent four years and returned to take up his political work, but his friends were then out of power, and he found little to do. It was during the War of the Spanish Succession, when England, Holland, Prussia, and Austria were fighting against France and Bavaria. The part of the war which was carried over into America you know in your American histories as Queen Anne's War, or the second of the French and Indian wars. The English Duke



Joseph Addison

of Marlborough and his allies had won a great victory at Blenheim, in Bavaria.[1] Addison at once wrote a poem celebrating the duke as the greatest of warriors. The poem, which he named "The Campaign," was hailed throughout England as a great work. Queen Anne befriended the poet; Marlborough's friends rewarded him; he was given a government position with a good salary and plenty of leisure; and his fortune seemed to be made. Not long afterwards he became a member of Parliament and later was sent to Ireland as Secretary of State.

While Addison was in Ireland, Dick Steele came back from the wars. After trying his hand at a few plays and writing a book called "The Christian Hero," Steele conceived the idea of starting a paper which should contain news, gossip, stories of everyday life, and jokes on all sorts of people. He called it *The Tatler*. Addison was greatly interested in this project of his old schoolmate and offered to write for the paper. He was a better writer than Steele and he made *The Tatler* a great success. It was published three times a week and had only three or four small pages, but you must remember that this was before the days of real newspapers. There had been several little printed sheets of news published in London from time to time, and there was a paper that Defoe had edited in prison,[2] but, excepting Defoe's paper, their literary style was very poor.

After *The Tatler* had been published about two years, Steele discontinued it and started another paper. This was published every morning instead of three times a week, and contained, instead of news, only the little familiar essays that had made *The Tatler* so famous. Addison agreed to help him in this, too, and the new paper was called *The Spectator*. Each issue was printed on a small sheet and delivered at the breakfast tables of its subscribers. It made fun of all that

[1] See Southey's poem, "After Blenheim," written about a century later.

[2] See The Young and Field Literary Readers, Book Six, page 276.

was wrong and foolish in society and praised all that was good. It told odd stories about imaginary characters, as Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Wimble, and Will Honeycomb. To-day we call them character sketches, but they were really a kind of short story. Sir Roger de Coverley, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and somewhat pompous, was the most interesting of these characters.

In the midst of his work on *The Spectator* Addison wrote a tragedy, "Cato," which, though very popular at the time, is now almost forgotten. Of his poetry, the best example is the famous hymn beginning:

> The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
> Their great Original proclaim.

In 1716, at the height of his fame, he married the Countess of Warwick, but the style and grandeur of her establishment did not please him, and I suspect he was glad to run away very often to his friends at "Will's" or at "The Grecian." He lived but three years after his marriage.

All England mourned for Addison. A great funeral was held by night in Westminster Abbey, and there was a long and solemn procession, with torches, as they laid to rest the greatest literary man of his time and one of the greatest English essayists of all time. Thackeray has said of him:

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In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight, over his books in his own room, in a happy party at a country merrymaking or a town assembly, good will and peace to God's creatures and love and awe of Him who made them fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful, a calm death, an immense fame, and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

FROZEN WORDS

[In this little essay from *The Tatler*, dated 1710, Addison is making fun of some remarkable tales of travel written by Sir John Mandeville and others. He pretends that this story is from an unpublished manuscript of Sir John's, and he wants to tell us slyly that there is no more truth in some of Sir John's published tales than there is in this.]

There are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the Travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairyland.

I have got into my hands by great chance several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works lest they should pass for fictions and fables. . . .

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the Territories of Nova Zembla. The relation put into modern language is as follows:

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with

provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that in talking to one another we lost several of our words and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that, too, when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league distance beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, "Sir John, it is midnight,

and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow and had taken his opportunity of swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on shipboard. . . .

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon inquiry we were informed by some of our company that he was dead and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but

did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with great rapidity and confusion. . . .

I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied that for the freezing of the sound it was necessary for it to be wrapped up and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued. "For," says he, "finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can of the lives of Addison and Steele. 2. Describe *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. 3. Tell something of the coffee-houses of Addison's day. 4. What other well-known authors lived at this time? 5. Why did Addison write this story? Why did he call it an unpublished manuscript of Sir John Mandeville? 6. What do you know of Sir John Mandeville? 7. What is meant by giving a writer "an opportunity of showing his *parts*"? 8. Put into simpler words "copiousness of his invention," "a person of infinite adventure."

9. Tell this story in your own words. 10. Where is Nova Zembla? 11. Express in other words: "inclemencies of the weather," "confirmed in this conjecture," "choleric," "strappado," "pious soliloquies," "posthumous snarls," "inarticulate," "obdurate," "kit," "minuet."

Other good stories by Addison may be selected from "The Adventures of a Shilling," "The Opera," "Sir Roger de Coverley in the Country," "Sir Roger at Church," "Sir Roger at the Assizes," and "The Vision of Mirza." Read also his hymn "The Spacious Firmament."

Good stories by Steele are "Sir Roger in Love," "Sir Roger in London," "To London by Stage Coach," "Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey."

SAMUEL JOHNSON

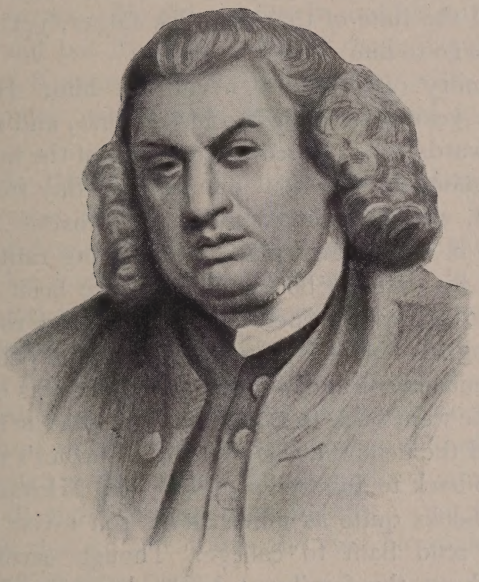
1709–1784

While Addison was discussing books and politics with his friends in the London coffee-houses, a boy was born in Lichfield, in 1709, who a half century later was to take that great man's place as the literary authority of England. The boy grew up to be a very different sort of man from Addison, as you shall see. He was not so great a writer nor so agreeable a gentleman, but his influence, while it lasted, was even stronger than Addison's.

This boy, Samuel Johnson, was the son of Michael Johnson, a poor bookseller of Lichfield. He was a large, awkward, overgrown boy, slow in his movements, and very nearsighted. When he was sixteen he left school for some reason and spent two years in his father's shop. We do not know just what he did there, but we do know that he read much in the old books which stood upon the shelves and in this way picked up a great deal of knowledge — odd, unusual, out-of-the-way knowledge, such as was not taught in the schools and such as few men knew.

At this time of his life occurred an incident which Hawthorne has told most interestingly in his "Biographical Stories." You must read it there in full, for I can give you but an outline of it.

Sam's father, then an old man, used to go to the neighboring village of Uttoxeter on every market day and sell books at a stall in the public square. One hot summer morning, feeling quite ill, he asked Sam to go instead. Sam did not want to



Samuel Johnson

go. He was shabbily dressed and he did not like to sell books, so he mumbled something under his breath, and when his father asked him what he said, he replied that he should stay at home. Old Mr. Johnson could not afford to lose the profits of the day's business, so he went himself, stood all day in the sun, and returned at night much the worse for his journey. It was not a pleasant day for Sam. He kept thinking all the time of that old, sick father, yet he was too obstinate to go to him.

The memory of that day never left him. His father's death a few years later added to his remorse, and nearly fifty years afterwards, when he had become one of the most famous men in England, he went out one summer day from London to Lichfield, walked eighteen miles to Uttoxeter, and stood bareheaded in the market place in a driving rain, upon the spot where his father's bookstall had once been, hoping in that way to express his penitence. He stood there a long time, moving his lips as if in prayer, while the people looked at him in amazement and wondered what he was doing. *He* knew, and he went back to London feeling that he had in part at least paid the debt that he owed to his father's memory.

But to go back to Johnson's youth. Old Michael Johnson, who loved books quite as much as his son loved them, was anxious to send Sam to college. Though earning barely enough to keep the family at home, he succeeded at last in getting help from a friend, and by making great sacrifices was enabled to send the boy to Oxford.

Sam's teachers were surprised at the extent and variety of his knowledge. His memory was wonderful, it seemed no trouble for him to learn, and he needed only to read his lesson in order to master it. The students who really knew him respected him, those who looked only at the outside laughed and passed him by. He wore shabby clothes, his toes stuck out from the tips of his shoes, and his linen was far from clean. A well-meaning friend, thinking to help him, left a

new pair of shoes at his door one morning, but Johnson was so angry that he threw them out of the window.

He did not finish his course at Oxford. His old father earned a little less each year, and at last there was no money left to send to Sam; so the young man got a position as undermaster in a grammar school. At twenty-five he married and set up a school of his own near Lichfield, but his teaching was not a success. He did not like it, and his pupils, for the most part, did not like him. One of them, David Garrick, afterwards a famous actor, set out one day with Johnson to walk to London, where they both determined to seek their fortunes.

For nearly thirty years Johnson's life in London was a struggle against poverty and disappointment. He went to various publishers — or booksellers, as they were then called — and asked for work. One told him he would do better as a porter. Another spoke so insultingly that Johnson, who was quick-tempered, knocked him down with one of his own books. After a time he reported speeches for a newspaper; he wrote a tragedy, which Garrick acted, but it was not successful; he tried his hand at this kind of writing and at that, often not earning enough to pay for his dinner, and sometimes walking the street all night to keep from freezing. Yet he kept on, for he knew that he had brains and that he would sometime find a chance to show them.

The chance came when one of the booksellers employed him to write a dictionary. There had never before been such a thing as an English dictionary, and Johnson made his with so much care and showed so much learning that it at once attracted notice. He spent seven years writing it. Meanwhile he started a paper called *The Rambler*, somewhat after the style of *The Spectator*, but it was too heavy to be very popular. In all his writing he was rather too fond of big words. Goldsmith once said that if he wrote about little fishes he would be sure to make them talk like whales.

As soon as Johnson began to earn something, he sent for his wife, and the two lived together in London until her death. Soon afterwards his mother died. He was at that time without money, and to pay his mother's funeral expenses he wrote a story called "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." It took him a week to write it, and it brought him a hundred pounds.

In 1762 King George III, seeing that Johnson had become one of the leading scholars of his realm, gave him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. With this the long fight against poverty was over. Two years later, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous portrait painter, Johnson formed a club, which included also Goldsmith, Garrick, Gibbon the historian, Burke the orator, and Boswell a Scotch lawyer who wrote the best biography of Johnson that we have. This club ruled the literary opinions of England, and Johnson ruled the club. He loved to talk, and he talked well. So it came about that he did most of the talking. It was at this time that he was given a degree by the University of Oxford and was known as Dr. Johnson. When about sixty-five he made a journey to the Hebrides and wrote a book about it. He also wrote "The Lives of the Poets," a series of biographies, which is generally considered his best work.

Though Dr. Johnson was often rude, he was singularly kind-hearted. During his later years he supported in his house five unfortunate people whom he had picked up from the streets at different times. They were always quarreling among themselves and always abusing him, but he never had the heart to turn them out. He had enemies, because he spoke his mind freely about the shallow and dishonest people who made up a large part of polite society in his day. Yet he was respected, and a little feared, for this very plain speaking. On the whole, we like to think of him as very human, full of roughnesses, but honest and good-hearted.

CAPTURED BY ARABS

[Dr. Johnson's story "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia" tells how a prince of that name escaped with his sister Nekayah from the Happy Valley, where they were being educated, and, accompanied by the poet Imlac and the lady Pekuah, an attendant or favorite of the princess, went out into the world to seek for true happiness. They did not find it, and at length returned to the valley they had left. One of their adventures, which took place while they were visiting the pyramids of Egypt, is told in the following selection. The party is supposed to be in Cairo, and has just decided to go to the Pyramids.]

The resolution being thus taken, they set out the next day. They laid tents upon their camels, being resolved to stay among the Pyramids till their curiosity was fully satisfied. They traveled gently, turned aside to everything remarkable, stopped from time to time and conversed with the inhabitants, and observed the various appearances of towns ruined and inhabited, of wild and cultivated nature.

When they came to the great pyramid, they were astonished at the extent of the base and the height of the top. They measured all its dimensions and pitched their tents at its foot. Next day they prepared to enter its interior apartments, and having hired the common guides, climbed up to the first passage, when the favorite of the princess, looking into the cavity, stepped back and trembled.

"Pekuah," said the princess, "of what art thou afraid?"

"Of the narrow entrance," answered the lady, "and of the dreadful gloom."

"My dear Pekuah," said the princess, "I will always go before you, and Imlac shall follow you. Remember that you are the companion of the princess of Abyssinia."

"If the princess is pleased that her servant should die," returned the lady, "let her command some death less dreadful than inclosure in this horrid cavern. You know I dare not

disobey you; I must go if you command me, but if I once enter I never shall come back."

The princess saw that her fear was too strong for expostulation or reproof, and embracing her, told her that she should stay in the tent. Pekuah was not yet satisfied, but entreated the princess not to pursue so dreadful a purpose as that of entering the recesses of the pyramid.

"Though I cannot teach courage," said Nekayah, "I must not learn cowardice, nor leave at last undone what I came hither only to do."

Pekuah descended to the tents, and the rest entered the pyramid; they passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been reposited. Then they returned through the cavity at which they had entered. But when they came to their train, they found every one silent and dejected; the men discovered shame and fear in their countenances, and the women were weeping in their tents.

"You had scarcely entered into the pyramid," said one of the attendants, "when a troop of Arabs rushed upon us. We were too few to resist them and too slow to escape. They were about to search the tents, set us on our camels, and drive us along before them, when the approach of some Turkish horsemen put them to flight; but they seized the lady Pekuah, with her two maids, and carried them away. The Turks are now pursuing them, but I fear they will not be able to overtake them."

In a short time the Turks returned, having not been able to reach the enemy. There was nothing to be hoped from longer stay. They returned to Cairo, repenting of their curiosity, censuring the negligence of the government, lamenting their own rashness, which had neglected to procure a guard, and resolving to do something for the recovery of Pekuah, though none could find anything proper to be done.

Next day the prince presented to the Bassa a memorial of the wrong which he had suffered and a petition for redress. The Bassa threatened to punish the robbers, but did not attempt to catch them, nor indeed could any account or description be given by which he might direct the pursuit. The princess would not suffer any means, however improbable, to be left untried. While she was doing something she kept her hope alive. As one expedient failed, another was suggested; when one messenger returned unsuccessful, another was dispatched to a different quarter. In seven months one of the messengers returned, after many unsuccessful rambles, from the borders of Nubia, with an account that Pekuah was in the hands of an Arab chief who possessed a castle or fortress on the extremity of Egypt. The Arab was willing to restore her with her two attendants for two hundred ounces of gold.

The princess was in ecstasies when she heard that her favorite was alive and might so cheaply be ransomed. She could not think of delaying for a moment Pekuah's happiness or her own, but entreated her brother to send back the messenger with the sum required.

Imlac, after some deliberation, directed the messenger to propose that Pekuah should be conducted by ten horsemen to the monastery of St. Antony, which is situated in the deserts of Upper Egypt, where she should be met by the same number, and her ransom should be paid.

That no time might be lost, they immediately began their journey to the monastery, and when they arrived, Imlac went forward with the former messenger to the Arab's fortress. Rasselas was desirous to go with them, but neither his sister nor Imlac would consent. The Arab, in a few days, brought Pekuah with her maids by easy journeys to the place appointed, where receiving the stipulated price, he restored her, with great respect, to liberty and her friends. The princess and her favorite embraced each other and went out together

to exchange professions of kindness and gratitude. After a few hours they returned and the prince required of Pekuah the history of her adventures.

"At what time and in what manner I was forced away," said Pekuah, "your servants have told you. The suddenness of the event struck me with surprise, and I was at first rather stupefied. My confusion was increased by the speed and tumult of our flight, while we were followed by the Turks, who, as it seemed, soon despaired to overtake us or were afraid of those whom they made a show of menacing.

"When the Arabs saw themselves out of danger, they slackened their course. After some time we stopped near a spring shaded with trees in a pleasant meadow, where we were set upon the ground and offered such refreshments as our masters were partaking. I was suffered to sit with my maids apart from the rest, and none attempted to comfort or insult us. Here I first began to feel the full weight of my misery. The girls sat weeping in silence and from time to time looked on me for succor. I knew not to what condition we were doomed, but I kissed my maids and endeavored to pacify them by remarking that we were yet treated with decency and that, since we were now carried beyond pursuit, there was no danger of violence to our lives.

"When we were to be set again on horseback, my maids clung round me and refused to be parted. We traveled the remaining part of the day through an unfrequented and pathless country and came by moonlight to the side of a hill where the rest of the troop was stationed. Their tents were pitched and their fires kindled, and our chief was welcomed as a man much beloved by his dependents.

"We were received into a large tent, where we found women who had attended their husbands in the expedition. They set before us the supper which they had provided, and I ate rather to encourage my maids than to comply with any appetite of my own. When the meat was taken away, they

spread the carpets for repose. I observed that the women were apparently struck with the splendor of my clothes, and one of them timorously laid her hand upon the embroidery. She then went out and in a short time came back with another woman, who seemed to be of higher rank and greater authority. She did at her entrance the usual act of reverence, and taking me by the hand, placed me in a smaller tent, spread with finer carpets, where I spent the night quietly with my maids.

"In the morning, as I was sitting on the grass, the chief of the troop came towards me. I rose up to receive him, and he bowed with great respect.

"'Illustrious lady,' said he, 'my fortune is better than I had presumed to hope. I am told by my women that I have a princess in my camp.'

"'Sir,' answered I, 'your women have deceived themselves and you. I am not a princess, but an unhappy stranger, who intended soon to have left this country.'

"'Whoever or whencesoever you are,' returned the Arab, 'your dress and that of your servants show your rank to be high and your wealth to be great. The purpose of my incursions is to increase my riches, or more properly, to gather tribute. Do not be disconsolate. I will fix your ransom, give a passport to your messenger, and perform my stipulation with nice punctuality.'

"We traveled onward by short journeys. On the fourth day the chief told me that my ransom must be two hundred ounces of gold; which I not only promised him, but told him that I would add fifty more if I and my maids were honorably treated.

"I never knew the power of gold before. From that time I was the leader of the troop. The march of every day was longer or shorter as I commanded, and the tents were pitched where I chose to rest. At last we came to the dwelling of our chief, a strong and spacious house, in an island of the Nile. 'Lady,' said the Arab, 'you shall rest after your journey a few

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weeks in this place, where you are to consider yourself as sovereign. My occupation is war; I have therefore chosen this obscure residence, from which I can issue unexpected and to which I can retire unpursued. You may now repose in security; here are few pleasures but here is no danger.'

"He still delayed to send for my ransom and would perhaps never have determined had not your agent found his way to him. The gold which he would not fetch he could not reject when it was offered."

Nekayah, having heard her favorite's relation, rose and embraced her, and Rasselas gave her a hundred ounces of gold, which she presented to the Arab for the fifty that were promised.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell the story of Johnson's life. For what was he noted? 2. Why was the story of Rasselas written? What is it about? 3. Tell in your own words the story of the capture and return of Pekuah. 4. What are the pyramids of Egypt? 5. What actions of Pekuah show you something of her character, and how would you describe her? Compare her with the princess. 6. What is meant by a fear "too strong for expostulation or reproof"? (On page 68, line 16, "train" is used as *company* or *retinue*. In line 17 "discovered" is used in the sense of *showed*.) 7. Who was the Bassa, and what is a "memorial"?

8. Why was so great caution taken to pay the ransom and receive the captive at a distant monastery? 9. Do you think the people in this story talk naturally? What should you say of Dr. Johnson's literary style? What did Goldsmith say about it?

The story of Rasselas is so full of philosophical discussion that you will hardly care to read it all. The first five chapters, describing the Happy Valley, and the thirteenth to the fifteenth chapters, in which Rasselas escapes, are the most interesting.

Additional reading: Hawthorne's "Samuel Johnson" in "Biographical Stories."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728–1774

If Dr. Johnson was the chief literary figure of the middle eighteenth century in England, Oliver Goldsmith was one of its greatest writers. The two men were much together, and Johnson, who was nearly twenty years the older, helped "Goldy," as he affectionately called him, over many a hard place, making his genius known.

Goldsmith was born in the little village of Pallas, in County Longford, Ireland, in 1728. He was the son of a country clergyman and one of a family of eight children. When he was but two years old the family moved to another Irish village named Lissoy, where the good vicar found a better parish and a farm, and where the children grew up.

Oliver first went to school to an old lady in Lissoy, who declared that he was a stupid, worthless child and that he would never be able to learn anything. Perhaps this was because he did not love the lady overmuch and because he did not try. His next teacher was an old soldier, "Paddy" Byrne, who instead of teaching him to read and figure, told stories of the wars and tales of ghosts, fairies, and pirates. This suited Oliver much better. Paddy Byrne also wrote poetry now and then, and the boy was so charmed by it that at the age of eight he too began to compose verses, which he used to write on slips of paper and drop into the fire. Perhaps that was a good place for them.

About this time Noll, as the boy was called for short, had a severe attack of smallpox, which nearly ended his life and which left his face sadly marred. He was never a

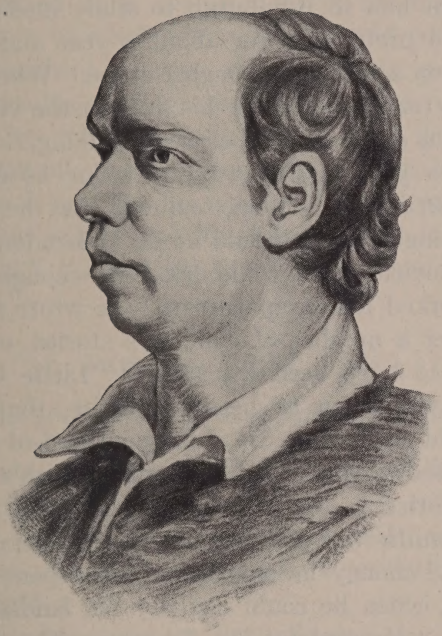
handsome boy, and this did not improve his looks. He was undersized, dark-skinned, with a bulging forehead, a receding chin, and spindle legs. He was shy, but active and full of fun; good-hearted, but careless.

After leaving Paddy Byrne, Noll was sent to several different schools in neighboring villages and at seventeen went to Trinity College, Dublin. A story is told of how, once returning home at the end of a term, he was overtaken by darkness and wished to find an inn where he might spend the night. He asked a stranger to direct him to the best house in the neighborhood, and the stranger, thinking to have a joke upon the young man, directed him to the home of Squire Featherstone, one of the richest of the country gentlemen in all those parts.

Noll found the house, knocked loudly at the door, and demanded supper and a good bed. The squire saw the boy's mistake, but carried out the joke and did not set him right until the next morning, when the guest offered to pay the bill. Years afterwards Goldsmith used this incident in his comedy "She Stoops to Conquer."

Goldsmith entered Trinity College as a sizar, that is, a scholar who pays part of his expenses by waiting upon tables and other work. He earned something, too, by writing street ballads at five shillings apiece, and was fond of going out at night to hear them sung. A fellow student at Trinity was Edmund Burke, the famous orator, who later became one of his best friends.

Goldsmith's father was now dead, but his uncle and several good friends helped the young man to finish his education. His family wanted him to be a clergyman, and he went to the bishop to be examined, but the bishop would not have him; some say because he could not pass the examination, others because he was thought to be too wild, and still others because he dressed too gayly, for he went up to the examination wearing a pair of bright scarlet breeches.



Oliver Goldsmith

He tried teaching but was not successful. Then his uncle gave him money and sent him to London to study law. But Goldsmith never could keep money; he got no farther than Dublin before it was gone, and he came back home without a penny.

A little later his uncle decided to try once more and accordingly sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. Goldsmith studied pretty well for about a year and a half, and then set out on a journey through Europe. When his money gave out, he tramped, playing his flute in the villages, as he went, and thus earning a supper and a lodging.

He spent a year in this way, traveling as far as Italy. Then he returned to London, realizing that he must begin to earn a living. What should he do in London? He tried practicing medicine, but could not earn enough to buy his food; he worked for an apothecary; he wrote for Newbery the bookseller a number of children's stories, one of which is supposed to have been the tale of "Little Goody Two-Shoes." It was when he began to write, that he showed what he could really do. Dr. Johnson heard of him and became interested in him; and that was enough to bring him into public notice.

But Goldsmith was still careless and generally in debt. When he had money he shared it with others, and it was gone. Once, when he could not pay his landlady, she had him arrested. He sent for Dr. Johnson. The doctor asked him if he had written no book or story that he could sell. Goldsmith replied that he had an unpublished story, "The Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson read it, said it was good, took it out to a bookseller, and sold it for sixty pounds, which he brought to Goldsmith and thus enabled him to free himself. "The Vicar of Wakefield" proved to be the greatest of Goldsmith's works and was one of the first great English novels. But the bookseller who bought it thought so little of it that he kept it in a drawer two years before publishing it.

Goldsmith then wrote a poem called "The Traveler," describing some of the scenes through which he had passed upon his journeys; and another, "The Deserted Village," picturing his old home at Lissoy, his father, and Paddy Byrne the schoolmaster. He wrote two successful plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," the latter based upon the incident of his night at Squire Featherstone's, of which I have already told you.

But Goldsmith's success did him little good. He was always in trouble, and he died at forty-five, very unhappy because of his debts and of the time that he had wasted. He was a man of genius and might have made his fame much greater than it is. But he wrote one novel, one poem, and one play, that will not be forgotten. They are "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

MOSES AT THE FAIR

[This selection is from "The Vicar of Wakefield."]

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt at a neighboring fair and buy us a horse that could carry single or double upon an occasion and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. . . .

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself, but my wife persuaded me I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters busy in fitting out Moses

for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

. . . . . .

I wondered what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back!"

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses!" cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy!" returned she. "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses, again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling

out a bundle from his breast. "Here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion. "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! The blockhead has been imposed upon and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong. He should not have known them at all."

"The idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff! If I had them I would throw them into the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had, indeed, been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Goldsmith's life. Name three or more of his works. 2. Explain "hold up our heads a little higher in the world," "carry single or double upon an occasion." 3. What reason, besides the vicar's cold, might have led his wife to oppose his going himself to sell the colt? 4. Explain "stands out and higgles," "deal box," "thunder and lightning," "waistcoat," "gosling green." 5. What do you think is meant by the expression "we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day"? (How does a hen look on a rainy day?)

6. How many is a "gross"? Give definitions of "shagreen," "paltry," "varnished over" (the meaning here is to cover with anything that gives a fair appearance), "prowling sharper," "easy prey," "reverend-looking." 7. After reading this story describe the character of Moses, of the vicar's wife, of the vicar. 8. Do you think the vicar would have made a better bargain than Moses? The fourteenth chapter of "The Vicar of Wakefield" will tell you what sort of bargain he *did* make.

SCENES FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE"

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!

How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lover made!

. . . . . .

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

. . . . . .

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain;

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by the fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

. . . . . .

At church with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Of what village was Goldsmith thinking when he wrote this poem? 2. Explain "laboring swain," "decent church," "talking age," "responsive as the milkmaid sung," "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind." 3. What does "passing rich with forty pounds a year" tell of the village and people? 4. Explain lines 27–28, 30, 31–32, page 81. 5. Explain lines 4, 8, page 82. 6. Describe the character of the preacher from the incidents here told. 7. Explain the use of the word "adorned" in line 10, page 82.

8. Explain the figure of speech in lines 21–24, page 82. 9. Explain "With blossomed furze unprofitably gay," line 26, page 82. 10. Explain lines 31–32, page 82. 11. Explain lines 5–6, 9–10, page 83. 12. What does the description of the schoolmaster tell you of the state of education in Lissoy? 13. Select the lines and expressions that you like best, and memorize them.

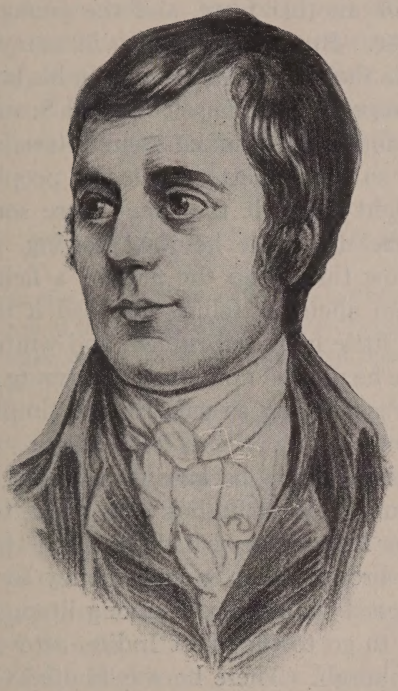
ROBERT BURNS

1759–1796

A few miles out from the town of Ayr, on the west coast of Scotland, is the little one-story cottage in which Robert Burns, the greatest of Scotch poets, was born. It is now kept nearly as it was in his time, and is visited by thousands of travelers. The cottage is of rough stone and clay, with a roof of straw. It was built by Burns's father, a hard-working farmer who was very poor, but kind to his children and anxious to give them an education.

There were seven children in the family. Robbie, the poet, was the oldest. He was born in 1759. When he was six years old, his father sent him to school to a neighboring village, but his regular schooling was for only three years. At the age of nine he had to go home and help on the farm, doing such work as a boy could do. The family had moved to another farm while he was at school, and after several years they moved again. The land was poor, and it was hard to earn a living from it. But in the winter evenings and often during the noon hour in summer, as they were resting from their work, the father taught the children what he knew and read to them. The mother and an old servant told them fairy stories and sang them old Scotch songs.

So they learned something, after all, and afterwards Robert went to school again for a few weeks at a time and studied a little French and Latin and surveying. At thirteen he was doing a man's work on the farm and at sixteen he was his father's chief helper. But he loved to read, and he carried a book of English songs or a volume of Shakespeare



Robert Burns

in his pocket, reading it as he drove the cart to town, or walked to the field, or ate his supper. In his noble poem "The Cotter's Saturday Night" he gives us a picture of the family at the close of the week, sitting in the evening by the fireside.

When Burns was twenty-three, his father died. The family then took another farm, and the young man worked harder than ever. But he saw poetry in everything, and he wrote verses like those that he had read in his book of English songs, and he repeated to himself the old Scotch songs that he had heard, and tried to make them better, and *did* make them better — so much better that the people listened to them with delight and felt that they were something new. Much of this he did while he was plowing. Once, in the autumn, his plow turned up the nest of a field mouse, and he wrote a poem about it, telling how sad it made him feel to think of the little house all ruined, and winter coming on. At another time he plowed up a daisy and wrote a poem about that. There was nothing so small or so simple that it did not interest him.

About this time Burns became discouraged and thought he would go to the West Indies. In order to get enough money to pay for his passage he had some of his poems printed. They not only brought him enough money for the passage, but they awakened such interest among literary people that he decided not to go to the West Indies, after all, but to go instead to Edinburgh. There he was invited to dinners and to parties and was made much of. Scott, then a boy of fifteen, saw him and described him afterwards as a noble-looking man with the finest eyes he had ever seen.

Some of the friends that Burns made in Edinburgh obtained for him a position as tax collector on the border between Scotland and England. It was his business to see that certain things were not brought over the border until the taxes or duties had been paid upon them and that certain other things were not brought over at all. To do this he had

to ride from town to town on horseback; often he rode at night, through the woods and over the mountains, in the rain or snow, and as he rode he thought out poems. But this sort of life was not good for him. He had fallen in with bad companions years before and had spent too much time at alehouses. Afterwards he had partly overcome the habit, but now, after a cold ride, he found the taproom of the tavern too pleasant a place; he ruined his health, and when only thirty-seven he died — in a poor little house in Dumfries, where he had been living with his faithful wife and his young children.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

[This is the song of a Scotch Highlander who has been obliged to leave his home and travel in the South. What you will notice particularly in the song is the music of it. It seems to roll and flow along like one of the Highland rivers.]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

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Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Burns's life. 2. Who is supposed to be singing this song? 3. Where are the Highlands of Scotland? 4. What feeling is expressed in the sentence "My heart's in the Highlands"? 5. Explain "birthplace of valor," "country of worth," "straths," "wild-hanging woods," "torrents."

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

[This is supposed to be the song of an old Scotch peasant woman to her husband. Notice how simple and straightforward it is, and how much feeling it expresses.]

John Anderson my jo,[1] John,
When we were first acquent,[2]
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie[3] brow was brent;[4]
But now your brow is beld,[5] John,
Your locks are like the snaw;[6]
But blessings on your frosty pow,[7]
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;[8]
And monie a canty[9] day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun[10] totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Explain "Your locks were like the raven," "We clamb the hill thegither," "Now we maun totter down," "sleep thegither at the foot." 2. Is the feeling in the poem one of contentment or of sorrow? What makes it beautiful?

[1] my dear [2] acquainted [3] handsome [4] smooth [5] bald [6] snow [7] head [8] together [9] happy [10] must

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings [1] his head, an' a' [2] that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd [3] for a' that.

What tho' on hamely [4] fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, [5] an' a' that;
Gie [6] fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, [7] ca'd a lord,
Wha [8] struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof [9] for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon [10] his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' [11] that!

[1] hangs
[2] all
[3] gold
[4] homely
[5] coarse gray cloth
[6] give
[7] a conceited fellow
[8] who
[9] dunce
[10] above
[11] must not try

For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,[1] an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Explain the first two lines. (Is there any one that hangs his head because of honest poverty?) 2. Explain lines 7–8. (A man's rank in life is like the stamp upon the coin. It does not change the metal that is in it.) 3. Explain "*tinsel* show." 4. Explain "His riband, star, an' a' that." (They are signs of an order of knighthood.) 5. Explain "A prince can mak a belted knight," etc. What can a prince not make? 6. There is a line from Pope: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Find a sentence in this poem that means the same thing.

[1] prize

III. THE ROMANTIC LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

One of the loveliest places in England is the Lake Country in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland near the Scottish border. If you will look at a map of that country, you will see a half dozen or more little lakes lying among the mountains and emptying through small rivers into the Irish Sea. It is just such a country as a poet ought to be born in and grow up in, and luckily it was the home of Wordsworth, one of the greatest of English nature poets. Two other poets, Coleridge and Southey, also lived there. The three together, known as the Lake Poets, made the region so famous that travelers from all over the world now go to visit it and try to find the places where the poets lived and the scenes which they described.

In 1770, a few years before the breaking out of the American Revolution, Wordsworth was born in the village of Cockermouth, beside a beautiful little river called the Derwent. The house where he lived is still standing — a square, two-storied, solid-looking sort of house, set away back from the street, with a garden behind it that stretches down to the river. There were five children in the Wordsworth family. William was next to the oldest, and Dorothy, the only sister,

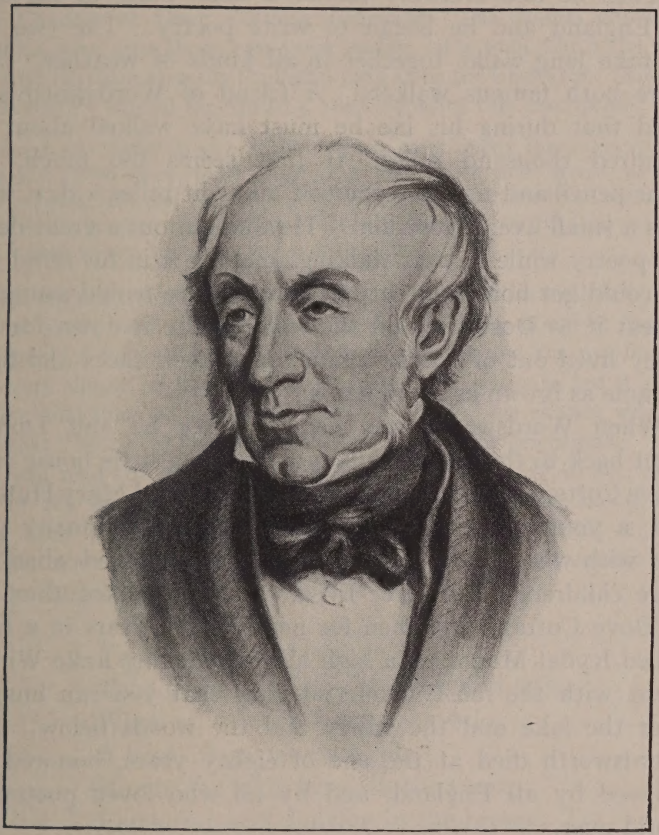
was next to William. The children used to spend long summer afternoons playing together in the garden or beside the river or running to the rose hedge to peek into the sparrow's nest or chasing butterflies around the flower beds or doing a hundred other things that children like to do. From the garden they could see, up the river, the towers of old Cockermouth Castle. There William spent many an hour climbing about the ruined walls or lying on the grass and looking at the hills and meadows across the stream and at the clouds floating in the sky.

And there was the mill race, too, where he used to go swimming. He tells about that in his poem called "The Prelude," and he also tells now he went skating in winter and followed away up the river the reflection of a star in the black ice. He was a fine skater and could cut his name in the ice even when he became an old man.

As a boy, he was tall, slender, long-legged, and a little awkward, but strong and active. He thought a great deal and disturbed his good mother by some of his queer ways. She said he was the only one of the children about whom she worried. She was sure William would grow up to be either very good or very bad, she didn't know which.

When he was only eight years old his mother died, and he was sent away to school. When he was thirteen his father died, too, and the five children were taken care of by their grandfather and their uncle, who were both of them cross and disagreeable most of the time, so that the poor children had a hard life of it.

At school William did fairly well, but he was not a great scholar. He was rather too fond of leaving his books and tramping over the hills. When he had finished his college course he went to France, where a frightful war was then going on between the common people and the nobles. It was the French Revolution. Young Wordsworth was going to plunge into this war and take the part of the people, but



William Wordsworth

his relatives in England succeeded in getting him home again and probably saved his life.

Then he and Dorothy rented a small place in the south of England and he began to write poetry. The two used to take long walks together in all kinds of weather. They were both famous walkers. A friend of Wordsworth's figured that during his life he must have walked about two hundred thousand miles. If that seems too much, take your pencil and figure it yourself, at eight miles a day, which was a small average for him. He thought out a great deal of his poetry while he was walking, keeping it in his mind until he could get home and write it down. He would sometimes repeat it to Dorothy, and she would write it down for him. They lived out of doors so much that their faces and hands became as brown as an Indian's.

When Wordsworth was nearly thirty he and Dorothy went back to the Lake Country and took a little house called Dove Cottage, at Grasmere. Then he married Mary Hutchinson, a young woman whom he had known for many years and with whom both he and Dorothy had played when they were children. The three lived very happily together, first in Dove Cottage and then for nearly forty years in a house called Rydal Mount on a high hill overlooking Lake Windermere, with the most wonderful view that you can imagine, over the lake and the valley and the woods below. Here Wordsworth died at the age of eighty years, honored and beloved by all England, and by all who loved poetry the world over.

His best poems are his "Ode to Immortality," his sonnets, and some of the short poems which describe a scene or tell a story. Like Burns, he took his subjects from common life,—the child at the cottage door, the pet lamb, the reaper, the daffodils, the butterfly, the sparrow's nest,—none of these was too commonplace to give him material for a poem.

THE DAFFODILS

[This poem was written in 1804, while Wordsworth was living in the Lake Country at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. The flowers which he mentions were seen about two years earlier, on a walk which the poet took with his sister Dorothy through a park along the Ullswater. Dorothy Wordsworth's journal for April 15, 1802, contains this description:

I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow of weariness, and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew directly over the lake to them. They looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing.

You will notice that Wordsworth has changed the facts slightly. He was not alone, but he probably thought that the poem would be stronger if he made a contrast between the lonely traveler and the gay flowers. It is very simple, as nearly all of Wordsworth's poetry is, but it seems to take hold upon us so that whenever we read it we can see with the poet that "host of golden daffodils" and enjoy their brightness.

If you read this poem during the daffodil season, try to get one or two of the flowers. Study them; notice their brilliant color, their form, their beauty, their springlike freshness. Then think of them growing in a mass, as Wordsworth saw them. Can you imagine a sight that would bring more joy to the heart of a poet?]

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

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The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Where is the Lake Country of England, and what three English poets lived there? 2. Write or tell in your own words the story of Wordsworth's life. 3. Point out on a map as many of the places as you can that were connected with his life. 4. What figure of speech in the first line? Is it a good one? Think of a single cloud floating in the clear sky. 5. Name two figures in the second stanza. In what ways are the daffodils like stars?

6. What danced beside the daffodils? What is meant by "Outdid the sparkling waves in glee"? 7. Explain "A *poet* could not but be gay." Why a poet more than any other person? What *is* a poet? 8. What *wealth* did the sight of the daffodils bring to the poet? 9. Put the last stanza into simpler words of your own. What is a *vacant* mood? a *pensive* mood? What is the "inward eye," and how does it make solitude blissful? (Do you never think of some beautiful or interesting thing that you have seen, and almost think you can see it again in imagination? Does it not give you pleasure to think of, when alone? Is this a reason for looking at beautiful things whenever we can, and for looking at them so earnestly that we shall remember them? Notice that the poet did not simply glance at the daffodils; he "gazed and gazed" until they made an impression that he never forgot.)

10. Select the best lines. 11. What does the poet show of himself in this poem? 12. Memorize the poem.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened, motionless and still,
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Substitute another word for "profound" in line 7. 2. What particular force is there in comparing the reaper's song to that of the nightingale? Why "among Arabian sands"? 3. Why "unhappy," line 19? 4. Compare line 31, "The music in my heart I bore," with the last stanza of "The Daffodils." What characteristic of the poet does this show?

This poem is a picture in words. After reading it one can almost see that solitary figure in the field and hear the wild, sweet song. The reaper was singing in the language of the Gaelic Highlanders; therefore she could not be understood.

"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD"

My heart leaps up when I behold
    A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
    Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What does this stanza show of the effect of nature on a poet? 2. What is there in the rainbow, besides its beauty, that would appeal to a poet? 3. Explain the last three lines. (Every one is a child before he becomes a man; therefore the child is first. "Natural piety" means one's filial love for the child that he used to be.)

Other characteristic poems of Wordsworth: "We Are Seven," "Lucy Gray," "Lucy," "To the Cuckoo," "To a Skylark," "The Pet Lamb," "Written in March," "Nutting," "Fidelity," "The Reverie of Poor Susan," "On the Seashore near Calais," "Three Years She Grew," and the two poems "To a Butterfly."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772–1834

In the little village of Ottery St. Mary, among the hills of Devonshire, in England, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, lived the Reverend John Coleridge, vicar and schoolmaster. He was a pleasant, scholarly, absent-minded gentleman, and the care of the large family fell upon his good wife Anne, who was quite equal to the task. There were thirteen children; of the youngest, Samuel — or Sam, as he was called at home — we are now to talk.

Sam was born in 1772, two years after Wordsworth and the year before the American colonists had their "tea party" in Boston harbor. When he was three years old he was sent to school to an old lady who taught him his letters so successfully that at six he had read "Robinson Crusoe" and a number of other books, including large portions of the Bible. A little later he found and read a copy of "The Arabian Nights," which so excited him and made him see such sights at night that his father took it away and burned it. In those days he used to play that he was one of the Seven Champions of Christendom and would rush out into the fields with a stick, slashing the weeds and nettles right and left, calling them false pagan dogs and other humiliating names as he cut them down.

When Sam was nine years old his father died, and about a year later the boy was sent as a charity pupil to Christ's Hospital, commonly called the Blue-coat School, in London.[1]

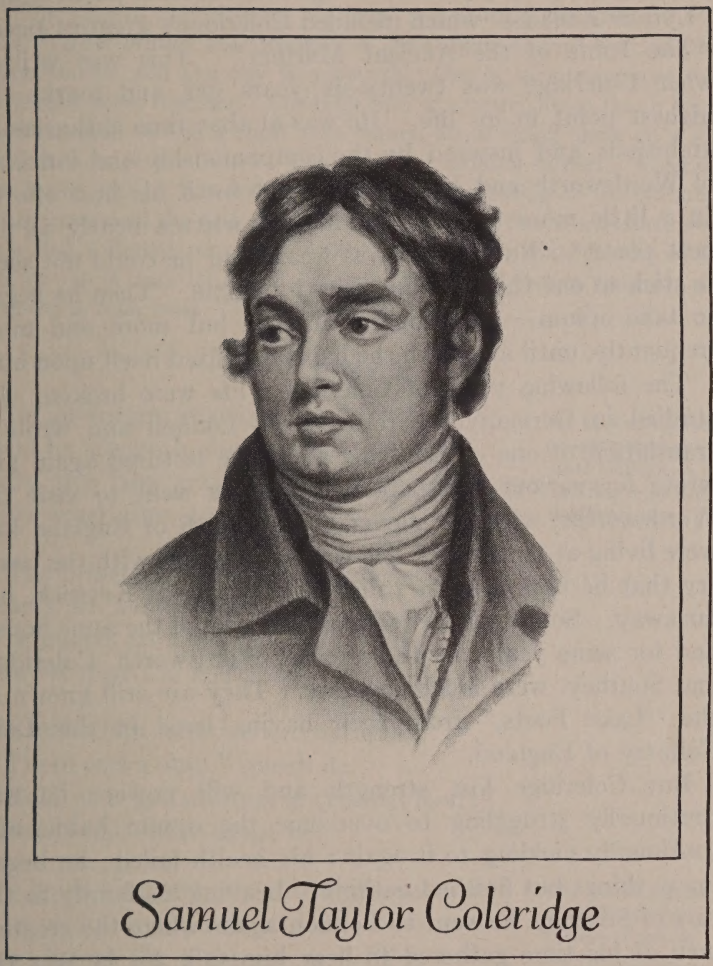
[1] For a description of school life at Christ's Hospital see the story of Leigh Hunt, Young and Field Literary Readers, Book Six, page 68.

There he met Charles Lamb, who later became a great essayist and with whom he formed a lifelong friendship.

Young Coleridge was a dreamy, imaginative boy. He would often climb to the flat roof of the school and lying there upon his back would watch the white clouds sailing over his head, seeing in them strange shapes and pictures. His mother, now quite poor, could not send him money for vacation visits, and it is supposed that he did not go home to Ottery for seven years.

At nineteen Coleridge entered Cambridge University, just as Wordsworth was leaving it. He read an astonishing number of books not called for in his class work and was considered a brilliant student. His room was often filled with fellow students who came just to hear him talk. But he did not finish his college course. At the end of three years he left Cambridge — we do not know just why, but probably for lack of money. During the last summer's vacation before he left he had taken a walking trip into Wales. On the way he stopped at Oxford, the other of the two great English universities, and there made the acquaintance of a student named Robert Southey. Southey greatly admired Coleridge, and Coleridge liked Southey. A friendship immediately sprang up between them. They planned to go to America and start a colony on the banks of the Susquehanna River. The colonists were all to marry before leaving England and to take their wives with them. In accordance with this plan Coleridge and Southey married two sisters who they thought would make good colonists, but they never reached the Susquehanna River, for they could not raise money enough to start the colony.

Coleridge then published a small volume of poems, edited a paper, lectured on philosophy and literature, and tried in various ways to make a living, but did not find it easy. In 1797 he settled in the little village of Nether Stowey, in the south of England, near the home of Wordsworth and his sister



Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Dorothy. There a strong friendship was formed between the two poets, and they published together a book of poems called "Lyrical Ballads," which included Coleridge's greatest poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This was written when Coleridge was twenty-six years old, and marks the highest point in his life. He was at that time enthusiastic, ambitious, and inspired by the companionship and influence of Wordsworth and his sister to put forth his best efforts. In a little more than a year he had written nearly all his best poetry. But his will was weak, and he could not seem to stick to one thing for any length of time. Then he began to take opium,—occasionally at first, but more and more frequently, until at length the habit had fixed itself upon him.

The following years of Coleridge's life were broken. He studied in Germany, he returned to London and wrote a translation of one of Schiller's plays, he lectured again and wrote for various newspapers. Then he went to visit the Wordsworths, who had moved to the north of England and were living at Grasmere. He was so delighted with the country that he took a house called Greta Hall, at Keswick, not far away. Southey later took another part of the same house, and for some years the three poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, were much together. They are still known as the "Lake Poets," from their having lived in this Lake Country of England.

But Coleridge lost strength and will power; he was continually struggling to overcome the opium habit, and continually yielding to it again; his health failed; he began many things but finished nothing. Leaving his family to the care of Southey, he went to London again, where the greatest men of his time gathered to hear him talk, for he was the most interesting talker that England had known since Dr. Johnson. But he could no longer apply himself to any definite work, and he died in 1834, conquered by the enemy that he had admitted years before.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

[The plan of the "Ancient Mariner" was thought out during a walk near Nether Stowey one afternoon in the autumn of 1798 by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Dorothy Wordsworth. One of them suggested their writing a poem together. Coleridge told of a weird dream that a friend had repeated to him a short time before, about being alone on a ship with a crew of dead men. This seemed a striking subject. Coleridge made the outline, Wordsworth suggested the shooting of the albatross. They composed the first stanzas as they walked, but Wordsworth soon saw that Coleridge was the only one of them who could handle such a theme; so it was left to Coleridge. The poem, when finished, was printed in their book, "Lyrical Ballads."]

PART I

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding feast and detaineth one.

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest is spellbound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The wedding guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

5 The mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
10 Went down into the sea.

. . . . . .

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

15 With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
20 And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

25 The land of ice and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea bird called the albatross came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" — With my crossbow
I shot the albatross.

The ancient mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

. . . . . .

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even until it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

. . . . . .

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

. . . . . .

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea bird round his neck.

Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

. . . . . .

The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well-nigh done!

Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

. . . . . .

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

At the rising of the moon,

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursèd me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead;

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard no sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

. . . . . .

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

The wedding guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown." —
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest!
This body dropt not down.

but the ancient mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth, to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

. . . . . .

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

. . . . . .

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;

But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

. . . . . .

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth strange sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

. . . . . .

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

PART VI

. . . . . .

The curse is finally expiated

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient mariner beholdeth his native country.

O dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

. . . . . .

The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

. . . . . .

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;

My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He 'll shrieve my soul, he 'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII

The hermit of the wood approacheth the ship.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

. . . . . .

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

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The ancient mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;

But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

. . . . . .

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him,

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest:
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Coleridge's life. 2. How did "The Ancient Mariner" come to be written? 3. Describe the opening scene. 4. Who speaks the words in lines 3–8, page 103? 5. Why was the wedding guest compelled to listen? 6. The poem consists of a series of wonderful pictures. Note them as you read, and make a list of them, as (1) the ship leaving the harbor, (2) the storm, (3) the passage through the ice, and so on. Which do you like best? 7. If the sun came up on the left and went down on the right, in what direction was the ship going? 8. In what part of the world was the ice found?

9. Notice the figure of the ship chased by the storm, like a man bending forward and running away from some pursuer, who is so close that the pursued walks upon his shadow. 10. Explain the comparison "Like noises in a swound." 11. Why did the sailors welcome the albatross? 12. What effect did the sailors think the bird had upon the ship? 13. Put into simple prose, lines 17–20, page 105. 14. What made the "fog-smoke"? Try to see the picture of the "white moonshine." 15. Why did the mariner shoot the albatross? 16. What do lines 25–28, page 105, tell you about the course of the ship?

17. What do you understand by a "copper" sky? "bloody" sun? "As idle as a *painted* ship upon a *painted* ocean"? 18. Explain lines 27–30, page 106. 19. Why did the sailors hang the dead bird about the ancient mariner's neck? 20. What does the ship which the mariner sees show itself to be, as it passes across the setting sun? Explain this picture. 21. What made the change from day to night so sudden (lines 9–10, page 108)? What condition of the air makes long twilights and what makes short ones? 22. Explain lines 14–15, page 108. 23. Explain "star-dogged Moon," "cursed me *with his eye*."

24. Explain "or ever," line 14, page 109. 25. Why for a time could the mariner not pray? What made it possible at last for him to pray, and what was the result? 26. Explain "shrieve me, holy man," "The hermit *crossed his brow*." 27. After his rescue, how did the mariner get relief from his agony when it came upon him? 28. What effect did this voyage have upon the mariner, and how does he express it? 29. What lesson did the wedding guest receive that made him a wiser man? Why was he sadder? Memorize lines 21–28, page 104; lines 15–30, page 106; lines 14–28, page 111; lines 14–21, page 115.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771–1832

Among the great British writers there are few who have shown as fine a character as Scott. He was an honest man, who had troubles and overcame them, who worked hard and cheerfully, and knew no such thing as failure.

Sir Walter Scott was born in the fine old city of Edinburgh in the summer of 1771, about four years before the American Revolution broke out. When he was not quite two years old he had a serious illness, and after it he was found to have lost the use of one of his legs. This was his first trouble.

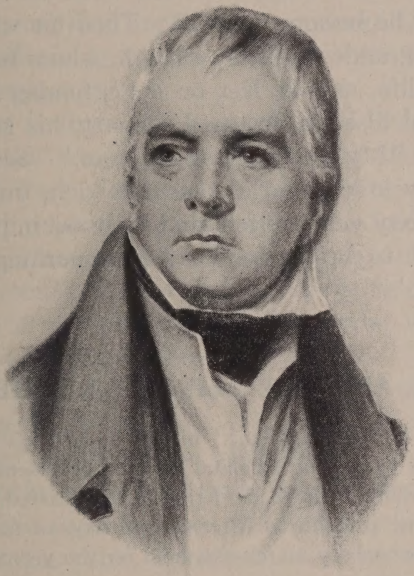
His parents thought that if he could live in the country, out of doors, among the green fields and hills, his leg would grow stronger. So they sent him to his grandparents on a farm in the valley of the Tweed, not far from Melrose Abbey. This out-of-door life helped but did not cure him, and throughout his life he was slightly lame.

In the country he used to lie on the grass, watching the sheep and listening to the stories which an old shepherd told him about the battles that had been fought in that border country between Scotland and England in the old days. On a great rock near by stood the ruins of a castle which had once held many a gallant company of lords and ladies and seen many a hunt and tournament and many a fight. Then, at bedtime, his grandmother would tell him of the deeds of his forefathers, who were all of them brave men. Every rock and every ruin in that country had some story of the border wars. When the boy went back to his

father and mother in Edinburgh he was eight years old and knew more of Scottish history and Scottish legends than most men ever know. He went to school in Edinburgh until he was twelve and then spent three years in the University of Edinburgh. But he cared for little except history, and his classmates remembered him chiefly for his stories of the border wars, which he used to tell to them in the evenings as they gathered about and listened breathlessly, asking him, whenever he stopped, to tell them more.

At fifteen he left the University and went to work in his father's law office — for I should have told you that his father was a lawyer. Young Walter did not like that sort of life, but he followed it because his father wanted him to do so. While he was working there, he began to put into verse the old stories of knights and warriors which he knew so well. First he translated some German legends; then he published several books of old Scottish songs which he had picked up here and there; and at last he began to write poetry of his own, which told of the Scottish chiefs and the border wars. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake" came out, one after another, and soon made him famous. He bought a large piece of land on the Tweed near Melrose Abbey, in the country that he loved so well, built a castle of his own, which he called Abbotsford, and lived there with his wife and his four children and his dogs. He greatly loved his dogs and always felt that they were a part of his family. There he wrote his great stories, "Ivanhoe," "Guy Mannering," and "Rob Roy"; his Scottish history stories, "Tales of a Grandfather"; and many more. The king honored him by giving him the title of baronet, and he became *Sir* Walter.

Then his second great trouble came upon him. He put his money into a business which did not pay, and woke up one morning to find not only that he had lost everything but that he owed more than half a million dollars besides.



Sir Walter Scott

The men to whom he owed the money were kind to him and would have given him a part of it, but he said No, it was right that he should pay it; and if they would only give him time, he would find a way. So he set to work cheerfully to write harder and faster. For a long time he wrote two books every year. They sold well and he had almost paid the debt when the hard work and strain broke him down and he became very ill. Then his wife died, and then his little grandson, Johnny Hugh, whom he loved more than his own life, and at last on a September day in 1832 he himself died also, saying to Lockhart, his son-in-law, as his last words, "My dear, be a good man." Scott had been famous, greatly loved, and at one time rich, but after a life of more than sixty years he felt that the most important thing of all was just to be *good*. That is something well worth thinking about.

THE ARCHERY MATCH AT ASHBY

[This selection is from "Ivanhoe," one of Scott's best-known novels. Prince John, who was ruling England during the absence in Palestine of his brother Richard I, or Richard the "Lion-Hearted," arranged for a great tournament at Ashby After several days of fierce encounters by the knights, an archery match was held for the yeomen, on the last day of the tournament.

On one of the preceding days Prince John had noticed in the crowd a bold fellow who, he thought, had failed to show him the respect due to his high rank. This angered the prince, and he determined to humiliate the yeoman in the archery match. He did not know that this same yeoman was no other than Robin Hood, who had come in disguise to the tournament to see the sport.]

Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment,

whom he observed standing on the same spot and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merrymen as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

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"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy, if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men at arms," said Prince John; "his heart is sinking. I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station, in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot, each, three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts

at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear.

The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow — "

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! — in the clout! — a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley. And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please. I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight and rather thicker

than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers — or rather I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the

willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which with the bugle thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body guard and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Scott's life. 2. From what book is this selection taken? Name as many of Scott's other novels as you know, and two or three of his poems. 3. What sort of person was Prince John, and how did he happen to be ruling England at the time of this story? 4. Explain "yeomen," "royal livery," "merrymen," "under favor." 5. Use simpler words for "the object of his resentment," "unwittingly." What was "Lincoln green"?

6. What does Locksley's reply to the prince show you of Locksley's character? 7. What other words or phrases might be used for "craven," "infamy," "lists," "order of precedence," "yeomanlike," "try conclusions," "baldric"? What was a "shot at rovers"? (A rising shot, not direct.) 8. Why did Hubert say that his grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings? 9. What does Prince John's remark to Hubert after Locksley's first shot show you of the prince's character? 10. What simpler or more common words might be used for "adversary," "a Hubert!" (Hurrah for Hubert!), "in the clout," "mend that shot," "precaution," "competitor," "dexterity"?

11. What further hint of John's character do we get from his asking attendants to go with Locksley as he cuts the willow wand, and what did the cries of the people show? 12. Use simpler words or phrases for "vindicated their opinion," "a jubilee of acclamations." 13. What does Locksley, or Robin Hood, show of his character in this selection? What does Hubert show? What does Prince John show?

Other interesting selections from "Ivanhoe" are The Tournament (chap. xii) and The Attack on the Castle (chaps. xxix–xxxi). "The Talisman" is also full of stirring scenes which illustrate the life of both European and Saracen soldiers during the Crusades, and which show King Richard with the English army in Palestine.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

[Marmion was a character invented by Scott as the hero of his poem of the same name. He was supposed to be an English nobleman sent by Henry the Eighth as an ambassador to James the Fourth of Scotland about 1513 to try to prevent the Scots from making war upon England, as England was already at war with France and did not wish to meet another enemy.

Marmion was asked by King James to remain for a time in the castle of Tantallon as the guest of the Scottish Lord Douglas, Earl of Angus. Marmion, seeing that the Scots continued their preparations for war, and that they offered no hope of peace, set out at length for the English camp of the Earl of Surrey. In taking leave of his host he offered his hand, which Douglas refused. On the next day fighting began between the two armies and resulted in the battle of Flodden, in which the Scots were defeated and their hopes crushed. Marmion is supposed to have died fighting, in the moment of victory.]

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said,
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near, —
Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword, —
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!

And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth, "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Explain who Marmion and Douglas were, and why Marmion was leaving the castle. Where were Marmion's attendants and where were Douglas's? 2. Explain "The *train* from out the castle drew," "Though something I might *'plain*," "your king's *behest*," "Tantallon's towers," "my *manors*," "*unmeet* to be the owner's *peer*." 3. What is the duty of a host towards his guest? What added reason had Marmion for being well treated? 4. What did Douglas mean by saying that his castles were his king's but his hand was his own? 5. What do you think of Douglas's refusal to take Marmion's hand?

6. Explain "He who does England's message here." Why would the lowliest of Englishmen bearing the King's message be equal in rank to any Scotch nobleman? 7. What do we now call a person who bears

such a message as Marmion bore? 8. Explain "pitch of pride," "flush of rage." 9. To whom are lines 25, 26, page 128, addressed, and what do they show is happening? 10. Explain the different uses of the word "peer" in lines 18 and 28, page 128. 11. What do you think of Marmion's language? 12. Explain "to beard the lion," "Saint Bride of Bothwell." (Saint Bridget. There was a church dedicated to her at Bothwell. She was patron saint of the Douglas.)

13. What order did Douglas give to his attendants? Was he justified in giving such an order? Give reasons. 14. Explain "warder," "portcullis," "rowels." 15. Which of the two men behaved the better?

BREATHES THERE THE MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD

[This noble burst of patriotism is found at the beginning of the sixth canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." An old Scotch harper has been singing to the ladies of Newark Castle ballads of love and warfare. His listeners praise his lay and ask him why he chooses to wander through Scotland, poor and neglected, while many in England would hear him gladly. He strikes his harp again and answers with these lines:]

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

CHARLES LAMB

1775–1834

In the midst of the noise and bustle of the London streets there is a quiet spot beside the Thames, shut in between high walls and iron gates and used these many years for lawyers' offices and lodgings. It is called the Temple. One enters it through a dark and narrow passage and passes into a maze of queer little courts and alleys with patches of green turf here and there and bits of shrubbery, and at last finds himself in a sort of inclosed park having a fountain and a view of the river, with its mysterious ships and barges moving up and down — no one knows whither.

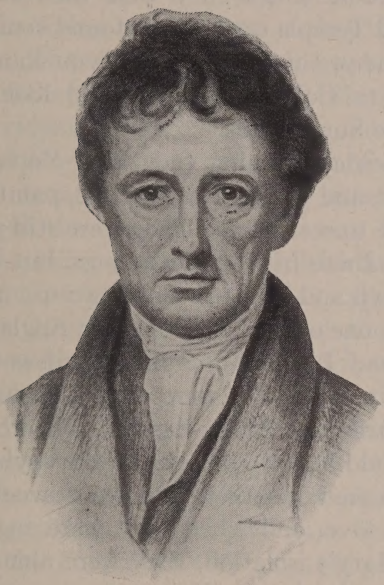
In one of these courts of the Temple Charles Lamb was born in 1775, the son of a poor law clerk and the youngest of seven children, only three of whom lived beyond their babyhood. As he grew up, the neighbors knew him as a gentle, thoughtful boy, stammering somewhat in his speech and halting a trifle in his walk. He was shy before strangers, yet gay among his playfellows, and so kind and sweet-tempered that everybody loved him. The lawyer for whom his father worked took an interest in the lad and in his sister Mary, and allowed the children to spend an occasional afternoon in his library. These were Charles's happiest hours, except now and then a rare evening when his father by saving would have a spare shilling to take him to the play. His father loved these evenings as much as the boy did, but they did not come too often.

When Charles was seven the lawyer whom his father served found a chance to send the boy to Christ's Hospital, or the "Blue-coat School," and there he met Coleridge. The two lads were much together, and when the food on the school table was particularly poor and the milk porridge particularly thin, Charles would smuggle in a cake or two and share his feast with Sam Coleridge and a few other friends.

When Charles was ready for college he met with a great disappointment. Instead of going on, as Coleridge had done, he was obliged to leave school and go to work to help support the family. His father was now growing old, his mother was far from well, his older brother had left home and had apparently forgotten all about his parents, Mary was earning something as a dressmaker, but not enough to keep the family together; so Charles, who longed to lead the life of a scholar, turned his back resolutely upon his hopes and took a clerkship in a great commercial establishment known as the South Sea House. Two years later he secured a similar position with the East India Company, another large importing organization, and this he held for thirty years.

Sad changes soon came upon the family. First, the old employer died, and they had to leave their quiet home in the Temple. Then Mary became violently insane and, without knowing what she was doing, took her mother's life, and had to be sent to an asylum. Not long afterwards the father died, after many years of helplessness.

Through all these troubles Charles worked early and late, on a small salary, to provide the little comforts of which the family stood in need. Mary at times was quite herself again and would come back to live with her brother. Those were happy days for both. Mary kept house; the two spent their evenings reading or writing or going to the play together, and often entertained their friends, of whom they had many. Charles wrote paragraphs and jokes for the *Morning Post* at sixpence each, and after a time he and Mary together published



Charles Lamb

the "Tales from Shakespeare," which are read to-day by hundreds of boys and girls all over the world. A few years later Charles wrote the "Adventures of Ulysses."

Both Charles and Mary had always wanted to get back to the Temple, and at last a chance presented itself. Charles was now earning enough to provide them with slightly better lodgings than those which they were then occupying; and in one of the old Temple courts they found comfortable rooms through the windows of which, "when you stand a-tiptoe," as Charles wrote to Coleridge, they could look out over the Thames and the Surrey hills.

Every Wednesday evening they kept "open house" here for their friends, and the greatest writers, painters, and actors of the day came to see them. They were still poor, and there was no style at these friendly gatherings, but there was good fellowship and wit and brilliant conversation; and Lamb came to be known as one of the best talkers in England. Coleridge and Southey and Leigh Hunt and Wordsworth — when he chanced to be in London — were often at these "Wednesday nights" at Charles and Mary Lamb's. There were sad days when Mary would have to go back to the asylum, for she was never entirely cured, yet their lives were sweetened by a rare sympathy and love, and when they were together, between the times of Mary's isolation, they were almost as happy as if there were no cloud over them.

When Lamb was fifty years old the East India Company gave him his liberty, with a pension which enabled him to live comfortably for the rest of his life and to provide for his sister. His last and most important writings were the "Essays of Elia," a series of familiar letters which he wrote for the *London Magazine*, signing them with the name of an old clerk whom he had known in the South Sea House.

The Lambs had several other homes after living in the Temple, their last being at Edmonton, where Charles died in 1834. Mary lived thirteen years after her brother's death.

THE DISCOVERY OF ROAST PIG

[From "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig" in "Essays of Elia."]

"Mankind," says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, "for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day." . . . The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes.

Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makshift of a building you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs no less than nine in number perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first

accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!*

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire and I know not what. What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig. Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig and fairly rending it asunder thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! only taste!" — cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which — make what sour mouths he would for a pretense — proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

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At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence

was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig of which the culprits stood accused might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and when the court was dismissed went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Charles Lamb. From what is this story taken? 2. The "Chinese manuscript" was Lamb's own invention. Notice how Addison (page 58) and Irving (page 323) claim to have manuscripts containing their stories. 3. What is meant by broiling being the "elder brother" of roasting? 4. Explain "a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building," "smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers," "assailed his nostrils," "a premonitory moistening . . . overflowed his nether lip," "crackling," "retributory cudgel."

5. What is the effect of introducing trial by jury, reporters, and insurance companies into a story of ancient China? 6. Explain "inconsiderable assize town," "simultaneous verdict," "winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision." 7. How did these frequent fires affect architecture?

Other essays of Charles Lamb that you may find interesting are "Dream Children," "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago," "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers." Other books by Lamb are "The Adventures of Ulysses" and "Tales from Shakespeare."

(See the story of "The Tempest," page 26 of this book.)

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

1785–1859

Thomas De Quincey, the English essayist, was the son of a prosperous merchant of Manchester and was born in that city in 1785, being ten years younger than Lamb. His father died when the boy was quite young, and the family then lived for some years in the country. When Thomas was about eleven they moved again and went to Bath, in the south of England, where his mother placed him in the grammar school.

He proved to be a brilliant scholar, but was not strong in body, and lived chiefly among his books and his own thoughts. His schoolmates thought him a queer boy. At fifteen he could read Greek and, what is more, could speak it fluently. One of his teachers said of him, "That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." But the praise of his teachers worried his mother. She feared it would make him vain, and to spare him from that misfortune, she took him out of the Bath Grammar School and sent him to a very inferior school in Wiltshire, where she thought the teacher would not flatter him.

At fifteen he was ready to enter Oxford, but his family wished him to go first to the Manchester Grammar School, where by studying three years he could earn a scholarship that would pay his expenses at the university. He began his work at Manchester, but he had already completed most of the studies offered there, and they now seemed very childish to him. At last the work grew so distasteful that he decided to give up all his plans for a college education and go out to "see the world."

Thomas De Quincey

He began by taking a walking journey through Wales, his family allowing him a guinea a week for expenses. For some reason — perhaps it was pride — after he had got away from home he did not ask for his guinea a week. Instead, he made his way like a common tramp, and in time found himself in London. There, after suffering great hardships, he was found by his friends and taken home. He was then sent to Oxford and spent nearly four years there, but just as he was ready to take his degree he disappeared again.

At about this time he became acquainted with Wordsworth and Coleridge. He had already met Lamb in London. His admiration for Wordsworth was so great that he followed him into the Lake Region and for ten years lived in Dove Cottage, near Grasmere — the house which had been Wordsworth's first home in that region.

Here he married and settled down to the life of a literary man. Most of his essays were written for magazines, but a few years before his death they were published in book form. His later years were spent near Edinburgh.

When a young man he had been subject to severe attacks of neuralgia, and to ease the pain he had taken opium. The opium habit grew upon him, and his whole life became a struggle to free himself from it. His best-known book is "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." Among his best essays are "The English Mail-Coach," "Joan of Arc," and "The Revolt of the Tartars."

A NIGHT ON THE MAIL-COACH

[This selection is abridged from De Quincey's essay "The English Mail-Coach," which was written in 1849.]

The mail recommenced its journey northwards about midnight. Wearied with the long detention at a gloomy hotel, I walked out about eleven o'clock at night for the

sake of fresh air, meaning to fall in with the mail and resume my seat at the post office. The night, however, being yet dark, as the moon had scarcely risen, and the streets being at that hour empty, so as to offer no opportunities for asking the road, I lost my way and did not reach the post office until it was considerably past midnight; but to my great relief (as it was important for me to be in Westmoreland by the morning), I saw in the huge saucer eyes of the mail, blazing through the gloom, an evidence that my chance was not yet lost. Past the time it was, but by some rare accident the mail was not even yet ready to start.

Having mounted the box, my attention was drawn to the fact that the coachman was a monster in point of bulk, and that he had but one eye. These personal distinctions identified in an instant an old friend of mine whom I had known in the south for some years as the most masterly of mail coachmen. Great joy was at our meeting. But what was Cyclops doing here? Had the medical men recommended northern air, or how? I collected, from such explanations as he volunteered, that he had an interest at stake in some suit at law now pending at Lancaster; so that probably he had got himself transferred to this station for the purpose of connecting with his professional pursuits an instant readiness for the calls of his lawsuit.

Meantime, what are we stopping for? Surely we have now waited long enough. Oh, this procrastinating mail and this procrastinating post office! What are they about? The guard tells me that there is a large extra accumulation of foreign mails this night, owing to irregularities caused by war, by wind, by weather, in the packet service. But at last all is finished. Sound your horn, guard! Manchester, good-by! Off we are at last!

From Manchester to Kendal there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first three stages terminate in Preston. During the first stage I found out that Cyclops

was mortal; he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep — a thing which previously I had never suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions, avails him nothing. "Oh, Cyclops!" I exclaimed, "thou art mortal. My friend, thou snorest!"

Through the first eleven miles, however, this infirmity betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up he made an apology for himself which, instead of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes, he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster, in consequence of which for three nights and three days he had not lain down on a bed. During the day he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on the trial in which he was interested. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch, he was driving. This explanation certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days' resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way.

Throughout the second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage he surrendered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing "Love amongst the Roses" for perhaps thirty times, without invitation and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber — not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour. The usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And to strengthen

this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea; which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight and the first timid tremblings of the dawn were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, — which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance, — there was no sound abroad. In the clouds and on the earth prevailed the same majestic peace.

Suddenly I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us* our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves.

What could be done — who was it that could do it — to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so; and I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself; but from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh this was impossible.

The sounds ahead strengthened and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gayety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? Whoever were the travelers, something must be done to warn them.

Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside traveling. And fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished and the catastrophe sealed.

Before us lay an avenue straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man and by his side a young lady. The little carriage is creeping on, and the parties within it are bending down their heads. I shouted — and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted — and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done; more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, or if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection — he will at least make some effort to save her.

He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down; already its gloomy shadow darkened above him, and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Suddenly he rose, stood upright, and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours.

Thus far his condition was not improved, except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very center of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late. One almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments — *they* hurry. Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses — *they* also hurry!

One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's forefeet upon the crown or arching center of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow; that was evident even to my own agitated sight. But the rear part of the carriage — was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question?

Faster than ever millrace we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swinglebar or with the haunch of our near leader we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down and looked back upon the scene; which in a moment told its own tale.

The horse was planted immovably, with his forefeet upon the paved crest of the central road. The little cany carriage, — partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it, — as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man

trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done.

. . . . . .

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at the right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant and swept it into my dreams forever.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of De Quincey's life. 2. Describe briefly a stage-coach of the type referred to in this selection. 3. Explain "in point of bulk," "personal distinctions," "identified." 4. Why did De Quincey call the driver Cyclops? 5. Explain the reference to Apollo and the horses of Aurora. What is "skill in aurigation"? 6. Explain "a gloomy vista of coming disasters," "summer assizes," "seven *atmospheres* of sleep rested upon him." (An atmosphere means in scientific language the weight or pressure of the air at the level of the sea. Seven atmospheres would be seven times this.)

7. Explain "halcyon repose" (see Vocabulary). 8. What is meant by the sea, the atmosphere, and the light each bearing "an orchestral part in this universal lull"? (This beautiful description likens the scene of the early dawn to music; each object is like an instrument, all blending into perfect harmony.) 9. Explain "*equable* transparency," "Was it industry in a taxed cart?" (There was a tax on market carts in England.) 10. What touch of feeling is given to the description by likening the place of the collision to a cathedral aisle? 11. What is a gig?

12. What figures of speech are found in the words "was all alive with tremblings and shiverings," page 147, line 35? 13. Explain "torsion." 14. Compare the description of the collision with a modern newspaper account of some fatal accident. Which seems to you the stronger? Why?

Another selection from "The English Mail-Coach" — one which illustrates De Quincey's humor — is the description of the state coach presented to the emperor of China, and how he used it.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

1788–1824

Byron was a man who was always unhappy because he was always thinking of himself. Wherever he looked, he seemed to see his own reflection.

He was unfortunate, to begin with, in not having good parents. His father was of an ancient and aristocratic family, but had squandered all that belonged to him and lived so wild and reckless a life that his comrades called him "Mad Jack." His mother was a weak and silly woman, whom his father married for her money and whom he left as soon as he had spent it. George Gordon was born in London in 1788. The American Revolution had then been fought and won, and the French Revolution was about to begin. The spirit of revolt was in the very air. It was a time when authority of every kind was being questioned, and Byron's life was a continual rebellion.

Soon after the boy's birth his father ran away to France and died in that country. The mother then took George up to Aberdeen, in Scotland, where she lived as well as she could upon the little money that was left her, until George was ten years old. At that time his great-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, died, and as he had no children of his own, the title and estate descended to young George, who was his nearest kin and who thus became the sixth Lord Byron and master of the broad lands and mansion of Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham, in Sherwood Forest.

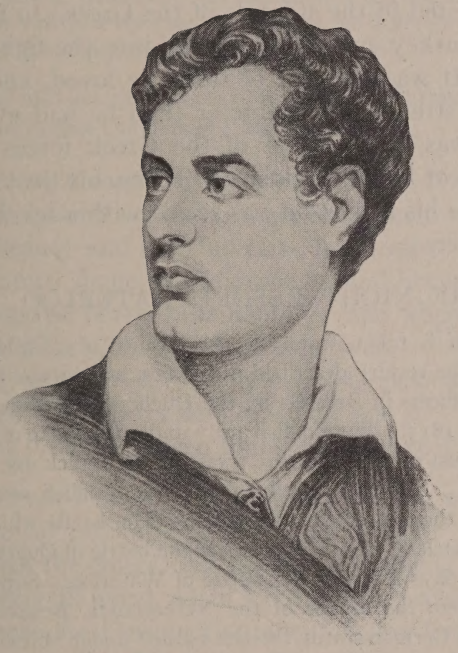
At thirteen he was sent to school at Harrow. He was a proud and passionate boy, and for a time did not get along

very well with his schoolmates. He had a handsome face but a lame foot, and he was very sensitive about the latter. Yet, in spite of his lameness, he was a good cricket player, swimmer, and boxer, and was generally in a fight with some one. He would rather fight than do anything else in the world.

From Harrow he went at seventeen to Cambridge. Here he gave more attention to shooting, boxing, and riding than to his studies, and was so idle that it is hard to understand how he ever got through. At college he published his first volume of poems, called "Hours of Idleness" (which, by the way, was a most appropriate title), but it attracted no attention except from a Scotch literary paper, the *Edinburgh Review*, which made great fun of it. Byron replied with a poem called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which made fun of the *Review* and which brought him into notice — and that was just what he wanted.

After leaving Cambridge he traveled through southern Europe as far as Greece and Turkey, and wrote the first two parts, or cantos, of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Then he returned to London, published his poem, and was at once hailed as a great poet. "I awoke one morning," he said, "and found myself famous." Scott and Tom Moore, the Irish poet, became his warm friends. He was invited to countless receptions, balls, and parties. People imitated his melancholy manner, his speech, and even his dress. In the midst of this flattery he married a wealthy and beautiful young woman and entered Parliament; but his successes turned his head, he grew dissipated, and within a year his young wife had to leave him, taking with her their child, a baby girl.

Those who had honored him now turned against him, and he became so unpopular that he had to leave England. He wandered again through southern Europe. In Italy he engaged in several revolutionary plots and was much with



George Gordon, Lord Byron

Shelley, whose life you will read a few pages farther on in this book. Leigh Hunt also joined them for a time. During these years Byron kept on writing poetry, completing "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and producing "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Mazeppa," and several other poems.

In 1824, after eight years of this wandering life, Byron became interested in the struggle of the Greeks to free themselves from Turkey and threw himself into the fight with his whole soul. It was the sort of thing he loved, and in it he showed more strength of character than he had ever shown before. He was made leader of the Greek forces and prepared for a great battle against the Turks, but just as he was about to make his attack he was seized with a fever and died a few days later.

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

[This selection is taken from the third canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The revelry described in the first stanza was a ball given to the English officers in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond, on the night of June 15, 1815. The English army under the Duke of Wellington was encamped just outside the city, awaiting an attack by the French under Napoleon. Napoleon, thinking that the English were off their guard, fell upon them suddenly that night. The battle which followed was really two battles — the first known as the battle of Quatre Bras, and the second, two days later, as the battle of Waterloo. Supporting the English army were the armies of the Netherlands, Belgium, Prussia, and others of the German states, the last-named under Marshal Blücher. Napoleon's power was crushed, and he was soon after made prisoner.

Lady de Ros, daughter of the Duchess of Richmond, in her "Personal Recollections" says of the ball:

When the Duke of Wellington arrived, rather late, I was dancing, but at once went up to him to ask about the rumors. He said very gravely, "Yes, they are true; we are off to-morrow." This terrible news was circulated directly, and while some of the officers hurried away, others remained at the ball and actually had not time to change their clothes, but fought in evening costume.

I went with my oldest brother to his house, which stood in our garden, to help him pack up, after which we returned to the ballroom, where we found

some energetic and heartless ladies still dancing. It was a dreadful evening, taking leave of friends and acquaintances, many never to be seen again. The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me in the anteroom adjoining the ball-room, made me a civil speech as to the Brunswickers being sure to distinguish themselves. I remember being quite provoked at Lord Hay for his delight at the idea of going into action; and the first news we had on the sixteenth was that he and the Duke of Brunswick were killed. At the ball supper I sat next to the Duke of Wellington. In the course of the evening the duke asked my father for a map of the country. He put his finger on Waterloo, saying the battle would be fought there.

Thackeray also describes scenes in Brussels at this time, in the twenty-ninth and thirty-first chapters of "Vanity Fair."]

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,

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His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's teardrops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunderclouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Byron's life. 2. Name three of his poems. From which is this selection taken? 3. Tell something of the battle of Waterloo. Between whom was it fought; when and where was it; what did it decide? 4. Describe the picture in the first two stanzas. What immediately followed? (The strength and interest of the poem lie largely in the contrast between these two scenes, and in the sudden change from gayety to fear and death.) 5. Put into simple prose "Belgium's capital had gathered then her Beauty and her Chivalry," "Music arose with its voluptuous swell." 6. What is a "rising knell"?

7. Explain "let joy be unconfined," "to chase the glowing Hours with flying feet." 8. Who was "Brunswick's fated chieftain," and how fated? 9. What is meant by "Death's prophetic ear"? 10. What do you learn about Brunswick's father in the third stanza? (He was Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and had been killed by the French at Jena, nine years before.) 11. What was the deep thunder (page 154,

line 18)? The "Cameron's Gathering" was the war call of the Cameron clan of Scotch Highlanders. Who was Lochiel, and what are "Albyn's hills"? 12. What is "the noon of night"? Describe the pibroch. 13. "Evan's, Donald's fame," refers to Evan Cameron and his grandson Donald, both famous chiefs. How would their memory affect their clansmen?

14. What is Ardennes? Explain "dewy with Nature's teardrops," and why "teardrops"? 15. Explain "Which now beneath them, but above shall grow in its next verdure," "fiery mass of living valor," "The thunderclouds close o'er it," "covered thick with other clay, which her own clay shall cover." 16. Memorize lines or stanzas that you particularly like.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

[This poem describes the closing event in the expedition of Sennacherib, king of Assyria, against the Jews under King Hezekiah, in the seventh century B.C. Sennacherib was one of the great warriors of ancient times. He reigned from 705 to 681 B.C. and conquered the neighboring nations. In this expedition against the Jews he took forty-six fortified cities and more than two hundred thousand captives, and shut up Hezekiah in Jerusalem, "like a bird in a cage," as he says in one of his inscriptions, "building towers round the city to hem him in and raising banks of earth against the gates so as to prevent escape." Hezekiah was obliged to pay a heavy tribute, giving Sennacherib all the silver that was in the temple and the palace, and cutting off the gold from the doors and pillars. Having exhausted his treasure, he went to Isaiah the prophet and besought him to pray for help. And Isaiah replied, "Thus saith Jehovah: 'Be not afraid. . . . He [the king of Assyria] shall hear tidings and shall return to his own land, and I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land.'"

Almost immediately after this message Sennacherib was called away by the news that other enemies were rising against him; and the soldiers were withdrawn, but with the threat that they should come again.

This threat disturbed Hezekiah, and he went into the temple and prayed to Jehovah. In response, word was sent to him again through Isaiah the prophet, "Thus saith Jehovah concerning the king of Assyria: he shall not come unto this city nor shoot an arrow there, neither shall he come before it with shield nor cast up a mound against it."

What followed is told in 2 Kings xix, 35–37: "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of Jehovah went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when men arose early in the morning, behold, these were all dead bodies. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh. And it came to pass, as he was worshiping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer smote him with the sword." See also Isaiah xxxvi, xxxvii.]

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What historical event does this poem describe? Tell what you can about it. Why do we say "from 705 to 681 B.C.," instead of "from 681 to 705 B.C.," line 16, page 156? 2. What two similes are found in the first stanza? in the second? Explain them. 3. Notice that the poem presents two pictures — before the plague and after it. In what line does the second begin? 4. Notice the fine metaphor in the third stanza. What was the Angel of Death?

5. Explain "the *widows* of Ashur." (Ashur, the name of the national god of Assyria, is here used for the country itself.) 6. *Broke* and *smote* were formerly proper past participles of *break* and *smite*. What forms are now used instead? 7. Explain "the idols are broke." Who was Baal? 8. What *Gentile* is referred to here? Explain the last two lines. 9. What lesson do you think this poem teaches? 10. Memorize the poem.

Byron's "Vision of Belshazzar" and the Biblical account in the fifth chapter of Daniel give another instance of pride humbled by Divine Power.

SOLITUDE

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV

Other poems of Byron which may be read at this time are "The Isles of Greece," portions of "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "Mazeppa"; also "The Ocean," and "The Gladiator" from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." A stirring poem upon the Greek revolution is Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

In 1792, when Byron was a child of four years, in Aberdeen, and Wordsworth and Coleridge were young men taking tramps together and writing poetry in the south of England, and Scott was beginning to practice law in Edinburgh, and Burns was chasing smugglers and collecting duties on the Border, another was born into the great company of English poets. The newcomer was Shelley.

Shelley was the son of a country gentleman, afterwards a baronet, who lived at Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex. He was the eldest of six children, and we are told that when a boy, he used to entertain his sisters with marvelous tales of goblins and strange animals that he said inhabited their garden, and of a dragon in a neighboring wood, also of an alchemist with a long gray beard, who was supposed to dwell in an abandoned room of the old house. He liked to go out at night and walk among the trees. In one of his poems he says:

> While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts and sped
> Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
> And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
> Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

The boy was first taught by a tutor and began to study Latin when he was six years old. Then he went to a school kept by an old Scotchman, who did quite as much flogging as teaching. It was a horrible place, and the boy was thankful when his father took him away and sent him to Eton.

The big boys at Eton tried to bully him, but he fought them with the utmost boldness and banded all the smaller boys together to resist their tyranny. It was here that he began to show that spirit of rebellion against authority which marked him all through life and which was characteristic of the times in which he lived. We have seen how strong it was in Byron. While at Eton, Shelley, then about sixteen, wrote a story, which he sold for forty pounds. With his sister, he also published a book of poems. He read eagerly and almost constantly, but did not apply himself closely to his studies.

After finishing his preparatory work at Eton, Shelley went to Oxford. Here he wrote a rebellious pamphlet which got him into trouble and made it necessary for him to leave college. This was his first serious mistake.

He went to London. While there he frequently visited his sisters, who were at a neighboring school, and he became so interested in one of their schoolgirl friends that he ran away with her and married her. This was another mistake. They were very young and were not at all suited to each other; and after three years they separated. Several years later he ran away with another young woman.

At twenty-six he left England never to return. He took his wife with him and lived for a time in Naples, in Rome, in Leghorn, and in Pisa. Pisa was especially attractive to him. There, in that quiet old city, he had nothing to fight against and nothing to disturb him. He and Mrs. Shelley made a home there, and there he did his best work. While in Italy he frequently saw Byron. It was in Byron's villa at Este that he began his drama "Prometheus Unbound." At about the same time, or shortly after, Keats, another brilliant young English poet, died in Rome. Shelley, who admired him greatly, wrote a dirge or elegy called "Adonais," which is one of his best works. In 1822 Shelley and his wife went with some friends to Lerici, near Spezia, on the east coast of Italy. He had planned with Byron to establish a magazine,

Percy Bysshe Shelley

for which both poets should write and which Leigh Hunt should edit. They had sent to London for Hunt, and when Hunt and his family arrived at Leghorn, Shelley sailed down the coast from Spezia in a little boat to meet and welcome him. On his return a violent thunderstorm came up and wrecked the boat. Shelley was drowned. His body was found and burned, as he had wished it should be. The ashes were buried in the little Protestant cemetery in Rome near the grave of Keats.

Aside from the poems already mentioned, Shelley's finest verses are perhaps his short lyrics "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," and "Ode to the West Wind."

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder, —
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridgelike shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Shelley's life. 2. Explain how a cloud is made. 3. Give examples of personification in the first stanza. 4. Who is called the *mother* of the buds, and how does she dance about the sun? 5. Explain the metaphor in "I wield the flail of the lashing hail." 6. To what is the lightning likened in the second stanza? the thunder? 7. Lightning, the pilot, is supposed to be guiding the cloud onward to find the genii or spirits of the earth and sea — perhaps magnetic forces. The lightning is attracted to these spirits and tries to find them wherever he dreams they are. Explain how the cloud can "bask in heaven's blue smile" while the lightning below is "dissolving in rains."

8. What is meant by the "*sanguine* sunrise"? What are the "meteor eyes" and "burning plumes" of the sunrise? Notice this figure of the sunrise leaping upon the back of the cloud. If you have ever seen the morning sunlight just touching a cloud, you will feel the beauty of the comparison. 9. What does "rack" mean, as here used? Why is the morning star spoken of as shining *dead?* 10. Explain the comparison beginning with line 17, page 163. Is it a simile or metaphor? 11. Explain "the *lit* sea." Why is "ardors" used in referring to the sunset?

12. Explain "the *crimson pall* of eve." Where is the "airy nest" of the cloud, and in what ways is a cloud like a brooding dove? 13. Who is "the orbèd maiden"? Define "orbèd." 14. The top of a cloud, as seen from a mountain or a balloon, seems level like a floor. Give the poet's explanation of the breaks or openings in the cloud at night. Think of these lines when you see the moon shining through a cloud. 15. What seems like a swarm of golden bees? 16. Why are the rivers, lakes, and seas like strips of the sky? What is meant by "paved with the moon"?

17. Explain lines 7–10, page 164. (The volcanoes seem dim in comparison with the brightness of the cloud when the sun shines on it; and the stars seem to reel when the moon shines on it and the whirlwinds blow it along.) 18. Explain "sunbeam-proof." What seem to be the columns that support the roof of the sky? 19. What is the arch in line 15, page 164? Explain "When the powers of the air are chained to my chair." 20. What is "the sphere-fire above"?

21. Explain why the cloud is called "the daughter of earth and water, and the nursling of the sky." Explain "I change, but I cannot die." 22. Explain "when, with never a stain, the pavilion of heaven is bare." Why is heaven called a pavilion? Compare this with "blue

dome," line 28. Which do you like the better? 23. What does "convex" mean? 24. What is a cenotaph? What is the cenotaph of the cloud? Why does the cloud laugh, and how does it "arise and unbuild it again"? 25. Select what you think are the finest lines in the poem. 26. Find all the similes and metaphors. 27. Memorize the stanzas that you like best.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine:

Chorus hymenæal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then — as I am listening now.

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QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Find out what you can about the European skylark. What peculiarities has it? 2. Explain "profuse strains of unpremeditated art," "unbodied joy." 3. Explain "Whose intense lamp narrows," in the fifth stanza. 4. What are the heavy-wingèd thieves, line 30, page 167? Explain "vernal showers." 5. What is the subject of "surpass," line 5, page 168? Reread the stanza, giving the words their prose order.

6. Explain "chorus hymenæal," "the *fountains* of thy happy strain," "satiety." 7. Explain the stanza beginning "Waking or asleep." 8. In line 1, page 169, *we* is contrasted with the skylark — *we* pine, but the skylark does not. 9. What is the *skill* of the skylark for which the poet longs (line 15)? 10. Explain all the similes and metaphors. 11. Memorize stanzas that you like, at least the first four and the last.

JOHN KEATS

1795–1821

The last of the group of English poets who made the beginning of the nineteenth century ever memorable was John Keats. His life was short (he was little more than twenty-five when he died), yet in the few years before his death he wrote some of the most perfect and beautiful poetry that we shall ever find.

Keats was three years younger than Shelley, having been born in 1795. He had the same high poetic spirit and love for the beautiful that Shelley had, but he came from a very different home, for he was the son of a stable keeper and was born over the stable of a London inn. You may think that a strange birthplace for a great poet, but it doesn't matter much what one's surroundings are if one is made of the right sort of stuff and is determined to do something worth while.

Keats's father was not poor. He had worked hard and by his prudence and industry had become manager of the stable, had married his master's daughter, and had been able to lay aside enough to educate his four children. John, the oldest of the family, was sent to school at Enfield, where he studied and played as most boys do, and did not distinguish himself for anything in particular unless it was for his kindness and good-nature. He was small for his age, but was broad-shouldered and vigorous.

Troubles came upon him early. His father was killed by a fall from a horse, his mother died a few years later, and at fifteen John was taken from school by his guardian and apprenticed to a physician at Edmonton.

John Keats

He found time in the midst of his medical studies for some reading, and often walked over to Enfield to see Cowden Clarke, the son of his old schoolmaster, with whom he had kept up a warm friendship. Young Clarke was fond of literature, and on one of these visits lent Keats a copy of Spenser's "Fairy Queen." The reading of this book inspired the young poet to write. His first poems were imitations of Spenser, and were rich with beautiful forms and gorgeous color, but irregular and crude. Something else was needed to perfect his style, and that came at last through his discovery of Homer. One evening, as he was visiting young Clarke, the latter took down from a shelf Chapman's translation of the great poet, and the two began to read it together. Keats knew nothing of Greek, but this translation opened a new world to him. As they read he became so excited that at times he shouted for very joy. They read on without any thought of time, until day broke in the east.

Keats walked home in the early dawn with a strange new feeling in his heart, and a few days later he sent Clarke his sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." From that time forth he felt that poetry was to be his life work. He continued his medical studies and for two years was an assistant in a London hospital, but he had lost interest in medicine. It was at about this time that he said to a friend, "The other day during a lecture there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland."

In London Keats became acquainted with Shelley and Leigh Hunt. Hunt, who was at that time publishing a paper, *The Examiner*, printed several of Keats's sonnets. A little later, in 1817, he helped Keats to bring out a small volume of poems, but the book attracted no attention and did not sell. Yet Keats was not discouraged. He knew that he could do better, and about a year later he published a longer poem, "Endymion," which told the story of the Greek youth who

was loved by the Moon. The magazines made fun of it, and Keats, disappointed but not discouraged, determined to make his next still better.

About this time one of his brothers became very ill. Keats took care of him and wore himself out with nursing. The brother died, and Keats, thinking to get a little rest and change, took a tramp through the Lake Country and into Scotland. He became overtired, was drenched with rain, took a severe cold, and came back with consumption fastened upon him. He was then but twenty-three.

During the next three years, with steadily failing health, Keats did his best work. "The Eve of St. Agnes," "On a Grecian Urn," "To a Nightingale," "Lamia," and the beautiful fragment called "Hyperion" were written during that time. The book which contained these poems was published in 1820 and brought its author fame, but he was then beyond caring for that. In the autumn of the same year he went to Rome, thinking that the milder climate might lengthen his life, but he died during the following February, and was buried in the little Protestant cemetery just within the city wall. He asked that upon his tombstone should be placed the words, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The words were placed there, as he wished, but they did not prevent him from becoming famous.

ROBIN HOOD

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast

Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe";
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfèd grave,
And if Marian should have

Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her — strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing
Honor to the old bowstring!
Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Keats. 2. Tell who Robin Hood was, and how and where he lived. 3. What days are spoken of in the first line? Explain "buried all under the down-trodden pall of the leaves of many years." 4. Explain the five lines beginning with line 31, page 173. (The North and the East are spoken of as "Winter's shears" because their winds are so sharp and because they cut down between them all the grass and flowers. Tempests have been sounded to the feast of only the "forest's whispering fleeces" — that is, of the driving snow — since those days when the forest was free and when men did not have to pay rent or make leases for it.)

5. Explain "Silent is the *ivory* shrill" (ivory whistle). What is a *heath?* 6. Explain lines 7–10, page 174. (No laugh is now to be heard in the midst of the forest, as in Robin Hood's time, when often some traveler would hear the echo of talking and jesting. The echo would give him only half of the jest or the last words of it.) 7. What are the *seven stars?* the *polar ray?* a *ditty?* 8. Who was Little John? 9. Explain lines 15–24, page 174. (You cannot now see one of Robin Hood's men thrumming on an empty can, down beside the river Trent, where, after having left the crowd with their merry tales, to get some ale at a neighboring town, he stops awhile and thus beguiles or enlivens his way through the green forest to the place where Merriment is hostess; that is, to the village tavern.)

10. Explain "merry morris din" (see Vocabulary). 11. What was the song of Gamelyn? (It was an old song from Chaucer.) "Grenè shawe" is old English for greenwood and is used in the Robin Hood ballads. 12. Who was Marian? 13. Explain lines 3–5, page 175. (The oaks of the forest have been cut down by the ax of the men from the dockyard and made into ships, which have already rotted on the seas.) 14. Explain "woods unshorn," "Lincoln green," "*tight* Little John," "Sherwood clan," "Let us two a *burden* try" (the burden of a song; that is, let us try to make a song about it).

If you do not remember the stories about Robin Hood, read Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood" or Miss Lansing's "Life in the Greenwood." Some of the original Robin Hood ballads are in the last-named book.

TO AUTUMN

[This poem was written at Winchester in the autumn of 1819. In a letter from that place, dated September 22, Keats says:

How beautiful the season is now! How fine the air — a temperate sharpness about it! . . . I never liked stubble fields so much as now — aye, better than the chilly green of the spring. Somehow, a stubble field looks warm, in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it.]

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
  Close bosom friend of the maturing Sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
  With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them; thou hast thy music too, —
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Why is Autumn a "close bosom friend of the maturing sun," and how is their friendship shown? What figure of speech is found in this line? What is meant by the *maturing* Sun? by thatch eaves? 2. What does the word *mossed* tell you about the age of the trees? What does the word *bend* add to the picture of the apple trees? What flowers would a late autumn be likely to bring out for the bees? 3. Explain the line "For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells." 4. Mention all the things in the first stanza that Autumn and the Sun conspire to do.

5. To whom does *thee* refer in line 8, page 177? Name some of the things that make up the store of Autumn. 6. Notice this fine personification of Autumn as a young woman sitting among the grain. What is meant by *winnowing* wind? If a winnowing wind lifted the hair of Autumn, what should you think the *hair* might represent? 7. Why is Autumn represented as asleep on a half-reaped furrow? 8. Explain "Drowsed with the fume of poppies." Why does Autumn's hook spare the next swath?

9. Describe the picture of Autumn as a gleaner. What is meant by "thy laden head"? (A print of "The Return of the Gleaners" or of "The Shepherd Star" by Breton will answer this question.) 10. How many pictures of Autumn do you find in the second stanza, and which do you like the best? 11. How does the poet compare Autumn with Spring? 12. Describe "*barrèd* clouds," "*bloom* the soft-dying day." (Think of how clouds look at evening with the reflection of the setting sun upon them.) 13. Describe the stubble plains, and tell where they get their rosy hue.

14. Explain "in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn." Why does the poet think of the sound as "wailful." What are river *sallows?* 15. Explain "borne aloft or sinking as the light wind lives or dies." 16. Explain "hilly bourn," "with treble soft," "garden croft." 17. In the last line, why are the swallows gathering? 18. Memorize the poem. As you read, try to feel the soft, sweet, drowsy atmosphere of a warm day in autumn. Compare with Dr. van Dyke's "Indian Summer," page 580 of this book.

Other poems of Keats which are comparatively easy to read are "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket," "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," and "I Stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill."

IV. EARLY AMERICAN LITERATURE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706–1790

One of the earliest of our important American writers was Benjamin Franklin. He wrote the story of his own life so clearly and so interestingly that no one else can hope to tell it half so well. He did not write it to celebrate himself, and did not intend it for publication, but began it as a letter to his son, William Franklin, then colonial governor of New Jersey. In 1771 the elder Franklin, then sixty-five years old, was in England on public business for the colonies, and having taken a brief vacation, he spent part of the time in writing this letter, which consisted of about one third of the present "Autobiography."

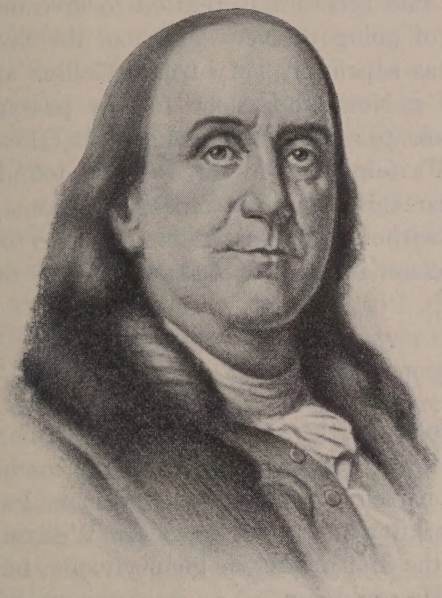
His friends urged him to finish the work, and in response to their continued requests he wrote, thirteen years later, another portion of it. This was written in France, where he was at that time the representative of the new American nation. Toward the end of his life he wrote a little more upon it, but the work was never finished. A part of it appeared in French in 1791, but not until 1868 was the entire book published in English.

The first of the following selections from the "Autobiography" is abridged; the second, describing the journey to Philadelphia, is nearly complete.

FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD

I was the youngest son, and was born in Boston, New England. My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me to the service of the Church. I continued at the grammar school not quite one year, but my father, in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which, having so large a family, he could not well afford, altered his first intention, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. I disliked the trade and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well and to manage boats.

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son, James, of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business and became a useful hand to my brother. I now took a fancy to poetry and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me and put me on composing occasional ballads, and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice. He was passionate and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and thinking my apprenticeship very



Benjamin Franklin

tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it.

At length, a fresh difference arising, I took upon me to assert my freedom. When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refused to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer. My friend Collins agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage. I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near three hundred miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

THE JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratified them. But having a trade and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offered my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence. He could give me no employment, having little to do and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, by death. If you go thither I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. On our way a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger, too, fell overboard; when

he was sinking I reached through the water to his shock pate and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep. . . .

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surf on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hollowed to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surf so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs and hollowed that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us or thought it impracticable; so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate; and in the meantime the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could, and so crowded into the scuttle with the Dutchman, who was still wet; and the spray beating over the head of our boat leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals.

In the evening I found myself very feverish and went in to bed; but having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I followed the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some

runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continued as long as he lived. . . .

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reached Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot traveling, I accepted the invitation. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of oxcheek with great good will, and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind, we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning and landed at the Market street wharf. . . .

I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor

where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

Then I asked for a threepenny loaf and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market street as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way, and coming round, I found myself again at Market street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draft of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all

walking the same way. I joined them and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them and after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river and looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man whose countenance I liked, and accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water street. Here I got a dinner, and while I was eating it several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway.

After dinner my sleepiness returned, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing and slept till six in the evening, was called to supper, and went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who perhaps might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford,

"I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do. . . .

Keimer's printing house, I found, consisted of an old shattered press and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself. I endeavored to put his press into order fit to be worked with. A few days after, Keimer sent for me. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

[Franklin proved to be a much better printer than his employer, and Governor Keith promised to help him set up a shop of his own. With this purpose Franklin went to London to buy type and a press, but Keith did not advance the money as he had promised, and the young man had to depend upon himself, as usual. He found a job in a London printing office and worked there for about a year and a half. Then he returned to Philadelphia and served for a time as clerk in a dry-goods store, but before long was in the printing business again. Later he bought a small newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which Keimer had started, and made it one of the important newspapers of the colonies.

In 1730, at the age of twenty-four, Franklin married Miss Read, the young lady who, as a girl, had seen him eating his rolls on that morning when he entered Philadelphia. He was active in every public work. At twenty-five he founded the Philadelphia Library; at twenty-six he began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which he continued for a quarter of a century, writing or putting into form for it the proverbs and wise sayings which made it famous. At thirty-one he was made postmaster of Philadelphia, and some years later postmaster-general for the colonies. He suggested and helped to organize an academy which developed into the

University of Pennsylvania. He was interested in science, and his experiments with a kite and a silk cord proved that lightning was electricity, a fact not before known. For this discovery several English universities gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

He was of great service as an adviser during the French and Indian War; he went to England as a special representative of the colonies before the Revolution and secured the repeal of the Stamp Act; he was one of the committee who drafted the Declaration of Independence, and during the war represented the colonies in France, gaining the help of the French government at a time when it was most needed. At the close of the war he returned to this country and, although he was then eighty years of age, was elected governor of Pennsylvania, and a few years later was active in framing the new Constitution of the United States. Whatever he did, he did well. That was the reason for his success.]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Franklin's life. How did he get his education? 2. Explain "apprentice." 3. What advantage did Franklin's knowledge of books give to him on his journey? Is an educated person likely to be better treated by strangers than an uneducated one? 4. Does the exactness of Franklin's statements — for instance, that the woman gave him oxcheek for dinner or that he had a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper — increase or lessen the interest of the story? Why? 5. What reason is given for a person's being more generous when he has but little money? Is there any other reason? 6. Explain "Crooked Billet," "composing stick," "font." 7. When Keimer told Franklin that he had no work, what did Franklin do to show that he wished to be helpful? Does this give you a hint as to one reason for his success in life? Name other reasons. Some one has defined success as "a genius for hard work." What does that mean, and how does it apply to Franklin?

You will want to read all of the "Autobiography" and some of the proverbs from "Poor Richard's Almanac."

V. NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795–1881

Up among the pasture lands which border the Firth of Solway, in Scotland, stands the little village of Ecclefechan. A poor, commonplace little village it is — scarcely more than a row of houses on each side of the road — but it is celebrated as the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, one of the greatest thinkers and most original writers of Queen Victoria's reign.

The elder Carlyle was a stonemason — a poor man but a good workman and as honest as the day. Years after he had died his son said of him, "Could I write my books as he built his houses, walk my way so manfully through this shadow world and leave it with so little blame, it were more than all my hopes."

Thomas Carlyle inherited from his father the plain, rough, sturdy honesty that seems the most noteworthy thing in all his life and writings. He always felt that he owed much to his mother also, but he was less like her, for she was a mild and quiet woman, and Thomas was neither mild nor quiet. With his brothers and sisters, of whom there were nine, he roamed over the roads and meadows, learned a little reading and arithmetic at the village school, and at ten was sent to school at the neighboring town of Annan, five miles away.

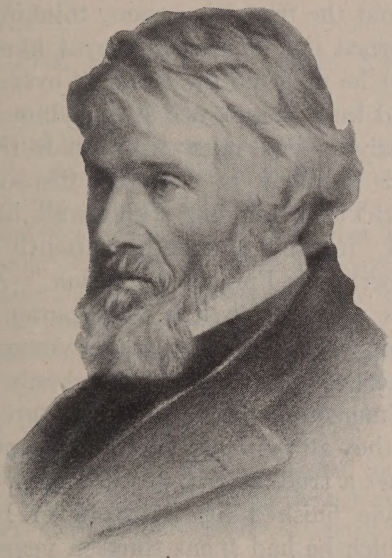
At fourteen Carlyle went to Edinburgh University. Edinburgh was more than eighty miles from Ecclefechan, and traveling by stagecoach was expensive. So he set out to walk, leaving home early one morning before light, with his little bundle of clothes thrown over his shoulder. His father and mother walked with him a few miles, and another boy, somewhat older than himself, who was also going to the university, went on with him.

Carlyle spent five years at the university, worked hard, neglected his health, and sowed the seeds of a chronic dyspepsia, which attended him through life, often making him very wretched and sometimes very cross.

After leaving the university he tried teaching school, studying law, and writing for the magazines, but with little success. He was not well and was worried with fears and doubts. Finally, as he tells us in one of his books, "There arose a thought in me, and I asked myself 'What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward dost thou forever pip and whimper and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death. . . . Let it come then; I will meet it and defy it!' And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me forever."

Carlyle now devoted all his time to writing. He translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and several other stories from the German, he wrote a life of Schiller, he published essays in the magazines, and in the midst of his work he married Jane Welsh, a brilliant literary woman, who was almost as talented as her husband.

But literature did not pay very well, and the Carlyles were poor. To save money they moved to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where they spent six years, while Carlyle wrote some of his best essays and the book "Sartor Resartus." Craigenputtoch was so far away from every one that they



Thomas Carlyle

finally decided to go to London, where they could live among people. So they rented a house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and there in the course of time Carlyle came to be known as one of the great thinkers of his day. He wrote "The French Revolution" in 1837, and a few years later "Heroes and Hero Worship." Before publication he lent the manuscript of the first volume of "The French Revolution" to a friend to read, and the friend's servant, thinking that it was waste paper, burned it. This was a great blow to Carlyle, for it meant that he must do the work all over. But he did not let his friend know how much it hurt him. Instead, he said to Mrs. Carlyle, "We must try to hide from him how very serious this business is." In his discouragement he one day saw a bricklayer building a high wall, brick by brick. "There," he said, "if this workman can patiently do such a bit of work, I can rewrite the French Revolution." And he did it.

Carlyle used to write in his little back garden, and Tennyson, then a young poet — fourteen years younger than Carlyle — would often visit him there. Thackeray also came to see him, and Emerson, and many of the greatest writers of the day, and they all went away with the same thought — that they had met a true, honest, genuine man.

In 1865 Carlyle finished his "History of Frederick the Great," upon which he had spent thirteen years of constant work. The same year he was made Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. In the midst of the honors which were heaped upon him on this occasion, Mrs. Carlyle died very suddenly, and Carlyle, then seventy years of age, was so broken by the shock that he never recovered. He lived fifteen years after it, mostly in retirement, and died in 1881. At his own request his body was buried not among the great in Westminster Abbey, but with his kinsfolk in the little churchyard at Ecclefechan.

Carlyle has sometimes been criticized for not using the best of English. It is true that his sentences are not very

smooth, but they are strong and vigorous and straightforward — much like himself — and they have a picturesqueness that is often lacking in the work of more careful writers. Carlyle was different from most men, and his style is different, but it was the best style for him, because it fitted what he had to say.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI

[This vivid story is from "The French Revolution." During the early months of the conflict between the people and the nobility of France, the people asked only for better conditions and did not seek the overthrow of the king. But as the king gave them only promises, the feeling against him became at length so strong that he realized his only safety lay in flight. The soldiers, except his bodyguard, were in the service of the government and were commanded by the Marquis de Lafayette, who had played so important a part in our American Revolution. The government, on the one hand, was constantly watching the royal family lest they should try to escape; the king's friends, on the other hand, were constantly trying to find a way to smuggle them out of Paris.

At length Count Fersen, a Swedish soldier and courtier, disguised as a coachman, drove them, also in disguise, through the streets of Paris, across the Barriers and north into the open country. They were afterwards captured and brought back to Paris, where, in spite of the efforts of the moderate party, of whom Lafayette was one, both the king and the queen were beheaded.]

On Monday night, the twentieth of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach and glass-coach still rumbling or at rest on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was, "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there!

Not long does it wait; a hooded dame with two hooded children has issued from a door where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes, into the Carrousel, into the Rue de l'Echelle, where the glass-coachman readily admits them and again waits.

Not long; another dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner, bids the servant good night, and is, in the same manner, by the glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many dames? All the palace world is retiring home. But the glass-coachman still waits, his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by we note a thickset individual in round hat and peruke, arm-in-arm with some servant seemingly of the runner or courier sort; he also issues through the door, starts a shoebuckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again, is however by the glass-coachman still more cheerfully admitted. And *now* is his fare complete? Not yet; the glass-coachman still waits.

Alas! and the false chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the royal family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette, and Lafayette's carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner arch of the Carrousel — where a lady shaded in broad gypsy hat and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the runner or courier sort, stands aside to let it pass and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine* — light, little magic rod, which she calls *badine*, such as the beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court of Princes; sentries at their post; majesties' apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false chambermaid must have been mistaken. Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance, for of a truth treachery is within these walls.

But where is the lady that stood aside in gypsy hat and touched the wheel spoke with her *badine?* O reader, that

lady that touched the wheel spoke was the queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner arch, into the Carrousel itself, but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter she took the right hand, not the left; neither she nor her courier knows Paris; he indeed is no courier, but a loyal, stupid bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and river, roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac, far from the glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits with flutter of heart, with thoughts — which he must button close up under his jarvie surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the city steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The glass-coachman waits, and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation, is answered cheerfully in jarvie dialect; the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff, decline drinking together, and part with good night. Be the heavens blest! here at length is the queen-lady, in gypsy hat, safe after perils, who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised bodyguard, has done; and now, O glass-coachman of a thousand — Count Fersen, for the reader sees it is thou — drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen; crack! crack! the glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound, and lo, he drives right northward! The royal individual in round hat and peruke sits astonished, but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack! crack! we go incessant, through the slumbering city. Seldom since Paris rose out of mud or the long-haired kings went in bullock carts was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack! crack! through the Rue de Grammont, across the

boulevard, towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost north! Patience, ye royal individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's.

"Did Count Fersen's coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new berline?"

"Gone with it an hour and half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy porter.

"It is well," though had not such hour-and-half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy, then eastward along the outer boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right hand of him, silent except for some snoring hum, and now he is eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin, looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's berline. This heaven's berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German! now haste, whither thou knowest! And as for us of the glass-coach, haste too, O haste! much time is already lost!

The august glass-coach fare, six insides, hastily packs itself into the new berline, two bodyguard couriers behind. The glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the city, to wander whither it lists — and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammercloths, flourishing his whip. He bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final bodyguard courier of ours ought surely to be, with post horses ready ordered. There likewise ought that purchased chaise, with the two waiting maids and their bandboxes, to be, whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the heavens turn it well!

Once more, by heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping hamlet of Bondy; chaise with waiting women;

horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles, brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvie surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless, inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's berline, with the royalty of France, bounds off.

And so the royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies and drives! Baroness de Korff is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, governess of the royal children, she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones, little Dauphin, little Madame Royale. Baroness de Korff's *waiting maid* is the queen, in gypsy hat. The royal individual in round hat and peruke, he is *valet* for the time being. That other hooded dame, styled *traveling companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the wood of Bondy — over a Rubicon in their own and France's history.

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QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Carlyle. 2. Explain why Louis XVI and his family were fleeing. 3. What is meant by a glass-coach? What was the Tuileries? the Carrousel? 4. Who was the "glass-coachman," and why was he waiting in the Rue de l'Echelle? Who were the dames who came to the carriage? Who was the "thickset individual in round hat and peruke"? 5. Explain "And now, is his *fare* complete?" 6. What part did Lafayette play in this affair? 7. Explain "Argus' vigilance," "jarvie surtout," "barrier."

8. Explain "since Paris rose out of mud or the long-haired kings went in bullock carts." (Paris was at first a little village on an island in the Seine. The early kings of France were half barbarous.) 9. Explain "stretched out horizontal, dormant," "berline," "ambrosial," "six insides" (inside passengers), "hammercloths," "postilions with their churn-boots," "dauphin," "over a Rubicon in their own and France's history." (When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon he committed an act from which there was no retreat.)

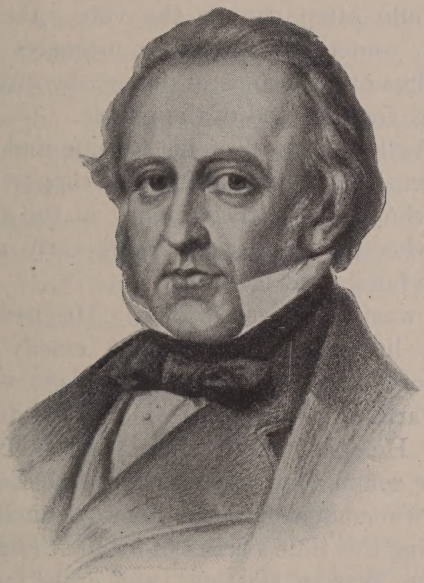
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

1800–1859

In the last year of the eighteenth century, when Byron and Shelley and Keats and Carlyle were boys at school, and when Scott and Wordsworth were just beginning to write, a remarkable child was born into the Macaulay family of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. Mr. Macaulay, the father, who was of Scotch descent, had been at one time governor of Sierra Leone, the African colony for liberated slaves; Mrs. Macaulay was a Quaker, a brilliant and talented woman; and the Macaulay home was a place where many an act of charity and service was planned, and where the noblest and most unselfish people of that time were frequent visitors.

I have said that the junior Macaulay was a remarkable boy. At three years of age he could read with ease; at seven he wrote a "History of the World" — a rather ambitious undertaking, you will think; at eight he knew by heart the whole of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; at ten he composed a volume of hymns, ballads, and an epic poem. It is said that his favorite position was lying stretched out upon a rug before the fire, with his book on the floor and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. The fact of the bread and butter is comforting. If it were not for that, we might think him more than human.

At twelve the boy was sent to a good private school, and at eighteen entered Cambridge University. There he took high honors in the classics and English, and gained a reputation as a brilliant debater. His memory was wonderful; he could read a page rapidly and repeat it almost word for word.



Thomas Babington Macaulay

After finishing his work at the university he studied law, but found that he was more interested in politics and literature. At twenty-five he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* his now famous essay on Milton. At thirty he was elected to Parliament, and soon became known as the best debater in the House. When it was known that he would take part in a discussion the House was always crowded, and a speech from him would often change the vote. He was scrupulously honest, sometimes voting for measures which meant the personal loss of thousands of dollars, because he believed that they were for the good of the people.

While in Parliament he lost his fortune and not only became poor himself but was obliged to support his brothers and sisters, who had lost their money in the same disaster. He did this cheerfully and by working early and late soon put the entire family out of want.

Macaulay was a tireless worker. He never wasted a minute. His literary work was done chiefly in the early morning, before others were up. His days were given to his work in Parliament, or later to his official duties as secretary of war. He spent nearly three years in India as president of a law commission appointed by the English government and as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. He wrote during this time a series of brilliant essays on Byron, Johnson, Clive, Warren Hastings, and other famous literary and political personages, and in 1842 the stirring group of poems known as "Lays of Ancient Rome."

Macaulay's greatest work, however, is his "History of England," begun in 1841. The first two volumes of it were published eight years afterwards. Within ten days of their publication the whole edition had been sold, and the second edition was sold as soon as it appeared. Six editions were issued in America and disposed of as fast as they could be printed. It was a history that read like a story. It was *alive*. Perhaps no other writer has ever equaled Macaulay

in this power to make the facts of history appear before the eye. Two more volumes of the history were published a few years later, but the fifth volume was unfinished at the time of his death in 1859.

His last years were full of honors. Queen Victoria gave him the title of lord, or baron; he was made Lord Rector of Glasgow University; and after his death his body was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, near the tombs of Addison and Johnson.

Macaulay's English was as smooth and polished as Carlyle's was rough. It shows ease, grace, and clear thinking, but it was not gained without effort. Thackeray has said: "Macaulay reads twenty books to write a sentence, and travels one hundred miles to make a line of description." He was a hard-working, painstaking man, who had great natural gifts, and who earned his success by making the most of what God had given him.

HORATIUS

[In the earliest times Rome was governed by kings. Legends tell us of seven of these early rulers, the last of whom was Tarquin the Proud. During the reign of this last Tarquin his son Sextus, a wild and unrestrained youth, committed a crime which so enraged the Roman people that they drove the entire Tarquin family out of Rome and changed the government to a republic. Tarquin went among the neighboring Latin tribes, seeking to gain their help in making war against his former subjects and in restoring him to the throne. Lars Porsena of Clusium, an Etruscan lord, or king, at length agreed to help him and marched to Rome at the head of a large force of soldiers from the Etruscan towns lying northward, in the valley of the Po. The Romans had made a fortification on the hill Janiculum, separated from the city by a wooden bridge over the Tiber.

But Porsena and his allies by a forced march surprised the Romans, seized Janiculum, and were about to cross the river, when the Roman, Horatius Cocles, with two companions, dashed to the end of the bridge

nearest Janiculum and held back the invaders whilst the citizens cut down the bridge.

Macaulay has described the scene in this poem, which is one of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." "Horatius" consists of nearly six hundred lines, or about twenty-five pages. As it is too long to quote entire, we have chosen the best of it — enough to give the story and the finest of the descriptive passages.]

Lars Porsena of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place,
  From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
  Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine. . . .

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright;
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days. . . .

I wis, in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith uprose the Consul,
Uprose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms, Sir Consul!
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
  Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war note proud,
  The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly,
  Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
  The long array of spears. . . .

But the Consul's brow was sad,
  And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
  And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
  Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
  What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
  The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
  Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
  And the temples of his Gods? . . .

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
  With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
  Will hold the foe in play.

In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius —
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold
Nor son nor wife nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old. . . .

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax;

And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,

The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen
And wasted fields and slaughtered men
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail." . . .

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back;
And as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down in fierce career
Battlement and plank and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathèd
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy was his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer
In such an evil case
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;

And now, with shouts and clapping
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see —
Horatius in his harness
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written
In letters all of gold
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Macaulay's life. 2. Who was Lars Porsena, and how did he happen to be fighting the Romans? Who was Tarquin? 3. Locate upon a map: Rome, the Tiber, Ostia, the Apennines, Clusium

(now Chiusi, near Florence). Who were the Etruscans? In what valley was Etruria (now Tuscany)? 4. What is meant by the Nine Gods? by a "trysting day"? by "the spacious champaign"? What makes the Tiber yellow? Explain "I wis." (In old English *iwis* or *ywis* was an adverb, meaning "certainly." It was sometimes, as here, written with a capital, because *wis* was thought to be a verb.)

5. Explain "Consul," "the Fathers." 6. What and where was Janiculum? Explain or draw a diagram showing how the bridge lay. (The river here runs nearly south. Rome was on the east side of it; Janiculum on the west.) 7. Note especially the picture beginning with line 29, page 203, and the phrases "red whirlwind," "rolling cloud," "broken gleams of dark-blue light," "long array of helmets bright." 8. What was Horatius's argument for remaining at his post of duty? Memorize this stanza. 9. Read and memorize the stanza that tells the condition of the Roman republic in its early days.

10. Explain "And Fathers mixed with Commons," "Came flashing back the noonday light," "like surges bright of a broad sea of gold," "Umbrian powers," "the pale waves of Nar." 11. Explain the reference to the "great wild boar." (There is a legend that an enormous boar once roamed the marshes around Cosa — now Orbetello — not far from the mouth of the river Albinia, killing men and destroying property. It was at length conquered by Aruns, lord or king of Volsinium.) 12. Explain "Lie there . . . fell *pirate*" (Lausulus is said to have been a sea rover who preyed upon the commerce of the Italian coasts. Ostia is the seaport of Rome); "Campania's hinds," "boiling tide." 13. Explain the figure beginning "And like a horse unbroken." Is this a simile or a metaphor?

14. What does the mention of Horatius's home, line 13, page 209, add to the picture? 15. What do the words "O Tiber! father Tiber!" tell you of the way in which Horatius regarded the river? 16. What do the remarks of Sextus and of Porsena (lines 21, 25, page 210) tell us of the character of the two men? 17. Explain "the Comitium," "the Volscian." 18. What reward did Horatius have? (There was more than the corn land and the statue.) 19. What was the great service that Horatius rendered to his country and to all men in doing this deed? Was it more than simply keeping the Etruscans out of Rome?

Read others of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Also, as examples of a soldier's duty, Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," and Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death."

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

1801–1890

In the heart of London, not far from the Bank of England, John Henry Newman was born in 1801. His father was a banker and at that time a prosperous man, though he afterwards lost his fortune. His mother was of French descent, her ancestors being Huguenots, who had come to England in the reign of Charles the Second to escape the persecutions in France.

John Henry was the eldest of a family of six children. As a boy he was gentle, affectionate, and true-hearted. He read the Bible early, and it is said that he knew it almost by heart. The clear and forcible English style which marked his writings later in life probably came in large measure from this knowledge and training.

When he was seven his father sent him to a private school at Ealing, where there were about three hundred pupils. He was shy and not particularly fond of outdoor sports, but was popular among his schoolmates because of his kindness and thoughtfulness, his brilliant mind, and his unassuming ways.

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He began to practice composition at a very early age. At nine he kept a diary in which he wrote verses and observations upon men and things. He was critical of his work, and generally it did not satisfy him. At the end of his diary he says, "I think I shall burn it," but he never did. He was fond of music and when still very young played admirably upon the violin. At twelve he composed an opera; at

fourteen he began a paper which he called *The Spy*. Not liking this, he soon afterwards began another paper called *The Anti-Spy*, in which he criticized what he had written in *The Spy* and showed the absurdity of it.

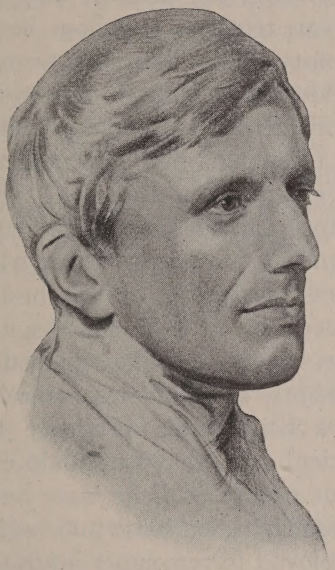
He was an imaginative, dreamy boy. Writing, long afterwards, of those days, he says: "I wished the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel and all this world a playful deception."

At sixteen he went to Oxford and at twenty-one was made a Fellow of Oriel College — a high honor for a young man and one which at once brought him into notice as a scholar. He studied law for a short time, but decided to devote himself to the ministry, became a clergyman of the Church of England, and for nearly twenty years was vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford, while still retaining his connection with the university. At the age of forty-four he changed his religious belief and entered the Roman Catholic Church, in which he became a priest and in his later years a cardinal. He died in 1890, at the age of eighty-nine.

A GENTLEMAN

[This description of a gentleman is taken from one of a series of addresses on "The Idea of a University," given in Dublin.]

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though Nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.



John Henry Newman

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast — all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best.

He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of Cardinal Newman. 2. What brief definition of a gentleman is given in the first paragraph? 3. In what way is a gentleman like an easy-chair or a good fire? 4. Explain "clashing of opinion," "collision of feeling," "resentment," "merciful towards the absurd," "unseasonable allusions," "He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring."

5. What is meant by defending oneself by a mere retort? by being "scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him"? What are "personalities"? 6. Repeat and memorize the "maxim of the ancient sage." 7. Define "inevitable," "bereavement," "irreparable," "destiny," "candor." 8. Make a list of the chief characteristics of a gentleman. 9. Do you agree with Newman's description?

Read Newman's famous hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which he wrote during a calm at sea on his return to England from Italy. This may be found in almost any hymnal.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. — THACKERAY.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. — EMERSON.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. — CHESTERFIELD.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to anyone else. — DICKENS.

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

Among the lovely hills of Lincolnshire, in England, lies the little village of Somersby, and near it on a green, grassy slope is the house in which Tennyson was born. It is an old white house with a tile roof and many queer chimneys, a sunny bay window, and a fine old garden full of flowers. Around it are elms and poplars, and at the foot of the hill a brook ripples over the stones on its way to the river.

Alfred Tennyson, the third of a family of twelve children, first opened his eyes in this old white house on an August day in 1809, two years after Longfellow was born.

His father, who was a clergyman and a scholar, taught his children to love books and told them many a story of King Arthur and the old days of knighthood. Alfred Tennyson, even when a small child, was a true poet — for a poet, you know, is not only one who can write verses, but one who sees beauty in everything and who feels more than other people feel. So the boy Alfred, when he was only five years old, playing one windy day in the old garden, tossing his arms and running with the storm, cried out, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." That was real poetry and showed that the boy, even then, heard what many never hear.

When he became a little older he used to spend glorious afternoons with his brothers "playing knight." A long stick was a lance; a heap of stones was a castle. They fought bravely for their king, who was a piece of a willow branch stuck into the ground and surrounded by his courtiers, a

circle of common sticks. Then they wrote stories, long stories, a chapter every day, and at dinner time each put his chapter under the potato bowl upon the table for their father to read. Those were fine old days, and Tennyson, when he became a man, often spoke of them.

His oldest brother, Frederick, and his second brother, Charles, when they grew up, also wrote poetry. Charles and Alfred were close friends. When Alfred was eighteen they together sold a number of their poems to a publisher for twenty pounds, or about a hundred dollars, and these poems were published with the title "Poems by Two Brothers."

At college Alfred met Arthur Hallam, another noble young poet, who became his dearest friend. Together they went to Spain to carry important messages to a party of Spanish patriots who were fighting for liberty. The war was not successful, but the two friends tramped through the Pyrenees and saw that wonderful mountain scenery, — snow peaks and deep gorges and low sunny valleys beyond, — and it filled their hearts with poetry, so that they could not help but write.

Tennyson had published two volumes of poems since the "Poems by Two Brothers" and had taken a prize for a poem which he wrote at college. He was just beginning to be known as a poet when his friend Hallam died. Tennyson was so heartbroken that he did not care himself to live, and for ten years he published no more. But he began to write a noble poem in memory of his friend and called it "In Memoriam." He spent much of his time for seventeen years upon this work, and also began his "Idylls of the King," which tells of the deeds of King Arthur and his knights. These knights had been his greatest heroes ever since the time that he had played with the long stick for his lance and the stone heap for his castle.

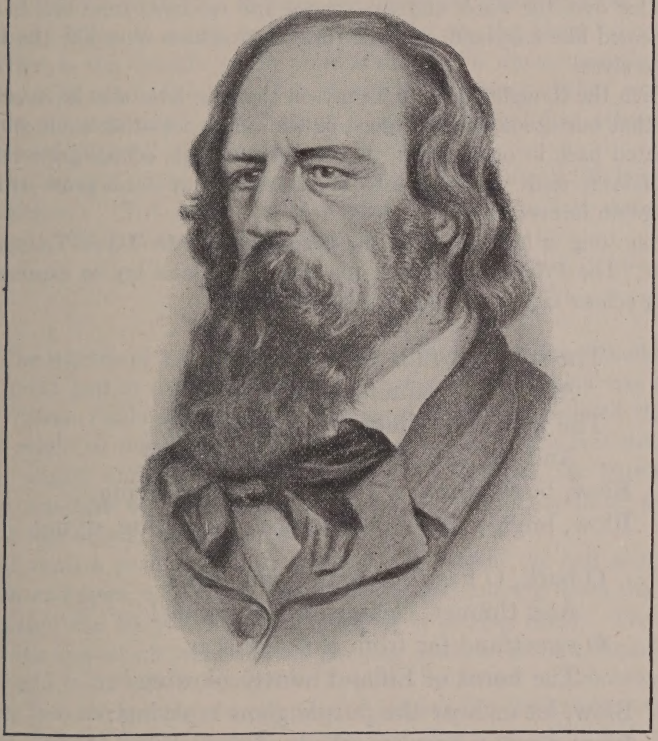
When he was forty-one, three important things happened to him. He published his great poem "In Memoriam";

he was honored by the queen with the title of poet laureate of England; and he married Emily Sellwood, a young woman whom he had loved for many years, but whom he had been too poor to marry until then.

He was now both rich and famous. He went to live in a beautiful home called Farringford, on the Isle of Wight, surrounded with parks and groves and pastures and gardens, all overlooking the sea. There he remained for many years with his wife and two sons, one of whom he called Hallam, after his early friend. People from all over the world came to see him. Among his friends were Carlyle and Thackeray and Dickens and Kingsley and Longfellow and many others whose names are famous. But many also came simply to look at him and to say that they had seen the great poet, and this he did not like. So he built another home in Surrey, which he called Aldworth, and there he spent his summers. He used to do his writing in the early morning and usually took a walk before luncheon, with his two dogs, of whom he was very fond. Sometimes his tall figure, with its strong, noble face, its broad felt hat, its cloak thrown back in the wind, might also be seen alone on a moonlit night, striding across the moor. He especially loved to be out on nights when the wind was blowing wildly and the clouds were scudding across the sky.

He died one evening at the ripe old age of eighty-three, at his home at Aldworth, in the moonlight, with his family around him and a volume of Shakespeare lying open at his side.

Among his best-known poems are "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," "Maud," "Enoch Arden," "Dora," "Locksley Hall," and "The Lady of Shalott." Among his shorter poems are "Sir Galahad," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Brook," and "Crossing the Bar." You will notice the music that is always in his verse. It runs along almost as if it were singing itself.



Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE BUGLE SONG

[In 1842 Tennyson made a journey to Ireland and visited the Lakes of Killarney. When he first saw them the sun was setting, and the golden light fell upon the old castle and the surrounding mountain peaks. As he stood spellbound by the beauty of the scene, a boatman's bugle sounded over the water and was echoed and reëchoed from cliff to cliff. It seemed like fairyland, and the thin, clear echoes were like the horns of the elves.

Then the thought came to Tennyson that our lives also have echoes, and that our deeds, whether good or bad, influence other souls and are repeated back in other lives. But while the bugle echoes grow fainter and fainter until they are lost, the echoes of our deeds grow stronger and go on forever.

This song is introduced at the beginning of Part IV of Tennyson's poem "The Princess." Notice the music of it and try to express the dying echoes in your reading.]

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Tennyson. 2. Under what circumstances was the "Bugle Song" written? 3. What do you see in the first stanza? What is the "splendor" in line 1? Explain "snowy summits old in story." (The mountains around Killarney are the subject of many legends.) 4. What is the important thought in the second stanza? What is meant by "scar"? Why are the glens "purple"? 5. What is the thought in the third stanza? To whom does the poet seem to be speaking? To what does "they" refer? What word or words are contrasted with "they"? Explain how "Our echoes roll from soul to soul." 6. Memorize the poem.

The thought of the last stanza is also found in Moore's "Echoes," in Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song," and in the last stanzas of Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee."

SIR GALAHAD

[The legends of King Arthur say that when the knights assembled in the great hall at Camelot, they found a vacant seat which was called the "Siege Perilous," and on it was a writing which declared that no man might sit therein except he should *lose himself*. The seat remained long empty, until, one summer evening, Sir Galahad, the purest and most unselfish of King Arthur's knights, came and sat in it, saying, "If I lose myself, I save myself."

At that, a peal of thunder sounded, the roof of the hall seemed to crack and open, a beam of light shone in, and moving down the beam appeared the Holy Grail, surrounded by a shining cloud. The Grail was the cup which Jesus and his disciples used at the Last Supper. It was said to have been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea and given into the keeping of a company of knights, but the knights were not pure, and the Grail vanished. It was said that none might find or look upon it who was not pure in heart.

When the knights who were assembled in King Arthur's hall saw this beam of light and the shining cloud, — they did not see the Grail itself, for that was hidden, — many cried out and made a vow that they would seek the Grail a twelvemonth and a day. And Galahad also made the vow, for he heard a voice which said, "O Galahad, follow me!"

None of the knights succeeded in recovering the Grail. One saw it far off, one saw it covered, but Galahad saw it openly again and again.

He followed it day after day, "by bridge and ford, by park and pale," and, as he said to Sir Percivale, it never departed from him nor appeared covered, as to the other knights,

> . . . but moving with me night and day,
> Fainter by day, but always in the night
> Blood-red, and sliding down the blackened marsh
> Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
> Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
> Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
> Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
> And passed thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
> And clashed with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
> And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
> Come victor.[1]

In the following poem Sir Galahad is represented as telling some of his experiences while following the quest of the Grail. Express in your reading the heroic character of Galahad and the mystery and wonder of the things he sees. Note how differently it should be read from the "Bugle Song."]

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:

[1] Tennyson, "The Holy Grail," from "Idylls of the King."

But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mind.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

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When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up, and shakes, and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell very briefly the legend of the Holy Grail. Why was Sir Galahad the only one of the knights who saw it uncovered? 2. What gave Galahad such strength and success? 3. Explain "The shattering trumpet shrilleth high," "they roll in clanging *lists*." 4. How were the victors in the knightly tournaments rewarded by the ladies (page 224, lines 11 and 13)? The perfume was, of course, the odor of the flowers. 5. How did a true knight always treat a lady? 6. Explain "But all my heart is drawn above, My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine," "More bounteous aspects on me beam," "a virgin heart" (*virgin* here means pure and unspoiled). How did Sir Galahad keep his heart pure and unspoiled?

7. Explain "When down the stormy crescent goes" (probably the setting of the moon on a stormy night), "the stalls are void," "lonely mountain meres," "in stoles of white," "blood of God," "My spirit beats her mortal bars," "As down dark tides the *glory* slides," "dreaming towns," "The cock crows ere the Christmas morn" (there was an old legend that the cocks used to crow all night before Christmas to drive away evil spirits), "dumb with snow," "crackles on the leads," "a maiden knight," "Are touched, are turned to finest air," "The clouds are broken in the sky," "So pass I hostel, hall, and grange," "By bridge and ford, by *park and pale*."

8. Try to see the pictures in the last five stanzas and feel the mystery and beauty of the description. Notice how a great inspiration fills Sir Galahad and makes him see things that common, earthly people cannot see. 9. Select the lines or stanzas that you especially like. 10. Memorize the first four lines of the poem and as much more as you would like to remember.

You will be interested in parts of "The Holy Grail" in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." For the story of the Grail see Greene's "Legends of King Arthur and his Court," Guerber's "Legends of the Middle Ages," Darton's "Wonder Book of Old Romance," or Lanier's "The Boy's King Arthur" (from Sir Thomas Malory).

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

[These verses are from Canto CVI of "In Memoriam," the poem written by Tennyson to commemorate the death of his friend Arthur Hallam. "In Memoriam" tells how year by year the poet's grief became softened as he gradually saw that God was directing all things and knew best. At the end of the second year after Hallam's death he hears the New Year's bells ringing in the night, and feels that he must look forward rather than back into the past. So this ringing of the bells seems to bring new life and hope. He wants them to ring out all that is sad and harmful and wrong, and to ring in a happier and better time.]

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rimes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. From what longer poem is this selection taken? What is the meaning of the title of the longer poem (see Vocabulary), and for what purpose was it written? How does this short poem fit into the longer one? 2. Think of the picture in the first stanza. What particular words add most to the effect of it? 3. Why is the poet glad that a new year has come? Find two passages in the poem that refer to his sorrow for the death of Hallam. 4. Notice the change in the feeling of the bells between the first and second stanzas — "*wild* bells," "*happy* bells." Why this change?

5. Name the unpleasant things that Tennyson wishes the bells to ring out. Name the good things that he wishes them to ring in. 6. Explain "the feud of rich and poor," "redress to all mankind," "a slowly dying cause," "ancient forms of party strife," "the faithless coldness of the times." 7. Notice the importance that the poet sees in "sweeter manners." Are good manners as important as good laws? What do one's manners show of one's heart? 8. Explain "ring the fuller minstrel in." What does this show of Tennyson's feeling for his own poetry?

9. Explain "false pride in place and blood," "civic slander," "the narrowing lust of gold." 10. What is being done to conquer "old

shapes of foul disease"? What to end wars and establish peace? What is meant by "the darkness of the land"? Name some ways in which it can be overcome. 11. Explain "Ring in the Christ that is to be." 12. Notice the unusual verse form. What lines in each stanza make the rimes? 13. Read again the lines that seem to you the finest. 14. Memorize the poem.

Other poems suggested by bells are Poe's "The Bells" (see page 388), Longfellow's "Christmas Bells," Schiller's "The Song of the Bell," Moore's "Those Evening Bells," Mahony's "The Bells of Shandon." Other good New Year's poems are Tennyson's "The Death of the Old Year" and Sarah Doudney's "Farewell to the Old Year."

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

[This simple poem contains a world of thought. The poet plucks a little plant, flower and root and all, out of a cranny in the wall and holds it in his hand. As he looks at it he thinks that the same laws of nature which make the plant grow also govern everything in the universe. Life and growth seem so wonderful to him that he exclaims, "If I could only know what you are, and all that is in you, I should know all that is to be known of God and man."]

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is the thought in this poem? 2. Think of the mystery of a growing plant or of the life that is in a seed. What other things in nature grow according to the same laws? How are they like the plant, and how are they different? 3. Memorize the poem, and think of it when you see a little plant growing. 4. Find the lines that rime.

Read the first four stanzas of Wordsworth's "The Primrose of the Rock," which contains the same thought.

CROSSING THE BAR

[This is perhaps the most beautiful poem ever written about death. Tennyson's son has said:

It was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the "moaning of the bar" in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, "This is the crown of your life's work." He answered, "It came in a moment." He explained the "Pilot" as "That Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us."

Read the poem first for the beauty of the picture and the music of the verse. Then read it again to see what Tennyson meant. He felt that he was soon to die, but he was happy in the thought. The earth seemed to him like a quiet harbor. He had sailed into it when an infant, on the tide from the great ocean of Eternity, the boundless; now it was time for the tide to turn and take him back home. He hears the call, he sees the sunset, the twilight, the evening star, and he is ready to put out to sea. But as his little vessel crosses the harbor bar — by which he means death — he wishes to hear no moaning or sound of sadness; he wants the tide to be so full and deep that it will bear him quietly over the bar without the sound of waves, for just outside he expects to meet his Pilot, God.]

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me:
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

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For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Under what circumstances was this poem written? 2. Explain the meaning of it. 3. For what do the following words or pictures stand, in Tennyson's thought: the sunset, the bar, the sea, the Pilot? 4. Notice the peace and beauty of the picture. Notice also how it changes from line to line — sunset, the evening star, twilight, the bell, the darkness, then the joy of meeting the Pilot. 5. Explain the thought in "When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home." Where does the poet consider his home to be? 6. What is meant by "our bourne of Time and Place"?

Other peaceful pictures of death are Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness," Emerson's "Terminus," Mrs. Barbauld's "Life, I Know not What Thou Art," the Twenty-third Psalm beginning "Yea, though I walk," and the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811–1863

The two great story-writers of Queen Victoria's reign — Thackeray and Dickens — were of almost the same age, Thackeray being but six months the elder. He was the only child of Richmond Thackeray, an English government official in India, and was born in Calcutta in the summer of 1811.

When the boy was five years old, he lost his father, and about a year later was sent to England, under the care of a family servant, to enter school. It was a long journey for a boy of six, but the Indian climate is hard for English children to endure, and there were then no good schools in India, so it had become the custom among the English residents of the country to send their children to England at an early age. "Billy-boy," as he was called by the family, had an interesting voyage and remembered some things about it which he was able to tell to his own children years afterwards. For instance, the ship put in for a few hours at St. Helena, and the servant took him ashore and up over the rocks to a little garden where a man was walking alone. The servant whispered that it was Napoleon Bonaparte, a famous soldier, and that he was in the habit of eating little children. The first part of the story was true, the second was not, but little Billy-boy believed it all and made what haste he could to get back to the ship.

The first school which he entered was in Hampshire, but he did not stay there long. The second was a "boarding school for young gentlemen," at Chiswick on the Thames. This was presided over by an awe-inspiring doctor, who used

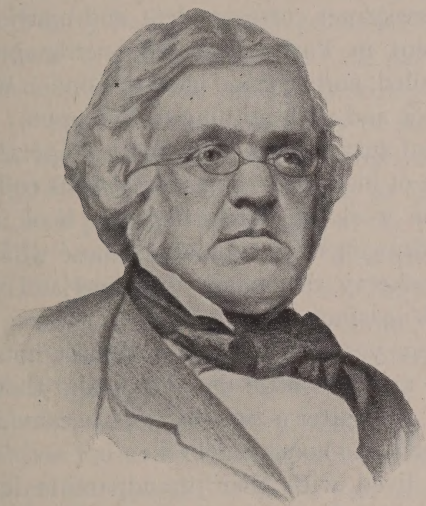
high-sounding words and appeared exceedingly learned. The lonely boy from India did not like this school, and afterwards confessed that he once started to run away, but did not know where to go; consequently, when he came to the great Hammersmith road he turned around and went back, and no one ever guessed the plot that had been in his heart. His holidays were spent with his grandmother and two aunts, who were kind to him and made him such a home as they could.

When William was nine or ten, his mother, who had married again in India, came to England with his stepfather. This stepfather was an English army officer in the Indian service, Major Carmichael-Smyth. He was a kind and generous man, and young Thackeray soon came to love him greatly. You may be sure also that after these years of separation it was a great joy for the boy to be with his mother once more.

At eleven he was sent to Charterhouse, a famous old school in London, where Addison and Steele and other great men of former times had lived and studied. But Thackeray did not like Charterhouse much better than Chiswick. He called it "Slaughterhouse," and from some of the stories which we have of fights and brawls among the boys, perhaps the name was fairly descriptive. In later life he thought more kindly of the old place and described it in "The Newcomes" as Grey Friars.

Thackeray went from Charterhouse to Cambridge and entered the university. There he met Tennyson and made other friends, but he did not stay to finish his course. He felt that he was wasting time, and after somewhat more than a year he left and went to Germany, where he studied a little, read a great deal, lived at Weimar, and met Goethe.

Then he returned to London and decided to study law, but he soon found that he was not fitted to be a lawyer. In "Pendennis" he tells us something about the London law courts of those days and how they impressed him. After giving up the law he came into possession of some property



William Makepeace Thackeray

that his father had left him, and bought a paper, which he managed for a time, until he had lost all that he had put into it and found himself in debt.

What should he do next? He had tried law; he had tried literature; he had failed in both. From his childhood he had possessed a strong talent for drawing, and it now occurred to him that he could put this to good use. So he went to Paris and studied art. While there he earned a small salary as a newspaper correspondent and married. Nearly a year was spent in Paris; then the newspaper which employed him failed, and he came back to London with his young wife, very poor and with nothing to live upon.

Dickens had just written "Pickwick Papers" and was in the first flush of his fame. Thackeray went to him and tried to obtain the work of illustrating the book, but Dickens thought the drawings not so good as those which others had offered. Thackeray then made drawings and wrote articles for *Fraser's Magazine* and *Punch*.

During these years he lived in a modest house in London with his wife and two little daughters, and though poor was very happy. But after a time his wife became ill and finally lost her reason; the home was broken up, and for some years the children lived with their grandparents in Paris while Thackeray worked on alone in London. He worked hard and at last was able to have his family with him again, "if," as his daughter says, "a house, two young children, three servants, and a little black cat can be called a family."

The years that followed show us Thackeray at his best. He lived for his two children. He played with them and joked with them and drew comic pictures for them and took them on excursions. Some have wondered how he ever found time to write his novels, but he did, in some way. A letter which he wrote about this time tells of one day's doings:

Yesterday was my dear little M——'s birthday, and we had a day of heat and idleness at Hampton Court, finished with a

cold collation at Mrs. Barber's at Twickenham, where all the ladies assembled were excellently kind to the children. The pictures did not charm them over much, but the palace of Moorshedabad with a little palanquin, elephants, beavers, two inches high, delighted them hugely, and so did the labyrinth and the chestnut trees in full bloom and the gardens all over green and sunshine. We all went to bed very tired and sober at ten o'clock.

It was during these years that Thackeray wrote his first great novel, "Vanity Fair." It was published in twenty-four parts, each bound in yellow paper, and the parts were issued monthly. At first it did not sell. Thackeray thought that this too was to be a failure, like so many of his other efforts, but before the last number was out all England was reading it, and Thackeray was almost as popular as Dickens. As a literary artist he is probably the greater of the two.

"Vanity Fair" was followed by "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians." Then their author gave lectures throughout England, Scotland, and America on "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" and "The Four Georges." He also became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which prospered under his management. He was adding each year to his fame and usefulness, when he died suddenly on Christmas Eve of the year 1863.

A VIRGINIAN WITH BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION

["The Virginians" tells the story of two brothers, George and Harry Warrington, sons of Madam Esmond Warrington of Castlewood, Virginia. The Warringtons are supposed to have been friends of Washington, and the elder is represented as having been one of General Braddock's aids on that ill-fated expedition against Fort Duquesne in 1775.]

I

We must fancy that the parting between the brothers is over, that George has taken his place in Mr. Braddock's

family, and Harry has returned home to Castlewood and his duty. His heart is with the army, and his pursuits at home offer the boy no pleasure. He does not care to own how deep his disappointment is at being obliged to stay under the homely, quiet roof, now more melancholy than ever, since George is away. Harry passes his brother's empty chamber with an averted face, takes George's place at the head of the table, and sighs as he drinks from his silver tankard. Madam Warrington insists on talking about George constantly, but quite cheerfully, and as if his return was certain. She walks into his vacant room with head upright and no outward signs of emotion. She sees that his books, linen, papers, etc., are arranged with care, talking of him with a very special respect and specially appealing to the old servants at meals and so forth regarding things which are to be done "when Mr. George comes home." . . .

The whole land was now lying parched and scorching in the July heat. For ten days no news had come from the column advancing on the Ohio. Their march, though it toiled but slowly through the painful forest, must bring them ere long up with the enemy; the troops, led by consummate captains, were accustomed now to the wilderness and not afraid of surprise. Every precaution had been taken against ambush. It was the outlying enemy who were discovered, pursued, destroyed, by the vigilant scouts and skirmishers of the British force. The last news heard was that the army had advanced considerably beyond the ground of Mr. Washington's discomfiture in the previous year, and two days after must be within a day's march of the French fort. . . .

But on the tenth of July a vast and sudden gloom spread over the province. A look of terror and doubt seemed to fall upon every face. Affrighted negroes wistfully eyed their masters and retired and hummed and whispered with one another. The fiddles ceased in the quarters; the song and laugh of those cheery black folk were hushed. Right and

left everybody's servants were on the gallop for news. The country taverns were thronged with horsemen, who drank and cursed and brawled at the bars, each bringing his gloomy story. The army had been surprised. The troops had fallen into an ambuscade and had been cut up almost to a man. All the officers were taken down by the French marksmen and the savages. The General had been wounded and carried off the field in his sash. Four days afterwards the report was that the General was dead and scalped by a French Indian.

Ah, what a scream poor Mrs. Mountain gave, when Gumbo brought this news from across the James River, and little Fanny sprang crying to her mother's arms! "Lord God Almighty, watch over us and defend my boy!" said Mrs. Esmond, sinking down on her knees and lifting her rigid hands to heaven. The gentlemen were not at home when this rumor arrived, but they came in an hour or two afterwards, each from his hunt for news. Harry Warrington was as pale as his mother. It might not be true about the manner of the General's death — but he was dead. The army had been surprised by Indians and had fled and been killed without seeing the enemy. An express had arrived from Dunbar's camp. Fugitives were pouring in there. Should he go and see? He must go and see. He and stout little Dempster armed themselves and mounted, taking a couple of mounted servants with them.

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They followed the northward track which the expeditionary army had hewed out for itself, and at every step which brought them nearer to the scene of action the disaster of the fearful day seemed to magnify. The day after the defeat a number of the miserable fugitives from the fatal battle of the ninth of July had reached Dunbar's camp, fifty miles from the field. Thither poor Harry and his companions rode, stopping stragglers, asking news, giving money, getting from one and all the same gloomy tale — a thousand men were slain — two

thirds of the officers were down — all the General's aids-de-camp were hit — were hit? — but were they killed? Those who fell never rose again. The tomahawk did its work upon them. . . .

At every step which Harry Warrington took towards Pennsylvania the reports of the British disaster were magnified and confirmed. Those two famous regiments which had fought in the Scottish and Continental wars had fled from an enemy almost unseen, and their boasted discipline and valor had not enabled them to face a band of savages and a few French infantry. The unfortunate commander of the expedition had shown the utmost bravery and resolution. Four times his horse had been shot under him. Twice he had been wounded, and the last time, of the mortal hurt which ended his life three days after the battle. More than one of Harry's informants described to the poor lad the action — the passage of the river, the long line of advance through the wilderness, the firing in front, the vain struggle of the men to advance and the artillery to clear the way of the enemy; then the ambushed fire from behind every bush and tree, and the murderous fusillade, by which at least half of the expeditionary force had been shot down. But not all the General's suite were killed, Harry heard. One of his aids-de-camp, a Virginian gentleman, was ill of fever and exhaustion at Dunbar's camp.

One of them — but which? To the camp Harry hurried and reached it at length. It was George Washington Harry found stretched in a tent there, and not his brother. A sharper pain than that of the fever Mr. Washington declared he felt when he saw Harry Warrington and could give him no news of George.

Mr. Washington did not dare to tell Harry all. For three days after the fight his duty had been to be near the General. On the fatal ninth of July he had seen George go to the front with orders from the chief, to whose side he never returned.

After Braddock himself died, the aid-de-camp had found means to retrace his course to the field. The corpses which remained there were stripped and horribly mutilated. One body he buried which he thought to be George Warrington's. His own illness was increased, perhaps occasioned, by the anguish which he underwent in his search for the unhappy young volunteer.

Nothing would satisfy Harry but that he, too, should go to the ground and examine it. With money he procured a guide or two. He forded the river at the place where the army had passed over; he went from one end to the other of the dreadful field. It was no longer haunted by Indians. Save in his own grandfather, lying very calm with a sweet smile on his lip, Harry had never yet seen the face of Death. The horrible spectacle of mutilation caused him to turn away with shudder and loathing. He was for going, unarmed and with a white flag, to the French fort, whither, after their victory, the enemy had returned; but his guides refused to advance with him. The French might possibly respect them but the Indians would not. "Keep your hair for your lady-mother, my young gentleman," said the guide. "'Tis enough that she loses one son in this campaign."

When Harry returned to the English encampment at Dunbar's it was his turn to be down with the fever. Delirium set in upon him, and he lay some time in the tent and on the bed from which his friend had just risen convalescent. For some days he did not know who watched him; and poor Dempster, who had tended him in more than one of these maladies, thought the widow must lose both her children; but the fever was so far subdued that the boy was enabled to rally somewhat and get to horseback. Mr. Washington and Dempster both escorted him home. It was with a heavy heart, no doubt, that all three beheld once more the gates of Castlewood.

II

[Harry Warrington's fever returned again and again, and his family were exceedingly anxious about him. At length it was determined that he should go to England, in the hope that the sea air would benefit him. In England he regained his health, but fell among wild companions, spent all his money, and was then thrown into jail for debt. In the midst of his troubles a visitor from America found his way into the jail, paid his debts, and released him. When Harry saw the traveler he was almost overcome with astonishment. It was his brother George. And this is the story which George told.]

I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one aid-de-camp after another was sent forwards. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by our own advanced people, and our men huzza'd and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, whilst from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the colors and two of our small guns in the center, the baggage, well guarded, bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two and for some half mile in breadth, a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood and seeming to silence the French in ambuscade there. But the hidden rifle firing began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood — of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body, frightened and many of them wounded. They reported

there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the people to go forward now. One aid-de-camp after another was sent forward and never returned. At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver.

I had not gone thirty yards in advance when a rifle ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies.

One of them, who was half Indian, half Frenchman, with moccasins and a white uniform coat and cockade, seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran towards me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil which my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign; it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily. I seized it, and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me, busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing towards me as I lay on the ground bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat and feeling in his pockets. He then scalped him, and with his knife in his mouth advanced towards me. I saw him coming, as through a film, as in a dream. I was powerless to move or to resist him.

He put his knee upon my chest; with one hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he

lifted it, he enabled me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

It was young Florac, who was my second in the duel at Quebec. "A moi, Florac!" I cried out. "C'est Georges!"

He started, ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage did not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair, and waving his knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey.

"Take that!" said Florac, and the next moment, and with an *ugh*, the Indian fell over my chest dead, with Florac's sword through his body.

My friend looked round him. "Eh!" says he. "Where art thou wounded? in the leg?" He bound my leg tight with his sash. "The others will kill thee if they find thee here. Put on this coat, and this hat with the white cockade. Call out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet! I must go forward. The whole of your redcoats are on the run, my poor boy."

Florac's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the gourd of that unlucky French soldier who had lost his own life in the deadly game which he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay and noting the various bearings of the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front.

At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who had been wounded early in

the day and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florac by my side. Had he left me, they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. I have but a dim recollection of the journey; the anguish of my wound was extreme; I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort and carried to the officer's log house and laid upon Florac's own bed.

I know not how long I lay in my fever. When I awoke to my senses my dear Florac was gone. He and his company had been dispatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvanian territory, which the French claimed, too.

My old enemy the ague fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the riverside. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me and tended me, I never should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son.

I remembered how, when Florac laid me in his bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone; and a surly old sergeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs* had deservedly met with.

At the time of my recovery the fort was almost emptied of the garrison. The Indians had retired, enriched with British plunder, and the chief part of the French regulars were gone upon expeditions northward, leaving an old lieutenant, Museau by name, in command at Duquesne. He was the husband of the half-breed woman who had nursed me. . . .

We continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The poor half-breed, who was called "the Fawn," took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the commandant, and such as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands and to take up farther positions in the enemy's — that is, in the British — possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in bateaux, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command by an officer of superior rank, who might exchange me or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practiced by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy.

Somehow, the prospect did not add to Mr. Museau's satisfaction. "Yes, 'tis all very well, my garçon," says he. "But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing."

"I will give the guide who takes me home a large reward," said I. "And I promise, as a man of honor, ten thousand livres to — whom shall I say? to any one who shall bring me any token — who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather's arms — which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort."

"Ah!" roars out the commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. "Thou hast eyes, thou! All is good prize in war."

For want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar-scraping; and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus or dancing to my homely music until it was interrupted by the drums and the retraite. Our guest, the hunter, was present at one or two of these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs I said, "My lads, I will give you an English song," and to the tune of "Over the hills and far away," which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favorite air in Marlborough's camp, I made some doggerel words: — "This long long year, a prisoner drear; Ah, me! I'm tired of lingering here. I'll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away."

"What is it?" says the hunter. "I don't understand."

"'Tis a girl to her lover," I answered; but I saw by the twinkle in the man's eye that he understood me.

The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, "Over the hills and far away," the burden of my yesterday's doggerel.

"If you are ready," says he, "I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. — What! You will not play with me?" Here he pulled out some cards and spoke in French, as two soldiers came up.

And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away shrugging up his shoulders.

I knew now that the Fawn was to be the agent in the affair and that my offer to Museau was accepted. Having gambled away most of the money which he received for his peltries, the trapper now got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his leave. And three days after his departure the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to make my little trial for freedom.

Looking westward over a gun upon the bastion behind my cabin, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela, whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island were some trees. "You see those trees?" the poor Fawn said to me in her French jargon. "He wait for you behind those trees." . . .

The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes and did not disturb me in my work. The log house was built with upright posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs laid upon them. I had to dig under these and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was done, when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun, not without a little tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited awhile there, looking steadily under the gun and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a tune. The darkness became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island rising in the waters.

I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. Oh, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there, "Over the hills and far away!"

Our way lay through a level tract of forest, with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me — Silverheels was the name by which he went — had I ever seen the spot before? It was the fatal field where Braddock had fallen and whence I had been

wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. We presently crossed the river, taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghenies, and through a grand forest region of oaks and maples and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch.

I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced, the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet and slept in our blankets as best we might. We came upon hunters camping by the mountain streams, and they welcomed us at their fires and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghenies, and descended to Cumberland, whence we had marched in the year before and where there was now a considerable garrison of our people. Oh, you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colors again on the banks of our native Potomac!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Thackeray's life. From what book is this selection taken? 2. Give a short account of Braddock's Expedition, telling when it occurred and what was its object. 3. What is meant by "Mr. Braddock's family"? Explain "averted face," "consummate captains," "ambush," "quarters," "ambuscade." 4. What is meant by "Mr. Washington's discomfiture in the previous year"? Explain "an express had arrived," "the General's aids-de-camp," "ambushed fire," "murderous fusillade," "the General's suite." 5. Tell briefly the chief events of Washington's life up to the time of this expedition.

6. Explain the remark of the guide, "Keep your hair for your lady-mother." Explain "Delirium set in upon him." Define "convalescent," "maladies." 7. Explain why the brave and seasoned troops of Braddock should have been so panic-stricken. 8. What is a white cockade, and what did it signify? What is a fusil? 9. What is the meaning of the French words which George cried out to Florac? ("A moi" [pronounced à mwä] means "come to me," or "help me." "C'est Georges" [pronounced sā Zhôrzh] means "it is George.")

George had been in Quebec some time before and had made the acquaintance of a number of the French officers there.

10. Explain "Thou art Brunet [pronounced Bru-nā] of the Quebec Volunteers." What is a marauder? 11. Explain "gourd." How was it here used? Explain "the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs*." (See Vocabulary.) 12. Who was the Marquis de Montcalm? Explain "commandant," "asthmatic," "bateaux," "reprisal," "garçon," "ten thousand livres." 13. Was George justified in bribing Museau? What does the remark about the watch show of Museau's character? 14. Explain "in Marlborough's camp," "doggerel," "peltries," "flints," "bastion," "confluence," "tattoo," "parapet."

15. Notice the vivid pictures that are found in this story: (*a*) the receipt of the news of Braddock's disaster, (*b*) Harry's search for his brother, (*c*) the ambuscade of Braddock's troops, (*d*) George's rescue by Florac, (*e*) George's effort to gain the attention of the hunter, (*f*) the escape, (*g*) the frosty nights in the hunters' camps. Are there others that have attracted you? Which do you think the finest?

The simplest introduction to Thackeray is "The Rose and the Ring," a comic extravaganza. His other books, except for occasional descriptions of situations, are rather too advanced for reading below the high school.

CHARLES DICKENS

1812–1870

A little less than a century ago a traveler in London, turning out of Fleet Street toward the Thames and going down a narrow alley and a rickety flight of stairs, would have found, on the water's edge, an old warehouse, dirty, decayed, and infested with rats. Here a number of boys were at work from early morning until eight o'clock at night, filling small stone pots with blacking and pasting labels upon them. They each received for their work about six shillings, or a dollar and a half, a week.

One of the boys, a thin little fellow some ten years of age, looked as if he had never had enough to eat. Sometimes, too, while at his work, he would be seized with spasms which made him ill for hours. This poor, neglected boy among the blacking pots was Charles Dickens, who later became the most popular novelist of his time.

He had not always been so wretched. His earliest years were spent at Portsea, a town on Portsmouth harbor, where his father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the navy office. From there the father was transferred to London and afterwards to Chatham. At Chatham Charles went to school for a few years, with his older sister Fanny, and when at home he spent long hours in a little room full of books which belonged to his father. Among the books that he read oftenest were "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," and some of the old English novels. There he wrote a tragedy and acted it. He was always passionately fond of acting and at one time thought of giving up his life to it. His parents did not seem

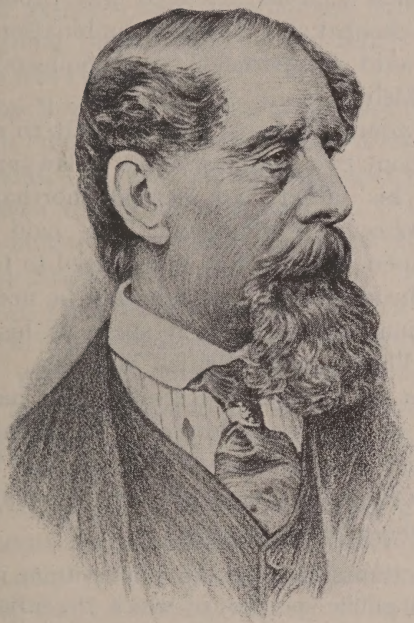
to care much what he did. John Dickens, though kind-hearted, was too full of large visionary plans ever to get down to hard work; Mrs. Dickens thought that if she could find food and clothing for the children — of whom there were now six — she was doing her full duty to them. Consequently the children just grew. Dickens, late in life, told Washington Irving that he thought of himself in those early years as "a very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy."

Things went from bad to worse. When Charles was nine the family returned to London and went to live in a wretched little house in the outskirts of the city — but even there the elder Dickens could not pay his rent. The books that had given Charles so many happy hours were taken one by one to the pawnbroker's, the furniture was sold piece by piece, and at last John Dickens himself was taken away by the bailiff's officers and put into the debtors' prison — for at that time there was a peculiar custom in England of shutting a man up in prison when he could not pay his debts, and in that way removing the chance of his ever being able to pay them.

It was during these years that the boy Charles Dickens went to work in the blacking factory. The rest of the family after a time lived in the prison with the father, but Charles, being the eldest son, having now arrived at the mature age of ten, and earning a salary of six shillings a week, was expected to take care of himself. He says of these years:

When I had money enough I used to get half a pint of ready-made coffee and a slice of bread and butter. When I had none I used to look at a venison shop in Fleet street; or I have strolled at such a time as far as Covent Garden Market and stared at the pineapples. . . . I know that I worked from morning until night with common men and boys, a shabby child . . . insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been a little robber or a little vagabond.

But this hard life seemed to bring out all the strength of character that there was in the boy. It made him self-reliant



Charles Dickens

and fixed in him the determination to do something better than the people around him were doing.

John Dickens got out of prison almost by a miracle. A relative died and left him some money — enough to pay his debts and send the children to school again for a short time. The school which Charles attended was probably a little worse than no school at all. It was a combination of Creakle's school in "David Copperfield" and Squeers's school in "Nicholas Nickleby."

At fourteen young Dickens again set out to earn his own way and for about two years served as a lawyer's clerk. In the meantime his father had learned shorthand and was reporting speeches in Parliament. This paid better than copying law papers, and the boy determined to try it himself. He mastered the shorthand, but felt that he needed a better general education, and accordingly spent all his spare hours reading in the library of the British Museum.

As a reporter he was very successful. He had learned to work, and he never spared himself; he learned also that absolute accuracy was necessary to success, and he was never satisfied to let the slightest error pass into his notes. Writing afterwards of those times, he says:

I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand by the light of a dark lantern in a post chaise and four, galloping through a wild country and through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. . . . Returning home from excited political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been in my time belated on miry byroads towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage with exhausted horses and drunken postboys, and have got back in time for publication.

In all his work as a reporter Dickens was intensely interested in *people*. He wrote sketches of queer characters whom he met on the streets or in the stagecoach or at the inn, and these sketches, which he signed "Boz," began to attract as much attention as the reports of speeches and political meetings. After a time he gathered them together and published them in book form, calling them "Sketches by Boz." This was in 1836, when he was twenty-four.

"Sketches by Boz" was so popular that he followed it the next year with "Pickwick Papers," and "Pickwick Papers" made him famous. He gave up his newspaper work, married, and settled down to the life of a novelist. "Oliver Twist" was his next story; then came "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Old Curiosity Shop."

He made two visits to America, the first in 1842 and the other about twenty-five years later. On both occasions he was received with high honor. He loved to give public readings from his novels, and as he had much dramatic ability, these readings became very popular and added to his fame and wealth.

When Dickens began to think of buying a home he remembered a house near Chatham called Gadshill Place, which he had always admired greatly in the days when he was small. He remembered many a Sunday walk which he had taken with his father to see it, and he remembered vividly that his father, seeing how fond he was of it, had once said to him, "If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it." That thought had stayed with him. He had been very persevering, he had worked hard, and now why shouldn't he make his dream come true? He bought the house, and the happiest years of his life were spent at Gadshill with his children around him.

"David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and a number of other novels were written in the fifteen years between 1850

and 1865, but toward the end of that time it became evident that Dickens was wearing himself out. In 1870 he died suddenly in the midst of his work.

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE

[The Bastille was a celebrated castle in Paris, the oldest part of which was built in the fourteenth century and long used as a dungeon for state prisoners. At the outbreak of the French Revolution it was one of the first places attacked by the mob. It was in the district known as Saint Antoine.

The storming of the Bastille occurred on July 14, 1789. The governor of the castle, with a handful of Swiss guards, resisted the mob for a time, but the doors were at length battered in and the prisoners released and carried through the streets in triumph. A year later the castle itself was torn down. A bronze column has since been set up to mark its site.

This vivid description of the attack is taken from "A Tale of Two Cities," one of the strongest of Dickens's novels.]

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shriveled branches of trees in a winter wind, all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but muskets were being distributed — so were cartridges, powder and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of

their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a center point, so all this raging circled round Defarge's wine shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex, where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an ax in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women by and by."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath of France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire, and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke — in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannoneer — Defarge of the wine shop worked like a manful soldier two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire, and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the angels or the devils — which you prefer — work!" Thus Defarge of the wine shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men, when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill, thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire, and smoke; but still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagonloads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash, and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but still the deep ditch and the single drawbridge and the massive stone walls and the eight great towers and still Defarge of the wine shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm — nothing audible in it. Suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher and swept Defarge of the wine shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers, surrendered!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Dickens's life. 2. Describe the Bastille. 3. Explain the first paragraph of the selection. What was Saint Antoine? 4. Why were the naked arms like shriveled branches of trees? 5. What quivered over the crowd? Explain this simile. 6. Explain "held life as

of no account and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it." 7. Explain the comparison beginning "As a whirlpool." What is a caldron? a vortex?

8. Why does Defarge call his companions Jacques One, Two, etc.? (Jacques was a common, derisive name given to the French peasantry. Defarge numbers his comrades to distinguish them. For his purpose it is enough that they belong to the downtrodden working class.) 9. Why was the Bastille detested? 10. Explain "the living sea." 11. Describe Defarge; Madame Defarge. 12. The strength of a description depends upon how vividly the author makes one see what he describes. How does this description impress you? 13. Does it make war pleasing or hateful?

The storming of the Bastille is also vividly described by Carlyle in "The French Revolution."

MR. PICKWICK AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE ICE

["Pickwick Papers," from which this selection is taken, tells of the travels and adventures of the Pickwick Club. Mr. Pickwick, the leading spirit of the club, together with three other distinguished members, Messrs. Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle, set off on a journey through England to examine and investigate very carefully everything that they see and to report their discoveries to the club.

Mr. Pickwick employs a servant, Sam Weller, who travels with the party and makes himself generally useful. After many singular adventures they become acquainted with a hospitable old gentleman named Wardle and are invited to spend Christmas with him at his home, Manor Farm. There they meet the Wardle family and several young people who have also been invited for the holidays. In the party are Benjamin Allen and Bob Sawyer, two medical students.]

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to; "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I — I — am *rather* out of practice."

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"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice, and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous and described circles with his left leg and cut figures of eight and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet and putting his skates on with the points behind and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now then, sir," said Sam in an encouraging tone, "off with you and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!" This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates, ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There — that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very

singular and *un*swanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank.

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile, but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No, but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders and beckoning his friend to approach fixed a searching look upon him and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot and occasionally giving a postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company. Come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony, to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up, to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide with his face towards the point from which he had started, to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down

(which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface, and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice — it was at this very moment, that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant — for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you — for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather

unnecessary, the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold!" said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up and started off under the guidance of Mr. Weller, presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is "Pickwick Papers," and about what does it tell? 2. Where were the various characters mentioned in this selection spending Christmas, and how did they happen to be there? 3. Explain "ejaculated," "dexterity," "mystic evolutions," "disengaged himself," "agonized," "administered a considerable impetus," "unparalleled beauty," "spasmodic efforts." 4. Put into simpler words "Anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance." Does Dickens's use of long words add to or take from the fun of a description?

5. Why were the young men so anxious to bleed Mr. Winkle? 6. In this scene what sort of person does Mr. Winkle show himself to be? What does Mr. Pickwick's remark to him show you of Mr. Pickwick's character? What else do you learn of Mr. Pickwick from the scene which follows? 7. Explain "indefatigable," "impetuosity," "characterized," "balked himself," "mantled on his face," "adjuration," "prodigies of valor," "extricated," "phenomenon."

"A Christmas Carol" and "David Copperfield" are probably the best books with which to begin the reading of Dickens.

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

The reign of Queen Victoria, in England, was made famous by two great poets. One of them, about whom you have already read, was Tennyson; the other was Robert Browning.

Browning was born in 1812, three years after Tennyson, in a suburb of London called Camberwell, which has since become a part of the city. Then there were pleasant fields about it, and country lanes, and near by a wood among whose shadows the boy used often to play. But young Robert Browning's favorite haunt was a group of elms on a bit of high ground near his home, where he could look out over the roofs and spires and chimneys of the great city just beyond. Especially he loved, as night was coming on, to watch the city's twinkling lights and wonder about the houses from which they shone out and about the people who had lighted them. All through his life he cared more for people than for nature; he liked society, was friendly with all, and while other poets found their poetry in trees and flowers and running brooks, he found his in the hearts of men.

Robert's father was a bank clerk, and we have reason to believe, a good one. By faithful work and saving he had become fairly well-to-do, and he spent his leisure in reading and study, in collecting rare books — of which he had a fine library, — and in trying to write poetry, in which he was not altogether successful. He greatly loved his boy, and it is said that often at night he used to pace back and forth in his library with the child in his arms, singing him to sleep with a fragment of an old Greek song which he loved. One of the

boy's earliest recollections was of his father telling him the story of the fall of Troy and pointing out the burning palaces and temples in the glowing coals of the big fireplace, while his mother was singing in the dusk of the evening, from the next room, a wild, weird song which seemed like a fitting accompaniment to the story.

His mother was a noble woman, and throughout her life Browning was entirely devoted to her. He also had a sister two years younger than himself, of whom he was very fond. All the family loved music and pictures and poetry, and it seems as if Robert could not help being a poet. When he was only twelve he tried to find a publisher for a volume of verse which he had written. The verse was probably not very good; at least he found no one willing to publish it.

When about thirteen he saw at one of the second-hand bookstores, in which his father had already taught him to browse, a little book of poetry by Shelley. The name of the poet was unfamiliar to him, and in fact to most Englishmen of that day, for Shelley's poetry had not then begun to be appreciated; but the verses thrilled him, he wanted to know more of this wonderful new poet, and after some questioning he learned that Shelley had written a few books of poems and had been dead some years. That was all anybody seemed then to know about Shelley. Robert's mother helped him to get this information and succeeded in finding a volume or two of poems by Shelley and also some by Keats.

Browning has told how he took the books out into the garden to read them. It was an afternoon in May, and as evening came on, two nightingales began to sing in the trees above him. A new world of poetry had opened to the boy. Shelley and Keats were now his heroes, and he imagined that the two nightingales were their spirits singing to him. This thought of the nightingales he carried with him many years.

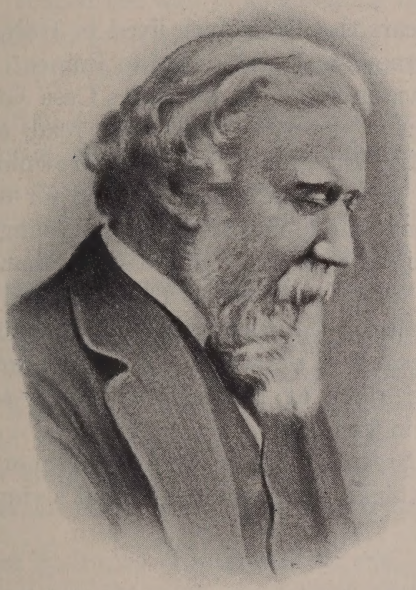
Young Robert Browning was fond of pets and especially of strange pets such as no other boy would have. He kept a

tame eagle, a hedgehog, a monkey, a magpie, an owl, and several snakes — a whole menagerie of pets, in fact; and it is said that one winter's day, when he had found two ladybugs nearly frozen in the snow, he brought them home, put them into a box lined with cotton, and labeled them "Animals found surviving in the depths of a severe winter." He was a boy with an investigating turn of mind and often disturbed his parents by his fondness for pulling things to pieces to see how they were made.

He went to school, off and on, until he was fourteen. Then for four years he studied under a private tutor and for two years at the University of London. At twenty he left the university and went to Italy. He had spent much time in studying music and art, and thought seriously of becoming a painter or a musician, but he now decided to devote himself entirely to the writing of poetry. His first poem was not a success, nor his second, nor his third. He wrote a play in verse, which was played in London a few nights by the actor Macready, but that too was unsuccessful. People could not understand him. Yet he kept at work, feeling sure that they would listen in the end. And they did.

He now began to have his poems printed in little pamphlets, which sold at sixpence (equal to twelve cents of our money) or a shilling (equal to twenty-four cents). The first of these pamphlets contained the poem "Pippa Passes," which at once attracted attention. The third contained "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," which Browning had written to amuse the little son of Macready, when the boy lay ill in bed. In the same pamphlet were also the "Incident of the French Camp," "My Last Duchess," and "Boot and Saddle." Pamphlets which followed contained "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Boy and the Angel," "Saul," and other poems that have since become famous.

Among the first to read and appreciate Browning's poetry was Elizabeth Barrett, herself a well-known poet of that



Robert Browning

day. She was a young woman of a beautiful spirit, but was an invalid, scarcely able to leave her room, and it was thought she had not long to live. Browning married Miss Barrett and took her to Italy. There she grew well again, and a few years later they had a little son who was a great joy to both his parents and who afterwards became a successful painter.

For fifteen years the Brownings lived in Italy, with occasional short journeys to England and to France. Their home was an old palace in Florence, known as Casa Guidi. They lived mainly out of doors, wrote poetry, read, and studied. But in 1861 Mrs. Browning died, and Browning, with his boy, went back to London. There he lived for nearly thirty years, honored and made much of, but remaining, through it all, simple, unspoiled, a true and earnest man. There he wrote his most important poem, "The Ring and the Book," and there he enjoyed the friendship of the greatest authors, poets, and statesmen of the world. In 1889 he went again to Italy, and died there at the age of seventy-seven, while visiting his son in Venice.

We think of Browning always as a *strong* man, full of life, full of energy, thinking high thoughts, and loving all men as his brothers.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

[Browning tells us that this poem was written on shipboard after he "had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop." The ride was entirely imaginary, but from the fact that the poet dated it 16— it is likely that he was thinking of a possible incident in the wars of the Netherlands, when riders might have brought to Aix la Chapelle tidings of a decisive victory or of the coming of reënforcements. Three riders are supposed to be starting out together from Ghent. They are the one who is telling the story, and his two friends Joris and Dirck. The "he" in the first line refers to Dirck. The speaker's horse is named

Roland; Joris's horse is named Roos. Note how the movement of the verse gives the effect of the galloping of the horses.]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a brief account of Browning's life. 2. Tell what you can about the time and the object of this ride. 3. Explain line 4, page 273, beginning "Speed!" 4. Why were three riders sent instead of one? 5. What is the "pique"? the "cheek strap"? What is meant by "chained slacker the bit"? 6. What was Roland doing while all these changes were being made in the harness?

7. Note the pictures flashed upon us as the riders pass through the various towns: the gradual coming of the day, the steeple with the bell ringing the half hour, the cattle against the rising sun, the horse pushing through the morning mist, with the flakes of foam flying from his mouth. Explain the simile in line 24, page 273. What showed the intelligence of the horse? What showed his speed? 8. What happened at Hasselt? (Hasselt is about eighty miles from Ghent. Aix la Chapelle is about ninety miles — the entire length of the ride.) 9. What does line 9, page 274, tell of the weather? Note the crisp effect of line 10.

10. Explain "rolled neck and croup over." 11. Define "buff coat," "holster," "jack boots." Why did the rider make so much noise? 12. Why was the last measure of wine poured down Roland's throat, and what does that show of the condition of Aix and of the feeling of the inhabitants? Who were "the burgesses"? 13. Name one or more other famous rides about which poems have been written.

Browning was fond of representing the movement of horses in his verse. "Boot and Saddle" is another galloping poem. "Through the Metidja" represents a rocking saddle-gait.

HERVÉ RIEL

[The event described in this poem happened during the war which followed the accession of William of Orange, or William III, to the English throne. France, under Louis XIV, feared the new king and attempted to restore to power James II, who had been driven out of England by William. At first the French were successful on the sea, defeating the combined English and Dutch navies, but in 1692, after a three days' battle, a large French fleet was conquered and scattered by the English. This battle occurred near La Hogue, or La Houge, off the coast of France and not far from the mouth of the Seine. A part of the defeated squadron commanded by Damfreville fled past Cherbourg, rounded Cape de la Hague, and dodged among the Channel

Islands to St. Malo, closely pursued by the English. The native pilots of St. Malo declared that it was impossible to guide these warships through the narrow channel into the mouth of the river Rance, where they might find a harbor and protection. But Hervé Riel, a sailor on one of the French ships, offered to take them through. He had been a pilot along that coast and knew the channel well. The force of the story lies in the quiet self-confidence of a man who knew his business and in this man's joy to be of service, entirely thoughtless of reward. He saved the fleet, and all he asked was a holiday.

Browning first published the poem in *The Cornhill Magazine*, in 1871, and received for it £100, which he sent to the sufferers in Paris who were besieged by the Prussians during the Franco-Prussian War.]

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French — woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May helter skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take
in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
these
— A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
fleet,
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.

Still the north wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored, to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate
Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

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Then said Damfreville: "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Tho' I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. When and where was the battle of La Hogue fought? What was the cause of the war, and between what nations was it fought? 2. Locate on a map La Hogue, St. Malo, Croisic Point, Plymouth Bay. 3. Draw a map of St. Malo and the mouth of the Rance, from the description given in the poem, locating on it, as nearly as possible, the island on which St. Malo is situated (at the mouth of the river), the channel, the protected harbor in the river's mouth (behind the island), Solidor (a fortress on the river), Grève (the sands where the river widens into the harbor), the line of ships entering.

4. Write or tell in the briefest and simplest prose the story of Hervé Riel. 5. Describe the picture in the first stanza. What figure of speech is used? 6. Why did the pilots refuse to guide the fleet? What do you think of their excuse? 7. What is the significance of the line "Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide"? 8. Put into a simple connected sentence lines 7–9, page 277. ("Bay" means the water outside of the harbor.) 9. Describe the council. Who were present? What is meant by "linked together stern and bow"? What was Damfreville's order, and what was the reason for it? 10. Explain "Breton," "pressed by Tourville," "Croisickese," "Malouins," "disembogues."

11. What did Hervé Riel's speech at the council show of his character? How did he regard the pilots? What three possible reasons did he suggest for their conduct? What forfeit did he offer in case of failure, and why was he so anxious to have the chance to pilot the fleet? Analyze his speech and tell what different feelings it suggests. 12. What does line 1, page 279 — a side remark of the poet's — mean? 13. What figures of speech are on page 279?

14. Explain "Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound," "our rapture to enhance," "rake the bay," "*rampired* Solidor." 15. What two pictures do you see on pages 279, 280? Who is speaking in lines 18–22, page 279? 16. Explain "Praise is deeper than the lips," "our sun was near eclipse" (what figure?), "Malo *Roads*." 17. What does Hervé Riel's choice of a reward show of his character? 18. Note the line "Since on board the duty's done." What does that show?

19. Explain "Belle Aurore." What does this nickname tell you of Hervé Riel? 20. Explain "whence England bore the bell" (a bell was often given as a prize for winning a race), "Go to Paris . . . Search the heroes." (The Louvre is a great art gallery in Paris; "On the Louvre, face and flank" refers to the colossal statues of great Frenchmen that decorate its outer walls.) 21. Is this poem more or less important as a memorial than a statue would have been? Give reasons for your answer.

MY STAR

All that I know
  Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
  (Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
  Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
  They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird: like a flower, hangs furled:
  They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it
What matter to me if their star is a world?
  Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

JOHN RUSKIN

1819–1900

Think for a moment of a dreary row of houses in the smokiest part of London — square, brick, substantial, and very ugly houses — and put into one of them a child who loves beauty with a love that is almost a passion; you will then have the John Ruskin of nearly a century ago. He was born in that smoky row near Brunswick Square, in 1819, and was the son of an honest Scotch merchant who had come from Edinburgh and had by hard labor built up a prosperous business. The boy was an only son, and his parents were not only entirely devoted to him, but determined that he should receive every advantage which they could give him. It was probably for his sake that they moved a few years later into the suburbs and took a house at Herne Hill. There was a wonderful garden at Herne Hill, with lilacs and other blooming shrubs, apple, pear, and mulberry trees, and all that could appeal to a boy who had been hungry for beautiful things.

But both father and mother, though very fond of their son, were also very strict with him. He was allowed neither toys nor sweetmeats. It is said that a kind-hearted aunt, who was visiting the family, once gave him a remarkable "Punch and Judy," which would dance when attached to the leg of a chair. This greatly delighted his childish heart, but as soon as the aunt departed he was told that such things were not good for him, and he never saw the treasure again. He could look at the sea from the upper windows of his home, but was not allowed to go near it for fear he would be drowned. Even the garden had its drawbacks. He writes: "The

differences . . . which I observed between the nature of this garden and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were that in this one *all* the fruit was forbidden, and there were no companionable beasts."

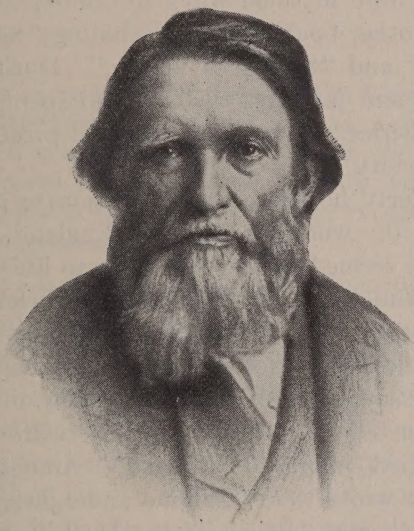
If you compare Ruskin's childhood with that of Dickens, you will not fail to notice that while Dickens had too little care, Ruskin had altogether too much. Yet neither was seriously injured by his surroundings — which goes to show that one who is determined to do worthy things and to make the most of oneself can generally do it, whether his family is rich or poor, over-careful or under-careful of him.

The greatest delight of young John Ruskin's life was a two months' jaunt which the family took each summer. They went in a family carriage or "traveling chariot," as it was called, driving in leisurely fashion from town to town. The elder Ruskin made it partly a business trip, but to the boy it was pure joy. One of these summer outings took him to Switzerland and the Alps and opened a new world of beauty to him.

Young Ruskin's favorite books were Scott and Homer — his Homer coming to him in the form of Pope's translation. Nor should we overlook his reading of the Bible, which, he has said, had the greatest influence upon his literary style when he came to write. He read two or three chapters with his mother every morning and then learned a chapter or a psalm by heart.

He began to write poetry when very young, copying it neatly into little books which he made and illustrated with original pictures. These books were made with the utmost care. Ruskin even in childhood did everything as well and carefully as he knew how to do it.

He was prepared for college by private tutors, spent a few terms at an academy, and at seventeen entered Oxford. In the midst of his college work he was threatened with consumption and was obliged to leave, but after nearly



John Ruskin

two years of rest and travel in Italy he was restored to health, went back to Oxford, and graduated with honor.

During his Italian visit he made a study of the great painters of olden times, whose work he found in the Italian galleries and churches. This led him to write his first book, "Modern Painters," which compared the work of Turner and other modern artists with that of the old masters and showed that the moderns were in some ways the better. Ruskin wrote a number of other books on art, including "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "Stones of Venice." During these years he made frequent journeys to Italy and spent much time in the great galleries. In 1869 he became professor of art at Oxford University.

At about forty he turned his attention to other subjects. He saw that the working people of England were deprived of things that seemed to him necessary to life — for he knew that beauty and truth and justice should belong to the poor as well as to the rich. So he wrote four essays showing how working people might become noble and happy, and published these essays in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which Thackeray was then editor. They were afterwards published in a book entitled "Unto This Last." Among other books which Ruskin wrote were "Sesame and Lilies," the "Crown of Wild Olive," and "Ethics of the Dust." One of his last books is "Præterita" (that is, "things passed by"), which tells the story of his own childhood.

Ruskin received from his father a large fortune, all of which he spent in making other people happier and better. He built model homes for working people, paid for cleaning certain of the streets of London that were not properly cared for, and founded a society of working men called St. George's Guild, giving it land and a museum. He was himself a painter and left many pictures that show his skill, but especially was he a painter in words, and his descriptions of natural scenes are among the finest in English prose. He

loved beauty as few love it; he loved nature, — the rivers and the clouds and the forests and the sea, and especially the great mountains with their snow-capped tops stretching up into the sky, — but nothing was beautiful to him that was not good and true and straightforward and pure. He was a great man, but above all he was a good man, and he taught those around him and those who came after him to see God in nature everywhere.

BOOKS

[The following extracts are from "Sesame and Lilies," two lectures on books and reading given in Manchester, England, in 1864. "Sesame," the first lecture, is so called from an oriental grain, the name of which, when spoken, opened the robbers' cave in "The Arabian Nights"; Ruskin means by it that reading is the key which will open the treasuries of knowledge and power found in books.]

Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet and hear the sound of his voice, or put a question to a man of science and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch once or twice in our lives the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet, and spend our years and passions and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation — talk to us in the best words they can choose and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle and can be kept waiting round us all day long — kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it! — in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case

shelves, — we make no account of that company — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long! . . .

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men — by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice, and life is short. You have heard as much before — yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings, or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for entrée here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault. . . .

This court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? — no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pains; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence.

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. . . .

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much;* nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which once in their lives cannot for such multipliable barley loaves, pay their baker's bill.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Why do we not have the power always to choose our friends? 2. What is a cabinet minister? Why does Ruskin refer to a cabinet minister's words as being deceptive? 3. What figure of speech in "there is a society continually open to us"? Explain it. Explain "narrow anterooms." 4. Ruskin says "life is short." In comparison with what is it short? 5. Explain "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings?" Define "entrée" as used here.

6. What is the "eternal court" that is always open to you? Do you think this figure would seem more forceful to an English audience than to one in the United States? Why? 7. Explain the four sentences beginning "Do you ask to be the companion?" Memorize them. In what sense is "nobles" here used? 8. Explain "here we neither feign nor interpret." 9. Name and explain the figures of speech in the last paragraph. What allusion is there in "multipliable barley loaves"?

10. What advantage is there in knowing a book thoroughly? What kind of books should be thus known? In another part of this lecture Ruskin describes two classes of books, "the books of the hour, and the books of all time." Give examples of each kind among the books that you have read, and tell why they are so. 11. Bacon said, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Explain this. 12. Make a list of the *great* books which you have read and tell why you think them great.

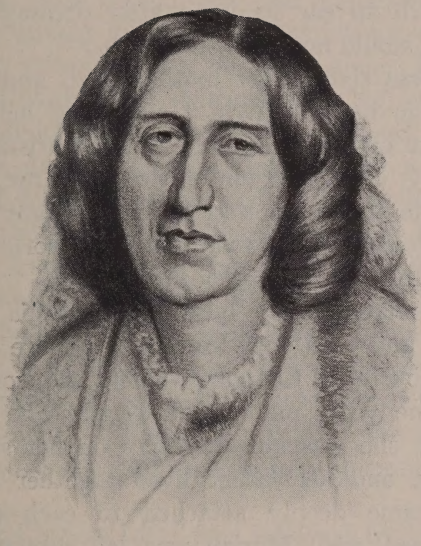
MARIAN EVANS ("GEORGE ELIOT")

1819–1880

About a century ago there lived in Warwickshire, some twenty miles from Shakespeare's old town of Stratford, a hard-headed and industrious Welshman named Robert Evans. He occupied a place known as "South Farm," on the large estate of Arbury, and was employed by the owner of the estate as his agent and overseer. In the autumn of 1819 the household at South Farm included Evans, his wife — a shrewd and practical woman, — and two children, Isaac and Christiana. But in November of that year another child was born into the home — a child quite different from any of the other members of the family, and with a genius which made her in later years the greatest of women novelists. She was named by her parents, very plainly, Mary Ann, but when she grew up she abbreviated the name to Marian.

Six months after Mary Ann's birth the Evans family moved into a larger place about a mile away, called Griff House, and there they lived for twenty years. In "The Mill on the Floss" this house is described, and the children, Tom and Maggie Tulliver, are thought to be portraits of Isaac and Mary Ann Evans. Mary Ann was an active child — somewhat of a tomboy in fact — and was always getting into trouble. But with all her seeming thoughtlessness she had a most affectionate nature and longed for love and sympathy, and the sad feature of it was that none of her family really understood her.

She was sent to a private school at Nuneaton and a little later to Coventry, both of which towns were within three



George Eliot (Marian Evans)

miles of her home. When she went to Coventry she was thirteen and had become somewhat sobered. She was the brightest pupil in the school and distinguished herself in English, French, German, drawing, and music. The description of Maggie in "The Mill on the Floss" is here clearly a picture of herself — "a creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge, with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her."

When she was sixteen her mother died, and she had to leave school, go back to Griff House, and help her sister Christiana take care of the home. Then Christiana married and went away, and Isaac (or "Tom") became so absorbed in getting on in the world that he quite forgot his younger sister. Griff House was far away from the world of men and women, and Marian Evans grew very lonely.

A few years later, when Isaac married, his father gave him the house and went with Marian to a place called Foleshill, in the suburbs of Coventry, where the young woman, now twenty-one years old, found friends who appreciated her and where she was able to carry on her studies. For nine years she and her father lived together at Foleshill, and they became deeply attached to each other. Then Mr. Evans died, and Marian was left practically alone. The loss almost crushed her. It was months before she recovered from it. Upon the advice of friends she spent a year in European travel, and when she returned she devoted her life to writing. Emerson came to see her during a visit to England and was greatly impressed with her power.

In 1851, at the age of thirty-two, she took a position as assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* and went to London, where she soon became acquainted with Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Kingsley, and other leading writers of the time. She also met George Henry Lewes, a writer of less note but of rare personal qualities, who devoted

himself to her service, advised her, and assisted her in securing publishers for her work. Until this time her writing had been chiefly essays and reviews, but Lewes believed that she had a special gift for the writing of fiction. One day he suggested this idea to her, and she determined to try. The result was "Scenes of Clerical Life," a group of three short stories, which were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* and afterwards in book form, over the signature of "George Eliot." The author did not have confidence enough in her story-writing ability to use her own name, but the work was received with great enthusiasm. No one can guess how long she might have kept her readers and even her publishers in the dark as to who George Eliot really was, if a gentleman of Nuneaton had not foolishly claimed to be the author of her book. This decided her to make herself known. Accordingly Lewes invited her publisher, Blackwood, to dinner "to meet George Eliot." Lewes and Marian Evans were the only ones at the table when Blackwood arrived, but they had a pleasant dinner, and at its close Blackwood expressed himself as being sorry that Mr. Eliot could not have been present. "This is Mr. Eliot," said Lewes, waving his hand toward the lady. You may imagine Blackwood's surprise.

"Scenes of Clerical Life" was followed by "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," and several other stories. They were exceedingly popular and made their author one of the most prominent literary figures of the day. In summer she had a home in Surrey near the Tennysons'; in winter she lived in London, where her receptions were the center of the city's literary life.

Lewes died in 1878, and after his death Marian was never quite the same. Several years later she married John Walter Cross, an American banker living in England, who had been an old friend of the family and was a gentleman of fine literary taste. But she did no more important writing.

THE FLOOD

[This vivid description is from the last chapter of "The Mill on the Floss." Maggie Tulliver and her brother Tom, the children of the miller of Dorlcote, had grown up together in the old house by the mill. Maggie from her earliest childhood had loved Tom devotedly and was always ready to make sacrifices for him. Tom was selfish and loved Maggie so long as she did not interfere with his own plans. When Mr. Tulliver, the father, died, the mill was sold for debt, but Tom worked hard, was successful in business, and after a time bought it back and returned to it with his mother and Maggie.

As Maggie grew up, Tom felt less and less sympathy with her. She was high-spirited and imaginative; he was coarse-grained and commonplace. At length there was a break between them. Maggie had started to go away and marry a man whom she greatly loved, but there were reasons which made her feel that such a course would not be right. So she returned to Tom and her mother. Tom was angry and would not take her into the house. Driven from home, she found a lodging with the family of Bob Jakin, an old friend who lived by the riverside. Her mother went with her to the Jakins', but afterwards returned to Tom at the mill. Maggie, left alone, was sitting late one stormy night in her little bedroom, thinking of her troubles and trying to determine what to do, when the river rose and became a flood.]

In the second week of September Maggie was again sitting in her lonely room. It was past midnight, and the rain was beating heavily against the window, driven with fitful force by the rushing, loud-moaning wind. There had been a sudden change in the weather; the heat and drought had given way to cold variable winds and heavy falls of rain at intervals. In the counties higher up the Floss the rains had been continuous, and the completion of the harvest had been arrested. And now, for the last two days, the rains on this lower course of the river had been incessant, so that the old men had shaken their heads and talked of sixty years ago, when the same sort of weather, happening about the equinox, brought on the great floods,

which swept the bridge away and reduced the town to great misery. But the younger generation, who had seen several small floods, thought lightly of these somber recollections and forebodings; and Bob Jakin, naturally prone to take a hopeful view of his own luck, laughed at his mother when she regretted their having taken a house by the riverside, observing that but for that they would have had no boats, which were the most lucky of possessions in case of a flood that obliged them to go to a distance for food. . . .

All were in their beds now, except some solitary watchers such as Maggie. She sat quite still, far on into the night, with no impulse to change her attitude. "How shall I have patience and strength?" With that cry of self-despair she fell on her knees against the table and buried her sorrow-stricken face. Her soul went out to the Unseen Pity that would be with her to the end.

At that moment Maggie felt a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet; it was water flowing under her. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door that led into the passage. She was not bewildered for an instant; she knew it was the flood!

The tumult of emotion she had been enduring for the last twelve hours seemed to have left a great calm in her; without screaming, she hurried with the candle upstairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom. The door was ajar; she went in and shook him by the shoulder.

"Bob, the flood is come! It is in the house! Let us see if we can make the boats safe."

She lighted his candle, while the poor wife, snatching up her baby, burst into screams; and then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. There was a step down into the room at the door leading from the staircase; she saw that the water was already on a level with the step. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window and sent the leaded panes

and the old wooden framework inward in shivers, the water pouring in after it.

"It is the boat!" cried Maggie. "Bob, come down to get the boats!"

And without a moment's shudder of fear she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, and by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs, she mounted on to the window sill and crept into the boat, which was left with one prow lodging and protruding through the window. Bob was not long after her, hurrying without shoes or stockings, but with the lantern in his hand.

"Why, they're both here — both the boats," said Bob, as he got into the one where Maggie was. "It's wonderful this fastening isn't broke too, as well as the mooring."

In the excitement of getting into the other boat, unfastening it, and mastering an oar, Bob was not struck with the danger Maggie incurred. We are not apt to fear for the fearless when we are companions in their danger, and Bob's mind was absorbed in possible expedients for the safety of the helpless indoors. The fact that Maggie had been up, had waked him, and had taken the lead in activity, gave Bob a vague impression of her as one who would help to protect, not need to be protected. She too had got possession of an oar and had pushed off, so as to release the boat from the overhanging window frame.

"The water's rising so fast," said Bob, "I doubt it'll be in at the chambers before long — th' house is so low. I've more mind to get Prissy and the child and the mother into the boat, if I could, and trusten to the water — for th' old house is none so safe. And if I let go the boat — but *you*," he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the light of his lantern on Maggie, as she stood in the rain with the oar in her hand and her black hair streaming. Maggie had no time to answer, for a new tidal current swept along the line of the houses and

drove both the boats out on to the wide water, with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing, but that she had suddenly passed away from that life which she had been dreading and was alone in the darkness with God.

The whole thing had been so rapid, so dreamlike, that the threads of ordinary association were broken; she sank down on the seat, clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light, which parted the overhanging gloom from the immeasurable watery level below. She was driven out upon the flood — that awful visitation of God which her father used to talk of, which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home, and Tom, and her mother — they had all listened together.

"O God, where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out, in the dim loneliness.

What was happening to them at the Mill? The flood had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger, in distress — her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help! Her whole soul was strained now on that thought, and she saw the long-loved faces looking for help into the darkness and finding none.

She was floating in smooth water now — perhaps far on the overflooded fields. There was no sense of present danger to check the outgoing of her mind to the old home, and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom that she might seize the first sight of her whereabout — that she might catch some faint suggestion of the spot toward which all her anxieties tended.

Oh, how welcome the widening of that dismal watery level, the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament, the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark! Yes, she must be out on the fields; those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees; looking before her, there were none; then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of wakening hope; the dawning seemed to advance more swiftly now she was in action, and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight; her wet clothes clung round her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensations — except a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion. Along with the sense of danger and possible rescue for those long-remembered beings at the old home there was an undefined sense of reconcilement with her brother; what quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs? Vaguely Maggie felt this, in the strong, resurgent love toward her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offense and misunderstanding, and left only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union.

But now there was a large dark mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river. The dark mass must be — yes, it was — St. Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees — the gray willows, the now yellowing chestnuts, and above them the old roof! But there was no color, no shape yet; all was faint and dim. More and more strongly the energies seemed to come and put themselves

forth, as if her life were a stored-up force that was being spent in this hour, unneeded for any future.

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house; this was the thought that occurred to her, as she imagined with more and more vividness the state of things round the old home. But then she might be carried very far down and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her, but there was no choice of courses, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs; nay, she was not far off a rushing, muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

There were floating masses in it that might dash against her boat as she passed and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along, more intensely conscious of the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient; it passed away before the oncoming warehouses of St. Ogg's. She had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then; *now*, she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it if possible out of the current. She could see now that the bridge was broken down; she could see the masts of a stranded vessel far out over the watery field. But no boats were to be seen moving on the river; such as had been laid hands on were employed in the flooded streets.

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With new resolution Maggie seized her oar and stood up again to paddle, but the now ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking

the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current. Then with one yearning look toward her uncle Deane's house, that lay farther down the river, she took to both her oars and rowed with all her might across the watery fields, back toward the Mill. Color was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields, she could discern the tints of the trees, could see the old Scotch firs far to the right, and the home chestnuts — oh, how deep they lay in the water — deeper than the trees on this side the hill! And the roof of the Mill — where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple — what had they meant? But it was not the house — the house stood firm — drowned up to the first story, but still firm — or was it broken in at the end toward the Mill?

With panting joy that she was there at last — joy that overcame all distress — Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound; she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs window. She called out in a loud piercing voice:

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice —

"Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is I, Tom, — Maggie. Where is mother?"

"She is not here; she went to Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window.

"Alone, Maggie?" said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the middle window, on a level with the boat.

"Yes, Tom; God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat; "I fear the man is drowned; he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when

part of the Mill fell with the crash of trees and stones against it; I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water — he face to face with Maggie — that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force — it was such a new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision, which he had fancied so keen and clear — that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other — Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face; Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy, though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, divinely protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter — the old, childish "Magsie!"

Maggie could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain. As soon as she could speak, she said, "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

Tom rowed with untired vigor and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried toward them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them; in dreadful clearness floated onward the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat

that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once; and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water. The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of George Eliot. 2. Who was Maggie, and how did she come to be in the home of the Jakins? 3. What was the cause of the flood? Explain "equinox." (The stream called the Floss in this story is really the river Trent, on the banks of which George Eliot lived when a child.) 4. What is meant by the "Unseen Pity that would be with her to the end"? (Notice the capitals.) 5. What does Maggie's action when she discovers the flood show you of her character? 6. What do Bob Jakin's action and talk when Maggie calls him tell you of his character? (Prissy was Bob's wife; "the mother" was Bob's mother, who lived with the Jakin family.)

7. What is meant by "the threads of ordinary association were broken" (page 297, line 9)? What figure of speech? 8. Explain "clutching the oar *mechanically*" (What figure in the adverb?), "the cessation of the rain," "the darkness was divided by the faintest light," "that awful visitation." 9. What does Maggie's thought of her mother and Tom add to your idea of her? 10. Notice the picture of the slowly increasing light over the flooded fields and the river: first, the faintest light on the horizon, then the dim outlines of the flooded tree tops

and the buildings of St. Ogg's, then the tints of the trees, and finally the rising sun. George Eliot here shows her skill in painting a developing, changing picture. It is not a series of separate scenes, but is like a panorama, constantly moving.

11. Explain "the *widening* of that dismal watery level," "cloudy *firmament*," "slowly *defining* blackness," "*glassy* dark" (page 298, lines 1–3). 12. How did Maggie know where she was and where the river lay? 13. Explain "a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion" (line 16). What was the emotion? 14. Explain how the ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river. What were the "heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple" (page 300, line 12)? 15. What was Tom's first thought when he heard Maggie calling? 16. What was the cause of Tom's "awe and humiliation" (page 301, line 13)? 17. What does Tom's use of the old pet name "Magsie," which he had used when a child, tell you of his feelings?

18. Why was Maggie so happy? 19. When Maggie knew that her mother was safe and that Tom was rescued, what was her next thought (line 21)? (Lucy, her cousin, lived at Tofton, below St. Ogg's and the Mill.) 20. Explain the last sentence in the selection, and notice that there is nothing horrible in the description, but that the end is only suggested. This is a mark of a good writer — the ability to suggest clearly a powerful or tragic scene without describing it in detail.

The first part of "The Mill on the Floss," telling of Maggie's childhood, may be read at this time, also portions of "Silas Marner." George Eliot's novels, being as a rule more philosophical than romantic, may be read to better advantage a few years later.

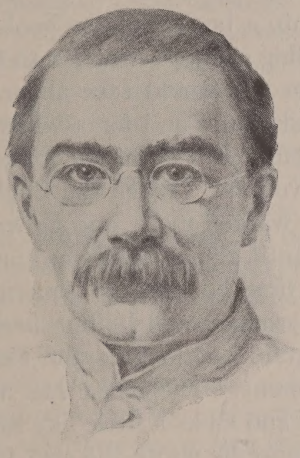
RUDYARD KIPLING

1865–

Among the English writers of recent times Rudyard Kipling is prominent because of his originality, his vigorous way of saying things, and his ability to discover and seize what is really important among many details. He has endeared himself to young people the world over by his pictures of Mowgli, Father and Mother Wolf, Baloo the Bear, Bagheera the Black Panther, and the score of other wild and half-wild creatures that figure in the Jungle Books.

Mr. Kipling was born in India in 1865. His father was an English artist, who had gone to India to teach drawing and modeling in the art school at Bombay; his mother was a beautiful young English woman whom the elder Kipling had married before leaving England. When their first child was born they gave him the name of Rudyard from a little lake in England where they had met before their marriage. The boy grew up sturdy and independent. He was fond of games and puzzles and very fond of books. When he was old enough to go to school his father took him to England and left him there to obtain his education. At school he wrote a number of stories and verses and was the editor of the school paper.

At eighteen the young man returned to India and went to work for a newspaper in Lahore. This newspaper office was a queer place. It was frightfully hot in Lahore, but the building was covered with vines and shaded by tall fig trees. The compositors and pressmen were natives and wore the loose white robes of India, while the foreman wore also a big green turban. Mr. Kipling tells us how he himself



Rudyard Kipling

used to work all night in his shirt sleeves, with the perspiration streaming down his face, reading proofs, making telegrams ready for the press, writing a little here and there, and taking care of the news, until just about daybreak, when the paper was printed and it was cool enough for him to go to sleep.

For several years he spent much of his time with the army in India and wrote stories and poems of army life. Some of these were published in the paper at Lahore and afterwards put into a book, but the book was not successful.

Then Mr. Kipling came to America to try to get his stories published, but no one would take them. Next he went to England and tried again, and for a while no one in England would publish them. But at last he found a man who agreed to try one small volume. When the English people had read this volume they wanted more, and he wrote more, and kept on writing more, until, almost before he knew it, he was famous.

At about this time he came to America again, married a young American woman, and built a beautiful house on the slope of a mountain overlooking the Connecticut River at Brattleboro, Vermont. The house has an overhanging roof and a wide porch and looks a little like some of the houses of India. In this house he wrote the two Jungle Books, "Captains Courageous," "The Light that Failed," and several other volumes.

After four years in the United States Mr. Kipling went back to England, where he has continued his literary work. He has served as a war correspondent in South Africa and in nearly all the countries of Europe.

His most popular books, aside from those already named, are "Soldiers Three," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Tales," "Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Child Stories," "Puck of Pook's Hill," the "Just So Stories" for children, "Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Day's Work," and "Kim." He is at his best as a writer of short stories.

RECESSIONAL

[A recessional is a hymn sung by a choir in procession as they leave their places at the close of the church service.

In 1897 there was held in England a great festival, or jubilee, to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria. It was such a celebration as England had never known. All the wealth and power of the empire were displayed. There were military and naval shows, sham battles, pageants, public meetings, music, fireworks — everything that could testify to England's greatness and show her pride. Mr. Kipling had been asked to write a poem for the occasion. He kept putting off the writing of it until nearly the end of the celebration, for he did not know just what to write. Then, as he saw the vanity that ran through it all, the thought came to him, "Are we not forgetting that, after all, God is the ruler of the universe and we are powerful only because He allows us to be so?" And as the great festival came to its close, and the noise and shouting died away, and the warriors and kings of tributary nations returned to their homes, and the warships scattered, and the bonfires faded on the coast, he wrote this hymn, which is in reality a prayer, and the burden of it is "O God keep us from pride, lest we forget Thee — lest we forget."

The poem was printed in the London *Times* on one of the last days of the jubilee, and had a powerful effect upon the nation. It sobered every one and made men feel that there was at least one thing which should not be forgotten.]

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Mr. Kipling's life. 2. Tell how the "Recessional" came to be written. What is a recessional? 3. Explain "our far-flung battle line" (page 307, line 2). Think of the forts of Great Britain as extending around all her colonies; "Dominion over *palm* and *pine*." (Where does the palm grow? the pine?) 4. Explain "The tumult and the shouting dies" (line 7). 5. Why is "an humble and a contrite heart" (line 10) called an ancient sacrifice? (See Psalm li, 17.)

6. What was "our pomp of yesterday" and why is it compared with Nineveh and Tyre (page 308, line 3)? 7. "Gentiles" (line 9) refers to all who do not believe in God; "lesser breeds without the Law" to less civilized races, who do not know God's law as given in the Bible. "The reeking tube" (line 14) is the cannon, reeking or emitting smoke and fumes;

the "iron shard" is a piece of broken bomb; "dust" refers to the old idea that man was formed "of the dust of the ground" (Genesis ii, 7). What then is meant by "valiant dust that *builds on dust*"? 8. "Guarding, calls not Thee to guard" (line 16) refers to the psalm, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain" (Psalm cxxvii, 1). 9. What is the special force of the phrase "Lest we forget," so often repeated, and what does it mean? 10. What was Mr. Kipling's object in writing these verses? 11. Memorize the poem.

Psalms xxix, cxxv, and many others also emphasize God's power as the protector of a nation that serves him. It will be interesting to compare this poem with Whittier's "Centennial Hymn" and Lanier's "Centennial Cantata," which were written for a great national celebration in America.

VI. NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN LITERATURE

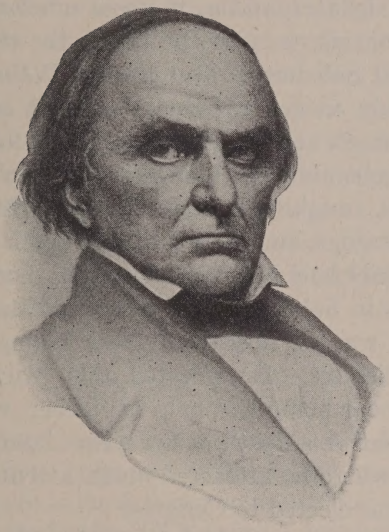
DANIEL WEBSTER

1782–1852

In an old brown farmhouse near the village of Salisbury, New Hampshire, somewhat above the highroad and on a hill which overlooks the valley of the Merrimac, was born, in 1782, the greatest of American orators, Daniel Webster. It was three months after the surrender of Cornwallis, and Captain Ebenezer Webster, the boy's father, had but recently returned from fighting in the Continental army under Washington. Captain Webster was a sturdy farmer, loved and respected by his neighbors, but poor in this world's goods and scarcely able by the utmost labor to get from his rocky hillside farm a living for his large family of children — of whom Daniel was the ninth.

Daniel soon grew into boyhood. He was a frail and somewhat sickly lad, not able to do full work on the farm, though the necessities of the family were such that he often worked beyond his strength. When he could not labor in the field he sawed logs at the mill — for his father had built a rude sawmill down by the creek, where, as he cleared his land, he turned the forest into lumber.

Young Daniel early read and reread the few good books which he found on the family bookshelf. The Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, and Addison were his daily food. He was so



Daniel Webster

eager to learn that his father determined to make every sacrifice to give him an education. So when he was about fourteen, it happened that he rode away one day behind his father on the back of the old farm horse to Phillips Academy at Exeter. After nine months at Exeter and some private tutoring he was able to enter Dartmouth College as a freshman in the autumn of 1797, and there distinguished himself as a speaker, debater, and as the best scholar in his class.

After graduating, in 1801, he began the study of law with an attorney at Salisbury. But Ezekiel Webster, his brother, was also trying to get an education, and after having well begun his course was unable to continue it for lack of money. His father could not help him any more, so Daniel deferred his own plans, taught school at Fryeburg, Maine, gave Ezekiel all his earnings, and helped him to finish his course.

When Ezekiel had been provided for, Daniel returned to his law study in Salisbury and completed it in Boston. His first practice was in Boscawen, New Hampshire, the town adjoining Salisbury. He selected this place in order that he might be near home and help his father, who was growing old. At his father's death, a few years later, he removed to Portsmouth, where he attracted much attention as a speaker and in 1813 was elected to Congress.

From that time until his death, in 1852, Webster was almost constantly in public life. At the close of his second term in Congress he declined reëlection, removed to Boston, and for a few years devoted himself to his law practice, winning during that time the celebrated Dartmouth College case against the state of New Hampshire. But he was soon elected to Congress from Massachusetts, and for thirty years thereafter served the nation as representative, senator, and Secretary of State. He was twice Secretary, once under William Henry Harrison and again under Fillmore. Several times he was urged for the presidency, but he made mistakes which cost him the nomination.

Webster's greatest speeches were the Oration upon the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, in 1820; the Address at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument (known as the First Bunker Hill Oration), in 1825; the Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, in 1826; and the Reply to Hayne in the United States Senate, in 1830.

As Webster became older he entirely outgrew the weakness of his earlier years and was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He was nearly six feet tall, with an enormous depth of chest, massive brows, dark, deep-set eyes, and hair as black as night. When he arose to speak he commanded instant attention, and his deep, wonderfully modulated voice thrilled his hearers beyond our power to realize. Those who saw him were awed by his presence. Carlyle called him "a parliamentary Hercules, whom one would back against the world."

BUNKER HILL

[About the year 1815 a number of patriotic gentlemen of Boston conceived the idea of a great monument on Breed's Hill (now called Bunker Hill), to mark the site of the first important battle of the Revolution. A society known as the Bunker Hill Monument Association was formed, subscriptions were received, and within ten years the plan was so far advanced that they were ready to build the monument. It was proposed to lay the corner stone on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle; that is, on June 17, 1825. The day arrived. Forty survivors of the battle had been found and assembled in Boston as the guests of the state of Massachusetts. Two hundred other Revolutionary veterans were also present. General Lafayette, who was at that time visiting in America, received a special invitation to assist in the ceremonies. A great procession moved from the statehouse, over Charlestown bridge to Bunker Hill. The old chaplain of Colonel Prescott's regiment, then far advanced in years, offered a prayer — as he had offered one on that morning fifty years before, when the colonial troops were going into action. In a cavity beneath the stone were placed maps and accounts of the battle,

specimens of Continental coins and currency, a piece of Plymouth Rock, copies of Boston newspapers, and various other interesting memorials; General Lafayette spread a trowelful of cement, and the stone was lowered to its place. Then, on the northern slope of the hill, before an audience of twenty thousand and upon a platform decorated with flags and banners, with Lafayette and the Revolutionary heroes beside him, Webster delivered his great oration. Our selection contains three extracts from it.]

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit. . . .

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You

are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying, the impetuous charge, the steady and successful repulse, the loud call to repeated assault, the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance, a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils, and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you! . . .

VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as

that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch forward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met, here, to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of an universal gratitude. . . .

May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Webster's life. 2. Describe the occasion upon which this speech was delivered. 3. What reasons does Webster give for the erection of Bunker Hill monument? 4. What difference in meaning is there between "not undistinguished," and "distinguished"? Which is the better expression here, and why? 5. Explain "among the pointed spires of so many temples." "Let it rise till it meet the sun," etc. Note this fine picture of the sun touching the tall shaft.

6. The orator now turns to the survivors of the battle and addresses them, personally. How many were present? About how old should you expect the youngest of them to be? 7. What two scenes are contrasted in the sentences that follow? Fix them firmly in mind. What does the change indicate regarding America? "Yonder proud ships," which the audience could easily see from where they were standing, were government vessels anchored in Charlestown Navy Yard.

8. The orator now turns to the two hundred Revolutionary veterans who were seated in another part of the platform. What battles of the Revolution does he mention? What thoughts would the mention of these names be likely to awaken in the minds of the veterans?

Other readings from Webster: Extracts from the Reply to Hayne and from the Plymouth Oration. Read also Holmes's "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle."

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

1782–1850

The same year that saw the birth of Webster marked also the coming of another great American orator, John C. Calhoun. He was born on Calhoun Creek, not far from Abbeville, South Carolina, and was of Scotch-Irish parentage, his father, Patrick Calhoun, being the leader of a small pioneer colony. There was no chance for the boy to go to school and few books for him to read, but when he was thirteen he spent a year in the family of an older sister in Georgia, and there he had a great awakening. His sister's husband, the Reverend Moses Waddell, had charge of a circulating library, which the boy first tasted and then straightway devoured. When he returned home he took up the farm life again, but he did not forget the vision which he had had of a broader life, and he determined to get an education.

At nineteen he went to school for the first time. It was a strange school and was kept by his brother-in-law, Dr. Waddell, who had then moved to Willington, on the Savannah River. The students lived in log houses in the woods and for the most part boarded themselves. At sunrise every morning Dr. Waddell came to the door of his log house and blew a horn. The boys answered with horns from their log houses and came to Dr. Waddell's for prayers. Then each received a chair marked with his name and went off into the woods to study. In cold weather bonfires were lighted, and at stated hours the boys came in for recitations.

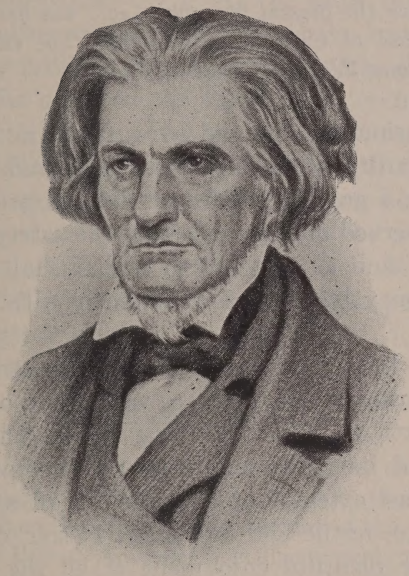
After two years at Willington, Calhoun was able to enter the junior class at Yale, graduating at the end of another

two years with high honors. He studied law at Litchfield, Connecticut, and later with an attorney at Charleston. He then opened an office in Abbeville and was soon elected to the legislature of South Carolina. From there it was but a step to Congress, which he entered in 1811, at the age of twenty-nine. In Congress Calhoun soon became one of the great debaters and the champion of the South. Webster was his strongest opponent, but though the two men clashed in many a debate they had the highest admiration for each other. Webster said of Calhoun:

> His power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. He had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character, and that was unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor.

Calhoun was striking in appearance. He was more than six feet tall, slender, erect, with somewhat harsh and angular features and piercing eyes, which, when he was angry, gleamed dangerously out from under his shaggy eyebrows. His hair was thick and bushy, his voice strong and somewhat shrill, his gestures stiff, his manner brusque and not trained to please. Yet he spoke with such clearness, such force and earnestness, that men were compelled to listen and to heed. His firmness gave him the name of the "cast-iron man."

Calhoun was made Secretary of War in Monroe's cabinet in 1817 and was urged for the presidency in 1824. After being defeated in convention he was elected vice president, serving one term with John Quincy Adams and a second term with Jackson. He was made Secretary of State under Tyler and was largely instrumental in securing the annexation of Texas. Among his most important speeches are those on the Tariff (1816), The Oregon Bill (1843), and Slavery (1850). This last speech was written when he was in failing health, shortly before his death, and was read in the Senate by a brother senator.



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John Caldwell Calhoun

PEACE

[This selection is from a speech on the Oregon question, delivered in the Senate, March 16, 1846. Both the United States and England claimed the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, from California north to Alaska. It was thought that war would result, but owing to the efforts of Calhoun and other advocates of peace a treaty was made in 1846, in which the present boundary (49°) was fixed. This extract contains only one of Calhoun's arguments. The entire speech may be found in Volume IV of his Complete Works.]

I am, on principle, opposed to war and in favor of peace because I regard peace as a positive good and war as a positive evil. As a good, I shall ever cling to peace, so long as it can be preserved consistently with the safety and honor of the country; and as opposed to war, I shall ever resist it, so long as it may be resisted consistently with the same considerations. . . .

Providence has given us an inheritance stretching across the entire continent, from east to west, from ocean to ocean, and from north to south, covering by far the greater and better part of its temperate zone. It comprises a region not only of vast extent, but abundant in all resources, excellent in climate, fertile and exuberant in soil, capable of sustaining in the plentiful enjoyment of all the necessaries of life a population of ten times our present number. Our great mission, as a people, is to occupy this vast domain, to convert the forests into cultivated fields, to drain the swamps and morasses and cover them with rich harvests, to build up cities, towns, and villages in every direction, and to unite the whole by the most rapid intercourse between all the parts. War would but impede the fulfillment of this high mission, by absorbing the means and diverting the energies which would be devoted to the purpose. On the contrary, secure peace; and time, under the guidance of a sagacious and cautious policy, will speedily accomplish the whole. Our population

is now increasing at the rate of about six hundred thousand annually — and is progressing with increased rapidity every year. At the end of the next twenty-five years it ought to reach to upwards of forty millions. With this vast increase it is rolling westwardly with a strong and deep current and will by the end of that period have spread from ocean to ocean. Its course is irresistible. . . . At the same rate we shall at the end of another twenty-five years have increased to upwards of eighty millions of people, when with one foot on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, and occupying a position between the eastern and the western coasts of the old continent, we shall be better able to control the commerce of both oceans and to exert an influence over both continents than any other country in the world. If we avoid war and adhere to peace, all this will be effected. . . . War may make us great, but let it never be forgotten that peace only can make us both great and free.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Calhoun's life. 2. Describe the circumstances under which this speech was delivered. 3. Describe the condition of the country west of the Mississippi River at the time of this speech. 4. The population of the United States was then about twenty millions. What do you think of the estimate that the land could support ten times as many? What is the present population? 5. What has been done toward performing the various things mentioned by Calhoun as being a part of our great mission? Note each clause separately. 6. Read carefully the last sentence, and explain how "peace only can make us both great and *free*."

WASHINGTON IRVING

1783–1859

At the end of the American Revolution, and just as the British soldiers were about to leave New York, the family of Mr. William Irving on William Street were rejoiced at the birth of a son, the eleventh child that had come into their home. This was on the third of April, 1783. As General Washington was then in the mind of every loyal American, and as the people of New York were then anxiously awaiting his entry into the city, what could be more natural in naming this boy than to call him Washington? At all events, that is the name his parents gave him — Washington Irving.

It is said that when the lad was about six years old, General Washington, then president of our new nation, happened to be in New York. The old Scotch nurse of the Irving family determined that the president should see his young namesake; so she followed the great man into a shop, leading young Washington Irving by the hand, and said, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." The president smiled, placed his hand on the boy's head, and gave him his blessing. He did not then suspect that in later years this same boy would write the greatest of his biographies, the "Life of Washington."

Young Irving grew up like most boys and was distinguished chiefly for his good nature and his happy disposition. He was fond of reading, but not of hard study, and though his father would have been glad to send him to college, he did not care to go. Instead, he read law in the office of a New York attorney and prepared to practice.

But about this time his health failed, and he was obliged to give up work. His friends urged him to go to Europe, thinking that the voyage might benefit him. He went, and remained abroad two years. When he came back he was well and strong again and began the practice of law in New York, writing during his leisure hours. It is interesting to remember that he was one of the lawyers employed at the trial of Aaron Burr in 1807.

He began his literary work by publishing, with a friend, a paper called *Salmagundi*, the purpose of which was to make fun of all the foolish things that were to be seen in New York society. This paper was very successful, and Irving followed it by writing a comic history of New York, which he pretended was written by an old gentleman named Knickerbocker, "a small, brisk-looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat." This gentleman, he said, had disappeared from the hotel where he had been living, and had left with his landlord the manuscript of this history because he could not pay his board bill. The history begins very seriously, and many readers went through a number of pages before they began to see that the writer of it was laughing at them.

Irving was never in a hurry about anything, and for more than five years he did not follow up his success by writing another book. Instead, he went into business with his brothers, but the War of 1812 and the hard times that followed it ruined their plans. During this time Irving went to England and for several years helped his brother Peter, who had charge of their English branch, but at length the business failed completely, and he then found that he must write in order to support himself.

So he went to London and wrote "The Sketch Book," which contains the now famous stories, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This was followed by "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveler." In

England he made friends with Scott and visited at Abbotsford. After some five years he went to Spain and lived for a time in that beautiful old Moorish ruin, "The Alhambra," at Granada. In Spain he wrote the "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," his first serious history, which brought him both fame and wealth. Then followed the "Conquest of Granada," "Spanish Voyages of Discovery," and "The Alhambra."

After seventeen years abroad Irving came back to America and made a journey over the Western prairies and mountains, writing the "Tour of the Prairies," "Astoria," and "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville." But he grew tired of this roving life, and in 1835, at the age of fifty-two, he bought an old Dutch farmhouse at Tarrytown on the Hudson (it was the old Van Tassel house mentioned in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow") and added wings and gables to it until he had made of it a beautiful home. He first called it "Wolfert's Roost," but afterwards it was known as "Sunnyside."

Irving never married, but he loved his brothers' children as if they had been his own, and here in this fine old country house he gathered them around him. In 1842, when Tyler was president and Daniel Webster was secretary of state, Irving was appointed United States ambassador to Spain. He accepted the post with some regret, remained abroad four years, and then came back to enjoy the home and friends that he had left. His last and perhaps greatest work was the "Life of Washington," which was published only a short time before his death, in 1859. During his later years he became a friend of both Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens wrote that he had upon his shelves, and in his thoughts, and in his heart of hearts everything that Irving had ever written, and that he cared more for Irving's praise than for that of any living man. Thackeray called him "the dear and good Washington Irving."

Washington Irving

We always think of Irving as a cheery, kind-hearted, fun-loving gentleman, a little old-fashioned perhaps, but thoroughly delightful — such a person as we should all like to know and with whom we should delight to talk.

RIP VAN WINKLE

[The story of Rip Van Winkle, probably the most popular of all Irving's tales, is from "The Sketch Book," which was published in 1820. It is here somewhat abridged.]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the Appalachian family and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives far and near as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers

standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. . . .

Rip was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. . . .

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. . . .

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a rubicund portrait of his

Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. . . .

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught. . . .

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution.

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!"

Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back and giving a low growl skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new

acquaintance, Rip complied, with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater new objects of wonder presented themselves. On the level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group

reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul and was soon tempted to repeat the draft. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

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On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He

recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep — the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woebegone party at ninepins, the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip, "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater, but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable

wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise and whenever they cast their eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this

was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. . . . A knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat demanded, in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know. He never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time and of matters which he could not understand: war, Congress, Stony Point — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old

Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Where have you been these twenty long years?"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

Introduction: 1. Give a sketch of Irving's life.

The scene of the story: 2. Locate on a map the Catskill Mountains (notice the old Dutch spelling, *Kaatskill*). Why are the mountains likened to barometers? 3. What figure is in "*clothed* in blue and purple"? in "*print* their bold outlines"? "*hood* of gray vapors"? "like a *crown* of glory"? What effect does this opening description have upon you, as you read it? 4. Why are the mountains called *fairy* mountains, and how does the word prepare you for the story that follows? 5. Describe the village. 6. Who was Peter Stuyvesant?

The characters: 7. What sort of character was Rip Van Winkle? 8. Discuss "a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use." 9. Why were the idlers called sages and philosophers? 10. Explain "rubicund portrait," "termagant," "call the members all to naught," "reciprocated the sentiment."

Rip's ramble and sleep: 11. What did Rip see from the summit of the mountain? 12. Define "herbage," "shagged," "*impending* cliffs." 13. Explain the figures in "*crowned* the brow of a precipice," "*lordly* Hudson," "*lagging* bark," "*sleeping* on its *glassy bosom*." 14. Notice the touch of loneliness given to the picture by the solitary crow winging its flight through the evening sky. What words in the description add to this effect? 15. Explain "vague apprehension," "usual alacrity," "amphitheater," "doublets," "visages," "weather-beaten countenance," "hanger," "shoes with *roses* in them," "Dominie." 16. In describing the seriousness of this pleasure party, Irving is making fun of the old Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam. 17. Define "uncouth," "lack-luster," "flagons," "quaffed." 18. Explain "reiterated his visits to the flagon."

The awakening: 19. How much time is supposed to have passed between the events spoken of in lines 29 and 30, page 331? 20. What figure of speech is in "wheeling"? 21. Define "woebegone," "roisters," "made shift." 22. Name the points in the description of Rip's awakening that show the passing of a long space of time. 23. Point out the chief figures of speech.

The return to the village and the recognition: 24. What changes in the village and the people showed the passage of time? 25. Define "misgave," "addled," "skulking." 26. What is the allusion in "unkind cut"? (See page 334, line 14.) 27. Was it his dog Wolf that Rip saw? Give reasons for your answer. 28. Notice the feeling of loneliness in the description of the deserted house. Explain "connubial fears." What feeling must Rip have had when he "called loudly for his wife and children"? 29. What important fact is hinted at in the difference between the old and the new signs on the tavern? 30. Explain "precise counterpart," "his own identity." 31. What was Rip's last question, and why did he leave it until the last?

General: 32. Point out in this selection examples of Irving's humor or love of fun. What do you think is the best of them? 33. Point out the descriptive passages that you like best. Compare Irving's style with that of Carlyle, of Macaulay, of Ruskin. What do you think especially distinguishes Irving from these?

Other readings from Irving: The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and The Specter Bridegroom from the "Sketch Book"; The Legend of the Arabian Astrologer from "The Alhambra."

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

1789–1851

Cooper was the earliest of our real American novelists. He wrote tales of Indians and trappers, of the forest, and of fighting on land and sea. He was the first to write a really good story of American life and to show the romance and heroism of the American pioneers.

Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789, the year in which Washington was elected first president of the United States. When the boy was a little more than a year old the Cooper family moved from New Jersey to central New York, which was then almost an unbroken forest, inhabited by Indians and wild beasts. Cooper's father had come into possession of a large tract of forest land around Otsego Lake, had made a clearing and founded a settlement which was known as Cooperstown. It was there that he took his family. Not long afterward he built among the trees by the shore of the lake a large mansion after the fashion of the manor houses of England and called it Otsego Hall.

Young Cooper's childhood was thus spent in the wilderness. He had books and a cultured home, with all the advantages that his father could give him, — for the elder Cooper was esteemed a wealthy man for those days, — but he was still in the midst of the forest, and his only friends, outside of the Hall, were trappers, woodsmen, and Indians. It is no wonder that he came to know the forest as few writers have known it, and that the descriptions with which he filled his books were true and sympathetic.

Cooperstown grew rapidly, and a school was soon established, in which the boy took his first schooling. Then he

was sent to Albany to prepare for college, and at thirteen went to Yale. Instead of graduating he decided to prepare for the navy, and at seventeen took his first step by shipping as common sailor on a merchantman bound for London, Gibraltar, and other foreign ports. The voyage lasted sixteen months. On his return his father, who was a member of Congress, secured an appointment for him as midshipman.

He served three years in the navy; then married, resigned his commission, and went back to New York to take care of his estates, living part of the time at the old home on Otsego Lake and part of the time near his wife's parents in Westchester County.

He had now reached the age of thirty and had never thought of writing stories. One day, at about this time, he was reading to Mrs. Cooper a new novel that had just come over from England. It did not please him. "I believe I could write a better story myself," he said, as he threw down the book.

"Why don't you try?" asked his wife.

It gave him a new thought. He *did* try. His first story was a novel of English life, and was very crude, but it taught him something, and he discovered that if a story writer would be successful he must write of things that he *knows*.

His second story was about just such things. The scene of it was laid in Westchester County, where he was then living, and the time was the Revolution, which was not yet so far distant that he could not find many men who had been through it and who could point out places and describe events. The hero of his tale was a spy named Harvey Birch, who, disguised as a peddler, passed through the British lines and obtained information that was of great service to the American army. Birch was a picture of a real character who, under another name, was well known in Westchester County during the Revolution. The book was called "The Spy." It

James Fenimore Cooper

was widely read both in England and America, and made its author's reputation.

For his next novel Cooper went back to the Indians and trappers and the great forest that he had known so well in his boyhood about Otsego Lake. This story was "The Pioneers." It was even more successful than "The Spy."

But there was still another kind of life that Cooper knew, and he determined to write a story about it. It was the life of the sea. So he wrote "The Pilot," which tells of cruising and fighting on board a man-of-war.

From that time on, Cooper devoted his life to the writing of fiction. He lived for a time in New York City, where he founded a club called the "Bread and Cheese Lunch," among the members of which were Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Morse the inventor, and other well-known men. Then he went to Europe and remained there seven years, honored everywhere as the "great American novelist" or the "American Scott."

When he returned, he wrote several books in which he tried to show Americans some of their faults. People are never fond of being criticized, and the result was that the newspapers turned about and began to criticize *him*. At this same time he wrote a "History of the United States Navy," in which he called things by their right names, and by doing so offended many. Instead of overlooking the attacks of his critics — which would have been the more sensible plan — he attacked them in turn and even sued them in the courts. He won his cases, too, but in doing it he stirred up enough ill-feeling to make him unhappy for the remainder of his life.

His last days were spent in the old home at Cooperstown, writing to the end. He wrote, in all, thirty-two stories. Aside from those already mentioned, the best are "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Prairie," and "Red Rover."

THE ESCAPE OF THE SPY

[The following selection is from "The Spy." Captain Lawton, with a detachment of British dragoons, has been on an expedition and is on his way to rejoin the main body of the British troops when suddenly Harvey Birch, the "spy," is discovered in his peddler's disguise.]

The gathering mists of the evening had begun to darken the valley as the detachment of Lawton made its reappearance. The march of the troops was slow, and their line extended, for the benefit of ease. In the front rode the captain, side by side with his senior subaltern, apparently engaged in close conference. . . .

Suddenly the captain exclaimed, "What animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 'tis a dromedary!" added the captain, eying it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed, "Harvey Birch! take him, dead or alive!"

Only Mason and a few of the leading dragoons understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with their lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race. . . .

For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of the danger, and his legs refusing their natural and necessary office. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and the wood, his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by

him but a short distance on his left and cut him off from this place of refuge.

The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay now became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them, when a man at a short distance in the rear crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting, "Harvey Birch! take him, dead or alive!"

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and he was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution. . . .

These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He again fled. A fragment of a wall fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier, before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side.

Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill, on whose summit was a place of perfect security.

The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to

his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men and the thundering tread of the horse too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger.

"Stop, or die!" was uttered above his head and in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder and saw within a bound of him the man whom he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Then the horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors; and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil. All the wrongs of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon in the air; in the next, it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

"Help Captain Lawton, there!" cried Mason, as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men; "and some of you dismount with me and search these rocks."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited captain, raising himself with difficulty on his feet; "if one of you dismount, he dies. Tom, my good fellow, you will help me to straddle Roanoke again."

The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they rode.

"You are much hurt, I fear," said Mason, with something of condolence, as they reëntered the highway.

"Something so, I do believe," replied the captain, catching his breath; "I wish our bonesetter was at hand to examine into the state of my ribs." . . .

"Captain Lawton," said the orderly, riding to the side of his commanding officer, "we are now passing the house of the peddler spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed sergeant. "Are you an incendiary? Would you burn a house in cold blood? Let but a spark approach, and the hand that carries it will never light another."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Cooper's life. 2. From what book is this story taken, and when and where are the events supposed to have occurred? 3. Who was Harvey Birch? 4. Explain "their line extended, for the benefit of ease." 5. Define "subaltern," "dragoon." 6. Explain "by his hump 'tis a dromedary." 7. Why did Birch try to get between his pursuers and the wood? 8. Define and give the origin of "stentorian." 9. Was it natural for Birch to spare Captain Lawton's life? How do you account for it? What was the result?

Perhaps the best of Cooper's books for reading through are "The Deerslayer" and "The Last of the Mohicans."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794–1878

Bryant was the poet of nature — of woods and wild flowers and running brooks and singing birds. He loved to be out of doors, to feel the wind in his face, to hear the song of the bobolink, and to wander alone in the forest. He was the oldest of our great American poets and was born in a log farmhouse in Cummington, up among the mountains of western Massachusetts, in 1794, when the United States had but just begun as a nation and when Washington was president.

Bryant's father was a doctor and taught the boy a great deal about flowers and plants and something about music and poetry. His mother was a strong and good woman who spun the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the clothes for all the family, besides making the carpets, the candles, the soap, and most of the other things that were needed about the house. She also taught the children to read and write and to hate everything that was mean and low. When young Cullen was four years old he began to go to school, and when he was eight he commenced writing verse. It was not remarkably good verse, to be sure, but he kept writing because he liked the rime and the measured beat of the lines, and before many years he was writing real poetry.

Near the schoolhouse was a brook, where he used to pick wild flowers. Years afterward he went back and sat beside it and wrote his poem "The Rivulet," describing his feelings when he played there as a boy.

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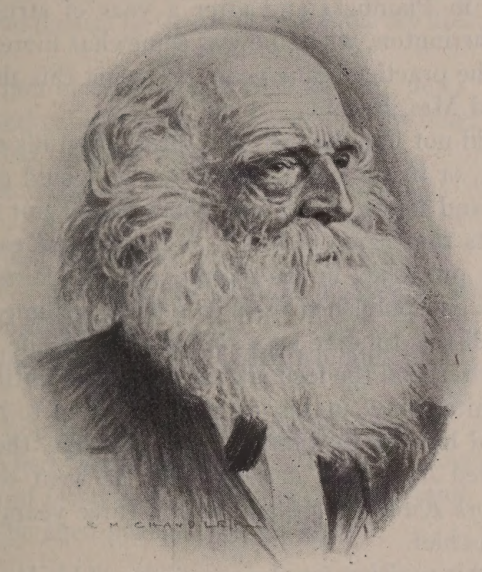
When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west

The warmer breezes, traveling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

At thirteen he had one of his poems printed and sold a number of copies. This was better than his first poem and was rather remarkable for a boy of his age.

When Bryant had acquired all the learning that could be had at the district school, — working on the farm outside of school hours, and doing his reading at night before the open fire, — he began to prepare for college. In this he was assisted by a neighboring clergyman at whose house he boarded for one dollar a week, with instruction thrown in. At sixteen he took an examination for entrance into Williams College, — which was not far distant from his home, — and so well did he do his work that he was able to enter college as a sophomore. He remained at Williams only two terms, and hoped then to enter Yale; but the farm had not yielded much that year and his father could not find the money for his college expenses.

This was a sad time for Bryant. It seemed like the giving up of all his hopes. His despondency was increased by ill-health, and while this spell was upon him it is supposed that he wrote the poem "Thanatopsis" which means "A looking upon death." It is not a cheerful poem, but it has a grand, majestic sweep that entitles it to a place among the great poems of America. No real poetry had then been written on this side of the Atlantic; and literary men could not believe that there was any one in America who could write it — least of all a boy of eighteen. "Thanatopsis" was not published until several years after it had been written.



William Cullen Bryant

Under all these discouragements the young poet fought his way. He at length decided that if he could not continue at college he would study law. So he went into the office of a country lawyer in Cummington, and there worked hard and earnestly. When he had passed his examinations and was admitted to practice in the courts, he opened a little office of his own in Plainfield and after a year of struggle, went to Great Barrington, where he was somewhat more successful and where he practiced nine years. During this time he met and married Mrs. Bryant.

But he did not like the law, and often when his day's work at the desk, or in the court, was done, he would go out into the woods and fields, alone, and there would put into verse the thoughts that came to him. Some of these early nature poems were published in the *North American Review*. Later he collected and published them in a small volume.

During all this time he kept feeling that his life should be that of a writer, and the feeling grew upon him until at thirty-one he definitely gave up his law practice, went to New York, and devoted himself to writing. He was, first, the editor of the shortlived *New York Review;* then he went to work for the *New York Evening Post*, and within three years was made its editor-in-chief.

He held this position for the remainder of his long life, — a period of more than fifty years, — and made his paper one of the strongest and most influential in the country. He also became a leader in political as well as literary affairs; but throughout his entire life he loved to escape, when he could, from the rush of his daily work and refresh himself with the reading and writing of poetry. His last important work was the translation of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey" into blank verse. This was done after he was seventy years of age.

Bryant's poetry is for the most part quiet and thoughtful. Nature seemed not only to show him beautiful pictures but to inspire him to live more nobly. He called her his teacher.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN[1]

[Along the roadsides and in the meadows, during the late autumn, the blue gentian holds out its delicately fringed cup to catch the last warm sunshine of the year. It is a flower that Bryant loved, and he here tells us of his feeling toward it. It does not come with the violets nor the columbines. But when all other flowers are gone, and the woods are bare, and the birds have flown, and the frost is on the grass, this little flower looks up through its fringes, as blue as the sky itself.]

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

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QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell briefly what you know of Bryant — his boyhood, education, and later life. 2. Where and when does the fringed gentian bloom? If possible, have one before you as you read the poem. 3. At what time of the day does the gentian open? How does the poet express this? 4. Explain "the *aged* year." What shows that the end of the year is near? 5. Notice that "quiet" is used a second time in line 13, page 351, as if the poet wished to strengthen the feeling of quietness and peace which pervades the entire poem. 6. What is the "cerulean wall" mentioned in line 16? Define "cerulean." 7. In the last stanza what "hope" does the poet have when he thinks of death? 8. Memorize the poem.

Other autumn poems: Bryant's "The Death of the Flowers," Longfellow's "The Rainy Day," Frank Dempster Sherman's "Goldenrod," George Arnold's "September" and "September Days," Dinah Mulock Craik's "October," Cowper's "The Cricket," Wordsworth's "Nutting," Jones Very's "October," and "The Latter Rain," Cooper's "Bob White," Thomas Moore's "The Last Rose of Summer," Tabb's "Indian Summer," John H. Bryant's "Indian Summer," Whittier's "Indian Summer," "The Huskers," and the "Corn Song," Riley's "When the Frost is on the Punkin," Alice Cary's "November," and "Faded Leaves," R. H. Stoddard's "November," E. C. Stedman's "Autumn Song," "The Little Leaves," and "The Flight of the Birds."

TO A WATERFOWL

[This beautiful poem was composed during a walk from Cummington to Plainfield, Massachusetts, in the early winter of 1815. Bryant had been disappointed in finishing his college course, had read law, instead, and now was going to Plainfield to begin his work as a lawyer. But he was uncertain of himself; he did not know whether he wanted to be a lawyer after all; he thought he would rather write, if the way were open. He was uncertain also of his health. The world looked big and hard, and he felt lonely and ill prepared to face it. As he walked, twilight settled upon the earth, and looking up he saw a wild duck that had been separated from its fellows and was winging its way through the sky. It seemed like himself, alone, wandering from home through a limitless

expanse! But an unseen Power was guiding it, and he felt that there were in store for it days of joy and comradeship.]

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Explain the circumstances under which this poem was written and the similarity between the bird and the poet. 2. In the first stanza, what phrases tell the time of day? 3. Explain the figure in "last steps of day." 4. Why could the fowler do the bird no harm? 5. Note the fine figure, "As, darkly painted on the crimson sky, thy figure floats along." What does this suggest? 6. Explain "plashy brink" (note the harmony between the sound and meaning in *plashy*), "chafed ocean side," "pathless coast," "desert and illimitable air." 7. What is the difference between wandering and being lost?

8. Why is the atmosphere called thin? 9. Note the sharp contrast between the fifth and sixth stanzas. Explain "the abyss of heaven." 10. What is the figure in "swallowed up"? How else might this sentence be expressed? Can you find any other expression so strong or satisfactory? 11. What is "the lesson thou hast given"? 12. Explain "certain flight." 13. How was Bryant's faith in God justified in his own life? 14. Point out examples of alliteration in this poem. 15. Name the figures of speech. 16. Select passages that you like best. 17. Memorize the poem.

Other readings from Bryant: "Thanatopsis," "Sella," "The Evening Wind," "Hymn to the North Star."

Read also Celia Thaxter's "The Sandpiper" and Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness."

EDWARD EVERETT

1794–1865

When Daniel Webster was studying law in Boston, he once helped his brother Ezekiel for a short time in the teaching of a private school. Among the pupils was a boy named Edward Everett, the son of a Dorchester clergyman; this boy became in later years an orator scarcely less distinguished than Webster himself, and was one of Webster's warmest personal friends.

Young Everett's father had recently died and the boy was working hard to obtain an education. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, entered Harvard at thirteen, the youngest member of his class, and graduated four years later with the highest honors. Thinking to follow his father's profession, he then studied theology and in 1813 became pastor of the Brattle Street Church, where his eloquence and charm of manner attracted large congregations. After a two years' pastorate he was offered the professorship of Greek literature at Harvard and was allowed four years of foreign travel and study to prepare himself. This position he accepted, and while at Harvard lived for a time in the old Craigie house, later famed as the home of Longfellow. During his professorship he was also editor of the *North American Review*.

Everett was already known as a brilliant orator, and in 1824 was elected to Congress, where he served ten years. Then he was made governor of Massachusetts and three times reëlected, losing his fourth reëlection by a single vote. President William H. Harrison next appointed him ambassador

to England, and upon the conclusion of his term of office he returned to this country and was made president of Harvard University.

At the death of Webster in 1852 Everett succeeded him as Secretary of State, and upon retiring from that position entered the Senate. He was one of the Republican electors in 1864, and his last political act was to cast his electoral vote for Lincoln's reëlection.

Everett did not have the natural gifts of Webster or Clay or Calhoun, but what he lacked in force he made up in scholarship, judgment, and good taste. He was the highest type of a cultured gentleman of the old school; and his fine face, his noble figure, his full, clear voice, were well fitted to the graceful style of oratory in which he excelled.

DAWN

[Upon the opening of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, August 28, 1856, Everett gave an address on the Uses of Astronomy, containing this fine description of dawn. Notice that he is describing something so beautiful as to be worth going miles to see, yet so common that we can see it almost any morning.]

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night, — the sky was without a cloud, — the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers,

far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hilltops of Central Asia and ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of the author of this address. 2. Where and when was the address delivered? Notice that the description is

not of a fixed scene, but of one which is constantly changing. First the cloudless summer night, with the moon and planets moving through the sky; then the approach of twilight, the fading of the stars, faint streaks of color in the east, a gradual lightening of the heavens, until at length the sun bursts above the horizon and makes the dewdrops glisten like jewels. If you think these colors unnatural, watch the sunrise for a few mornings and see how many more you will discover.

3. Does the clank of the train add to the effect or detract from it? Why? 4. Explain "the winds were whist," "the moon . . . *in the last quarter*," "spectral luster," "Jupiter," "herald of the day." 5. What are the Pleiades, and what allusion is there in "shed their sweet influence" (see Job 38:31)? 6. What is Lyra? Andromeda? Explain "veiled her newly discovered glories from the *naked* eye." (With a telescope new stars had recently been discovered in this constellation. What *is* a constellation?)

7. What are "the steady pointers," and who is "their sovereign"? 8. What is the force of "timid" in line 4, page 357? What figure in "like little children," etc.? 9. Explain "the sister-beams of the Pleiades melted together." 10. What figure in "hands of angels," etc.? in "shut up their holy eyes"? in "blushed"? 11. Study the phrases and explain when necessary: "celestial concave," "inflowing tides," "ocean of radiance," "flash of purple fire," "dewy teardrops," "gates of the morning," "lord of day," "began his state."

12. Who were the ancient Magians, and what is meant by "the morning of the world"? What did the Magians worship? 13. Why did not the speaker wonder at their superstition? 14. What thought did the glory and beauty of the dawn bring to Everett?

Other readings from Everett: extracts from the orations on Bunker Hill (1850), the Death of Webster (1852), the Character of Washington (1856), The Battle of Bloody Brook, — King Philip (1835).

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

1796–1859

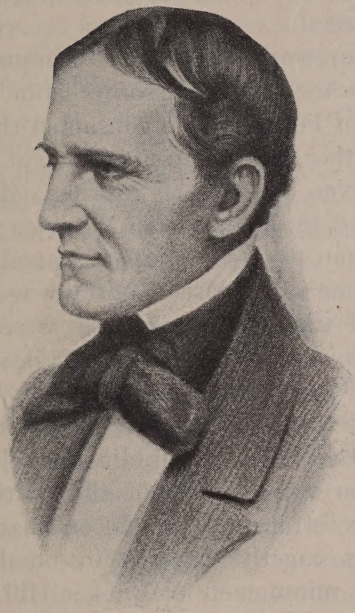
Every reader of American history knows of Colonel Prescott, who commanded the minutemen at Bunker Hill, but not every reader knows that he was the grandfather of Prescott the historian. The son of Colonel Prescott, and father of the historian, was also a distinguished man in his day — a lawyer of Salem and of Boston, and in later life a judge. So when his son William Hickling Prescott came into the world, he had an ancestry that laid upon him some responsibility for keeping up the family reputation.

William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem in the spring of 1796. He was a bright, handsome child; his parents were wealthy and devoted to him; he had the advantages of a cultured home and of the best teachers that could be obtained. At fifteen he entered Harvard and at once became exceedingly popular. He was active, manly, full of fun, and there was a kindliness and cheer about him that made every one his friend. During his junior year, however, an accident occurred which if he had been made of weaker stuff, would have wrecked his life. One night at dinner in the college commons a boisterous student hurled a hard piece of bread across the table, striking young Prescott in the open eye, destroying the sight of it, and giving him such a shock that he was ill for weeks. When he recovered he went cheerfully on with his work, making the most of the eye that remained, though his physician warned him to be very careful of it or he would lose the sight of that too. He graduated the next year and began the study of law in his father's office in Boston, but his right eye — the good

one — began to trouble him, and he soon found himself totally blind. By living in a darkened room he recovered in a measure the use of the right eye, and as it became stronger he was sent to the Azores to visit his mother's family — for his grandfather Hickling was then consul at that place. It was hoped that the change and out-of-door life would improve his general health and thus help his eyesight. He enjoyed a few days of his new life in the Azores; then found himself again in darkness. But he kept his courage, sang songs, joked with his cousins, and took daily exercise by walking back and forth in a darkened room, thrusting out his arms to keep from running into the walls. Then he went to London to consult a specialist and was told that with care he might use his eye a little every day.

After traveling over the Continent and visiting Paris, Florence, and Rome, he returned home and continued his studies. This was made possible through the help of his sister, who read to him nearly eight hours each day. He went out into society and made himself welcome everywhere by his unfailing gayety, wit, and good-nature. At twenty-four he married and determined to devote his life to literature. He had no thought of giving up. To perfect his style he spent six years in listening six to eight hours a day to readings from the best English writers and in making himself more thoroughly familiar with Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish literature, read to him in the original tongues. He trained himself to remember the important points in what was read to him, and with bandaged eyes made notes in pencil, guiding his hand along the lines by means of a series of fine wires.

At thirty he decided to write a history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. He sent to Spain for books treating of those times. Rare books and manuscripts that he could not buy or borrow he had copied for him in parts, by hand. After collecting several hundred volumes bearing upon his subject he hired a secretary who could read Spanish, and began his



William Hickling Prescott

preparation. Three and a half years were spent in the reading and study of these sources of information, before he began to write. Then, as he wrote, he found that he must investigate still other sources. With infinite patience, slighting nothing, hurrying over nothing, he continued his task, and in ten years from the time that he began to read for "Ferdinand and Isabella" the book was ready for publication. It was immediately successful.

He next began work upon the "Conquest of Mexico," which took five years of the same sort of labor. Then followed the "Conquest of Peru," which consumed three years more. Each day the author took a horseback ride at sunrise, devoted an average of seven hours to his reading and writing, walked several miles, and by his physician's advice was allowed the use of his eye about *thirty-five minutes*, scarcely more than five minutes at a time. His last important work was "Philip the Second," of which three volumes were published, but which was not finished at the time of his death, in 1859.

On the wall of Prescott's library, over his books, were two crossed swords. One was that of his grandfather, Colonel Prescott; the other, that of Captain Linsee, Mrs. Prescott's grandfather, who was captain of the British sloop-of-war *Falcon*, and who, strangely enough, on that seventeenth of June, 1775, was eagerly engaged in bombarding Colonel Prescott and his minutemen on Bunker Hill. These swords represent a certain kind of bravery which it is good to have, but Prescott the historian had a different and a higher kind. He was all his life fighting to do a worthy work, under a great handicap, and he did it with a cheerfulness and confidence which are a lesson to all men.

THE DISCOVERY OF PERU

[In 1524 Pizarro, then at Panama, began to be attracted by stories of a great and wealthy native empire to the south. With the aid of two friends and the consent of the governor, he set out to find it, but his

first expedition was a failure. Two years later he tried again, sailing down the Pacific coast and exploring the country along the shore. After great hardships he landed on the island of Gallo and sent back his companion, Almagro, for more men. The undertaking seemed so hopeless that instead of sending men the Spanish governor of Panama sent an officer to bring back Pizarro and his companions. Pizarro would not come. With his sword he drew a line in the sand and said, "On that side lie toil, hunger, thirst, sickness, and every kind of danger, but also the chance of glory and heroic achievement." Then he stepped over the line. Thirteen of his companions also stepped over it, indicating that they would follow him; the rest went back. But Almagro had obtained another ship at Panama and came to Pizarro's assistance. Together they sailed as far south as the Gulf of Guayaquil. At that point they took several natives, together with evidences of the country's wealth, and returned to Panama, whence Pizarro went to Spain and told his story to King Charles the Fifth. The king authorized him to return and conquer the country, making him governor of it, in the name of Spain. With this authority Pizarro raised an army, returned to Panama, and in 1531 set sail again for Peru. This selection is from the "Conquest of Peru."]

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At length the adventurous vessel rounded the point of St. Helena and glided smoothly into the waters of the beautiful gulf of Guayaquil. The country was here studded along the shore with towns and villages, though the mighty chain of the Cordilleras, sweeping up abruptly from the coast, left but a narrow strip of emerald verdure, through which numerous rivulets, spreading fertility around them, wound their way into the sea.

The voyagers were now abreast of some of the most stupendous heights of this magnificent range — Chimborazo, with its broad, round summit towering like the dome of the Andes, and Cotopaxi, with its dazzling cone of silvery white, that knows no change except from the action of its own volcanic fires — for this mountain is the most terrible of the American volcanoes and was in formidable activity at no great distance from the period of our narrative. Well pleased

with the signs of civilization that opened on them at every league of their progress, the Spaniards at length came to anchor off the island of Santa Clara, lying at the entrance of the bay of Tumbez.

As they drew near they beheld a town of considerable size, with many of the buildings, apparently of stone and plaster, situated in the bosom of a fruitful meadow, which seemed to have been redeemed from the sterility of the surrounding country by careful and minute irrigation. When at some distance from shore, Pizarro saw standing towards him several large balsas, which were found to be filled with warriors going on an expedition against the island of Puna. Running alongside of the Indian flotilla, he invited some of the chiefs to come on board of his vessel. The Peruvians gazed with wonder on every object which met their eyes, and especially on their own countrymen, whom they had little expected to meet there. The latter informed them in what manner they had fallen into the hands of the strangers, whom they described as a wonderful race of beings, that had come thither for no harm but solely to be made acquainted with the country and its inhabitants.

The people of Tumbez were gathered along the shore and were gazing with unutterable amazement on the floating castle, which now having dropped anchor, rode lazily at its moorings in their bay. They eagerly listened to the accounts of their countrymen and instantly reported the affair to the *curaca* or ruler of the district, who, conceiving that the strangers must be beings of a superior order, prepared at once to comply with their request. It was not long before several balsas were seen steering for the vessel, laden with bananas, plantains, yuca, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pine-apples, coconuts, and other rich products of the bountiful vale of Tumbez. Game and fish, also, were added, with a number of llamas, of which Pizarro had seen the rude drawings belonging to Balboa, but of which till now he had met with no

living specimen. He examined this curious animal, the Peruvian sheep — or, as the Spaniards called it, the "little camel" of the Indians — with much interest, greatly admiring the mixture of wool and hair which supplied the natives with the materials for their fabrics.

On the day following, the Spanish captain sent one of his own men, named Alonso de Molina, on shore, accompanied by a negro who had come in the vessel from Panama, together with a present for the *curaca* of some swine and poultry, neither of which were indigenous to the New World. Towards evening his emissary returned with a fresh supply of fruits and vegetables, that the friendly people sent to the vessel. Molina had a wondrous tale to tell. On landing he was surrounded by the natives, who expressed the greatest astonishment at his dress, his fair complexion, and his long beard. Their surprise was equally great at the complexion of his sable companion. They could not believe it was natural, and tried to rub off the imaginary dye with their hands. As the African bore all this with characteristic good-humor, displaying at the same time his rows of ivory teeth, they were prodigiously delighted. The animals were no less above their comprehension; and when the cock crew, the simple people clapped their hands and inquired what he was saying.

Molina was then escorted to the residence of the *curaca*, whom he found living in much state, with porters stationed at his doors and with a quantity of gold and silver vessels, from which he was served. He was then taken to different parts of the Indian city, saw a fortress built of rough stone and though low, spreading over a large extent of ground. Near this was a temple; and the Spaniard's description of its decorations, blazing with gold and silver, seemed so extravagant that Pizarro, distrusting his whole account, resolved to send a more discreet and trustworthy emissary on the following day.

The person selected was Pedro de Candia, the Greek cavalier mentioned as one of the first who intimated his intention to

share the fortunes of his commander. He was sent on shore dressed in complete mail, as became a good knight, with his sword by his side and his arquebus on his shoulder. The Indians were even more dazzled by his appearance than by Molina's, as the sun fell brightly on his polished armor and glanced from his military weapons. They had heard much of the formidable arquebus from their townsmen who had come in the vessel, and they besought Candia "to let it speak to them." He accordingly set up a wooden board as a target, and taking deliberate aim, fired off the musket. The flash of the powder and the startling report of the piece, as the board, struck by the ball, was shivered into splinters, filled the natives with dismay. Some fell on the ground, covering their faces with their hands.

They then showed him the same hospitable attentions which they had paid to Molina; and his description of the marvels of the place, on his return, fell nothing short of his predecessor's. The fortress, which was surrounded by a triple row of wall, was strongly garrisoned. The temple he described as literally tapestried with plates of gold and silver. Adjoining this structure was a sort of convent appropriated to the Inca's destined brides, who manifested great curiosity to see him. Whether this was gratified is not clear; but Candia described the gardens of the convent, which he entered, as glowing with imitations of fruits and vegetables all in pure gold and silver! The town was well supplied with water by numerous aqueducts, and the fruitful valley in which it was embosomed, and the ocean which bathed its shores, supplied ample means of subsistence to a considerable population.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Prescott's life. 2. Tell of Pizarro's former efforts to explore Peru. 3. Locate on a map the Gulf of Guayaquil, Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, Puna (Tumbez was on the coast almost directly south of Puna). 4. Define "Cordilleras," "balsa," "curaca," "yuca," "llama."

5. What impression do you gain of Peru from the opening description? 6. How did the countrymen of the Peruvians, line 16, page 364, happen to be with Pizarro? 7. What truth was there in their statement that the Spaniards came to do no harm? 8. Define "indigenous," "sable," "prodigiously," "emissary," "arquebus," "Inca," "aqueducts."

9. From this description what do you think was the character of the Peruvians? 10. What right had the Spaniards to conquer Peru? 11. Select the paragraphs that are chiefly descriptive and those that are chiefly narrative. Which seem to you the stronger? 12. A historian's great strength is in making his readers see a picture vividly and accurately. How well does Prescott do this in the present selection?

Other readings from Prescott: The Return of Columbus to Spain, in "Ferdinand and Isabella," The Entrance of Cortes into the City of Mexico, in the "Conquest of Mexico," Pizarro's Line in the Sand, and the Embassy to the Inca, from the "Conquest of Peru."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

1804–1864

On the Fourth of July in the year 1804 the old town of Salem, Massachusetts, was gay with flags and banners and noisy with the booming of cannon. Independence Day was being celebrated in the usual manner; but Captain Hawthorne and his wife, in their old frame house on Union Street, felt that day like doing a little extra celebrating, for a boy had just been born to them.

Captain Hawthorne was a sailor and commanded one of those merchant ships that used to go out from the wharves of Salem to all the great ports of the world in the days when Salem was a famous seaport and before the neighboring city of Boston had outgrown it and taken away its trade.

This boy of Captain Hawthorne's was named Nathaniel, and for four uneventful years he lived with his sister and his gentle mother in the old house on Union Street, until one day news came that his father had been stricken with a fever, in a foreign port, and had died there, far from home. Another little sister came into the family the same year, and the mother and the three children all went to live with their grandfather Manning in a tall old gray house not far away.

Nathaniel was a handsome boy, with large deep eyes and a thoughtful face. He loved to read, but he also loved all outdoor sports and was skilled in them. When he was fourteen the family went up into the woods of Maine, on the borders of Sebago Lake. Here Nathaniel spent his time tramping through the forest or skating by moonlight on the

lake, or building camp fires and sitting beside them till he fell asleep. He says that he did a great deal of reading meanwhile, and that his favorite books were Shakespeare and "Pilgrim's Progress."

After a year in the Maine woods he went back to Salem, where he studied for a time under a private teacher and entered Bowdoin College in the same class with Longfellow and with Franklin Pierce, who afterwards became president of the United States.

After graduating from Bowdoin, in 1825, Hawthorne again returned to Salem and for more than twelve years lived with his mother and sister in the old house which his grandfather had left them. He passed his days shut up in his room, writing and reading. Most of the things he wrote did not please him; so he burned them and began again. At dusk each evening he would go out and take a solitary walk, generally along the seashore. He once said that he doubted if during those years there were twenty people in Salem who were aware of his existence.

But after a time some of his stories found their way into the magazines, and with the help of a college friend they were collected and published in a book called "Twice-Told Tales." Longfellow was at that time writing for the *North American Review*, and was one of the first to praise the book and to bring it into notice.

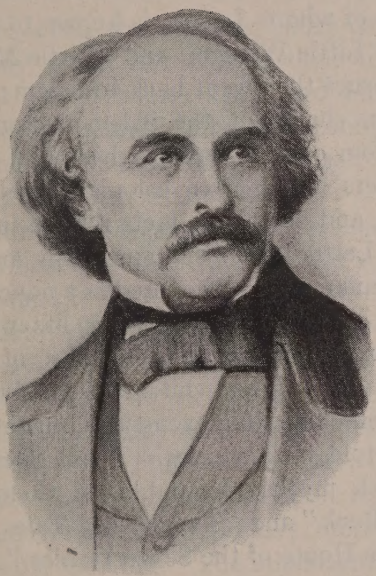
Near the Hawthornes in Salem lived at that time the Peabodys, a family in which there were three young women daughters. Sophia, the youngest, was an artist. She had read Hawthorne's stories without knowing who their author was; and she became so much interested in them that she made a sketch of one of the characters whom she especially liked. Not long after this the acquaintance between the Hawthornes and the Peabodys was renewed, — for it seems the families had known one another in the years before Captain Hawthorne's death, — and a little later it was

announced that young Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody were to be married.

Hawthorne now began to see that he must earn more than his magazine stories and his book were paying him; accordingly he found employment in the Boston customhouse, where he weighed bales of cotton and barrels of sugar by day and wrote stories by night. It was during this time that he wrote his book of true stories from New England history, called "Grandfather's Chair."

But change soon occurred in the government of the customhouse, and Hawthorne lost his position. He had heard that a company of educated people were starting a large farm near West Roxbury, where every one was to work with his hands a part of each day and have plenty of time for reading and study. All were to live together like one great family and share everything equally. It was called Brook Farm. This seemed to Hawthorne an admirable plan, and he at once joined the company, spending one season in plowing and cultivating, milking cows, hoeing potatoes, and doing all sorts of farm work. He enjoyed it and made a good farmer, but he found that if the farm was to be kept up there would be no time left to read or study; for some of the company did not like to soil their hands with farm work, and others hardly knew a spade from a pitchfork. They were willing to let Hawthorne and a few others do the farming while they did the reading, but that was a division of labor not altogether pleasing to the young man. Afterwards he wrote a book, "The Blithedale Romance," which told something of life at Brook Farm.

In 1842 Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody were married and went to live at Concord, Massachusetts, in an old house not far from Concord Bridge, where, you will remember, one of the first fights of the American Revolution took place. This house had formerly been the home of the village minister and was known as the Old Manse. It had also been occupied by



Nathaniel Hawthorne

Emerson. The Old Manse is still standing — a fine old-fashioned hip-roofed house at the end of a long avenue of trees, almost buried in foliage. In it the Hawthornes spent four happy years. Their eldest child was born there, and there Hawthorne wrote another book of short stories, which he called "Mosses from an Old Manse." Emerson was a neighbor, and near by lived Thoreau and Dr. Alcott and his daughters, one of whom Louisa, is known to young people as the author of "Little Women" and "Little Men."

The Hawthornes then went back to Salem; for Hawthorne had been given charge of the Salem customhouse. In an unused storeroom of that building he found one day an old bundle of papers dating from colonial times, which greatly interested him, and out of the facts related in them he wrote "The Scarlet Letter." This, more than any of his other books, made him known and honored as a novelist.

Perhaps the happiest period of his life was the year he spent at Lenox, among the mountains of western Massachusetts, with his wife and children. He lived out of doors, took the children on nutting excursions, made kites and boats for them, and told them stories. These stories were chiefly about the Greek myths; he published them afterwards in "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." In Lenox he also wrote "The House of the Seven Gables."

His college classmate Pierce had now become president, and appointed Hawthorne consul or representative of the United States at Liverpool. After several years in Liverpool and several more spent in traveling through Europe, where he wrote "The Marble Faun," Hawthorne returned to Concord and settled in the old Alcott house, called The Wayside, which he had bought before he went to Europe. In the spring of 1864, his health began to fail. Thinking that a journey would benefit him, he set forth, but it was a hard experience. The friend with whom he was traveling died on the journey, and Hawthorne himself did not live to return.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

[This story was included in the volume called "The Snow Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales," published in 1851. The idea of the face was suggested by the so-called "Old Man of the Mountain" in Franconia Notch of the White Mountains.]

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan,

had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest. The purport was that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands and more with his loving heart. In this manner he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine

that those vast features recognized him and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth.

And when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley and resolved to go back thither and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

In due time the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay was at length to be made manifest.

While the boy was still gazing up the valley, the rumbling of wheels was heard. A carriage drawn by four horses

dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last."

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books and a better life than could be molded on the defaced example of other human lives.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which

was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley many years before had enlisted as a soldier, and after a great deal of hard fighting had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. His old neighbors and their grown-up children were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared.

On the day of the great festival Ernest with all the other people of the valley left their work and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods shut in by the surrounding trees except where a vista opened eastward and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face. And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him, — "fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been

talking with the angels and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived.

But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath and obscure the natural daylight with it. In good truth he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

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While his friends were doing their best to make him president, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the

boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

Now it must be owned that at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic — of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Ernest turned away, melancholy and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouche swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs

and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten; for the poet had celebrated it in an ode which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now, as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad and in the decline

of the afternoon alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. With his carpetbag on his arm he inquired where Ernest dwelt and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read and then with a finger between the leaves looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest.

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading. "You have read these poems," said he. "You know me then — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities."

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality

and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draft. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,—

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell something of Hawthorne's life. 2. Describe the Great Stone Face. This story covers the entire life of Ernest and may be divided into four parts.

(a) *Boyhood. The Coming of Gathergold.* 3. Note that the story is poetic. Though not in verse form it is rhythmical. Find sentences that illustrate this. 4. Alliteration is sometimes used; find examples. 5. The language is figurative. Explain the figures in "where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace," etc.; "It seemed as if . . . had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice." 6. In what way did Ernest spend his boyhood, and how did the Great Stone

Face become his teacher? 7. What does Gathergold's name tell of his character? In what other stories are the names descriptive (see "Pilgrim's Progress")? 8. Note how the word "rumbling" conveys the sound of wheels. Find other words that have the sound of the things they represent. 9. Explain the figure in "Midas-hand." 10. Why did the people think that Gathergold looked like the Great Stone Face? Contrast the faces of the two.

(b) *Young Manhood. The Coming of Old Blood-and-Thunder.* 11. How did Ernest spend his young manhood, and what peculiarity did the people notice in him? 12. Explain "molded on the defaced example of other human lives." Define "discredited." 13. Explain "sylvan banquet," "vista." 14. What touch of humor in the description of the banquet? 15. How did the general resemble the Face, and how did he fail? 16. Why was Ernest not deceived?

(c) *Middle Age. The Coming of Old Stony Phiz.* 17. In what ways had Ernest changed? 18. Explain the fine metaphor in line 4, page 379. 19. Explain the figure in "he could make a kind of illuminated fog." 20. Why did Old Stony Phiz return to the valley? What shall we say of the sentence beginning "Of course," line 30, page 379? 21. Define "barouche," "emulation," "etherealized," "vociferous." 22. How did Old Stony Phiz resemble the Stone Face, and how did he fail? Why was Ernest's disappointment so much keener in this case?

(d) *Old Age. The Coming of the Poet.* 23. How had Ernest changed? 24. Note the figure "his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved." Compare Ernest's wrinkles with those of Gathergold. 25. Compare the poet and Ernest. Why did not the poet grow into the likeness of the Great Stone Face? 26. Explain "pearls, pure and rich," line 4, page 384; "the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry," line 6. 27. Why could the poet see the likeness between Ernest and the Great Stone Face, while the people of the valley had never noticed it? 28. Why did Ernest never think of being himself like the Face? (Note that Ernest was unselfish. He worshiped the Great Stone Face without any thought that he was good enough to be like it, but with the hope that some one else might be.) 29. What was Hawthorne's purpose in introducing the characters of Gathergold, Blood-and-Thunder, Stony Phiz, and the Poet?

Other readings from Hawthorne: Ben Franklin's Wharf and Samuel Johnson, from "Biographical Stories"; The Pine Tree Shillings, The Sunken Treasure, and The Old-Fashioned School, from "Grandfather's Chair"; "The Snow Image"; and "A Rill from the Town Pump."

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809–1849

One of the saddest literary lives that we shall read is that of Poe. He was a genius, and his name stands high among American writers, but his life was incomplete and clouded with sorrow, above which he was not strong enough to rise.

His grandfather, General David Poe of Baltimore, fought in the Revolution; his father, also David by name, studied law, but being passionately fond of the stage, soon joined a company of players and married an actress. In January of the year 1809, while David Poe and his wife were playing in Boston, a boy was born to them. He was their second child, and they named him Edgar. The theatrical venture in which they had embarked proved a failure, and before the boy was four years old both the father and the mother had become ill and died in extreme poverty. Following this, the children, of whom there were then three, were adopted into different families.

It was Edgar's lot to be taken by the wife of a Scotch tobacco merchant of Richmond, named Allan, and from his foster parents he received his middle name. When the boy was about six, the Allans went to England and placed him in a good school in the suburbs of London. He was a beautiful child and had his parents' talent for acting. It is said that when he was six, the Allans used to have him stand in a chair before guests and recite poetry. It seems evident that they did their best to spoil him; at all events he grew up proud and willful.

At eleven he returned to Richmond with the Allans, continued his education under private teachers, and at seventeen entered the University of Virginia. At the university he led a fast life, drinking and gambling until he found himself some twenty-five hundred dollars in debt. Mr. Allan refused to pay the debt, took him out of college, and put him to work in his counting house. But Poe, not relishing this dull life, had angry words with his foster father and left him.

From Richmond he wandered to Boston and published a little volume of poems, but they attracted no attention, and to earn a living he enlisted in the army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. For two years he served faithfully and well — so well, in fact, that Mr. Allan, believing he had reformed, secured an appointment for him to the West Point Military Academy. Poe was now twenty-one and is described by fellow students at West Point as courteous, but proud, reserved, sensitive, discontented, and disposed to criticize everybody and everything. Although a good student, he deliberately neglected the military routine of the academy and was therefore promptly dismissed.

As Mr. Allan refused to do anything more for him, he went to New York to try his fortune there. He issued another little book of poems, better than the first, but not good enough to bring him into notice. Then he went to Baltimore and worked for the newspapers, making barely enough to keep him alive; but after a year or two of this sort of work he wrote one day a short story called "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle," which won him a prize of one hundred dollars and the friendship of John P. Robinson, a literary man, who secured for him a position on the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond. Here was a chance for Poe to redeem himself, and a bright future opened out before him. He married a young girl, Virginia Clemm, to whom he was devotedly attached, and enjoyed a few happy years; but soon he had trouble with the owners of the *Messenger*

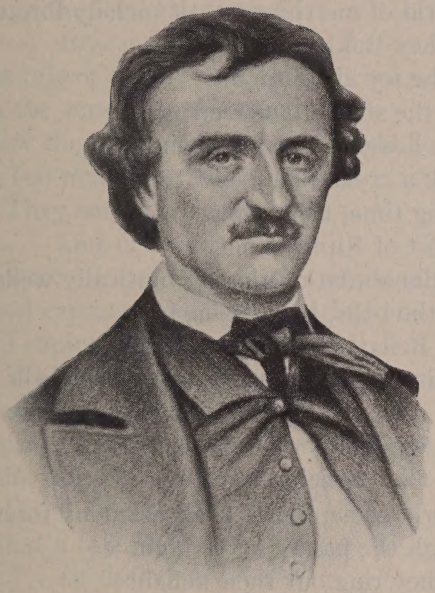
and left them. He then drifted to New York and Philadelphia, secured several editorial positions — but did not hold them long — and won another prize of a hundred dollars for his story "The Gold Bug."

The great tragedy of his life occurred in New York, whither he went in 1844. His young wife, Virginia, was not strong, and grew weaker every day. He could not earn enough to give her the comforts that she needed. They rented a little cottage at Fordham, in the suburbs, but often they had no heat and insufficient food. At last Virginia died, and Poe was nearly crazed with grief.

The next few years were almost like a nightmare. Poe wrote some of his finest poems and stories, but was under a cloud of depression which he could not shake off. In 1849 he went to Richmond, earned a considerable sum of money from a lecture, and set out for New York with fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket. What happened on the way no one knows, but he was found ill and unconscious in Baltimore, with his baggage and money gone. He was taken to a hospital, where he died a few days later.

THE BELLS

[This is probably the most remarkable example which we have in English of a poem in which the words themselves suggest by their sound the thing which they represent. In it we seem to hear the ringing of the bells. We feel the brightness and gayety of the sleigh bells, the joy of the wedding bells, the wild alarm of the fire bells, and the solemn tolling of the funeral bells. The first draft of the poem was written one evening in the summer of 1847, a few months after the death of Poe's wife and during a time when the poet was weary and despondent. He was visiting a friend in New York; the window was open, and the sound of church bells floated in. He remarked that he must write a poem, but that he had no subject and no inspiration. His friend suggested the bells. He replied, "I so dislike the sound of bells to-night, I cannot write." But the friend persisted and gave him a sheet of paper



Edgar Allan Poe

heading it for him "The Bells, by E. A. Poe." Thus urged, he wrote two stanzas, the first and the last of the poem nearly as we now have it. At a later time he wrote the two intermediate stanzas.]

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the riming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, —

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By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are ghouls
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,

To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rime,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Poe's life. 2. When and how was this poem written? 3. For what is it remarkable? 4. Point out the words in the poem that have the sound which they express. 5. Point out examples of alliteration (note the double alliteration in the first two lines). 6. Point out lines that are especially musical. 7. Select the words that rime. 8. What kind of bells are described in the first stanza? Substitute a more common word for "sledges." Why does the poet call these bells "silver"? (Note the bright, silvery character of this stanza and express it in your reading.) 9. Explain "crystalline delight," "Runic rime," "tintinnabulation." In the repetition of "bells," think of sleigh bells jingling with each step of the horse. 10. In what one word might you express the feeling of the first stanza?

11. What bells are in the second stanza? Why "golden"? Explain "molten-golden." What other word in this stanza expresses the same idea as "molten"? 12. Explain "sounding cells," "gush of euphony," "voluminously." 13. In the repetition of "bells" express the *swinging* and the *golden*, *mellow*, *joyous* qualities. 14. In what one word might the feeling of the second stanza be expressed?

15. What are the bells of the third stanza? Why "brazen"? 16. Explain the figure in "startled ear of night"; in "their affright." 17. Why are the fire bells said to shriek? 18. Explain "mad expostulation." Why is the fire said to be deaf? 19. Explain the "desperate desire" of the fire. What do you see in the action of flames that makes this metaphor appropriate? Explain "palpitating air." 20. Express in the repetition of "bells" the *jangling* and the *ebb and flow*. 21. Explain the figure in "ebbs and flows."

22. What are the bells of the fourth stanza? Why *iron*, rather than *brazen* or *golden*? 23. Define "monody." 24. What in Poe's life and character explains why he would "shiver with affright" at this sound? 25. Explain "melancholy menace." 26. Note the fine figure in "the rust within their throats." What kind of sound should you associate with a rusty throat? 27. Poe's idea is that the demons are ringing these bells. It will not be worth while to try to find the thought of this poem. It expresses mood rather than thought. 28. Explain "monotone," "ghouls," "pæan." 29. In reading the last stanza give special emphasis and expression to the words "tolling," "bells," "shiver," "groan," "ghouls," "tolls," "rolls," "pæan," "dances," "yells," "time," "throbbing," "sobbing," "knells," "moaning," "groaning." What single word would best express the feeling of the stanza? 30. Which of the bells is best described?

Other poems of Poe: "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "To Helen" ("Helen, thy Beauty is to me"), and "Eldorado."

Other poems in which the sound harmonizes with the sense: Southey's "The Cataract of Lodore," Tennyson's "The Brook."

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM

[This story was first published in a magazine in 1841, when Poe was living in Philadelphia. The experience which he makes the fisherman narrate is entirely fictitious, though the scene, except for some exaggeration, is correctly described. The Maelstrom, or Moskoestrom, may be found located in geographies, between two of the Lofoden Islands, off the coast of Norway. It is a strong tidal current with a huge eddy, in which small boats are often lost, and which has given rise to many wild traditions. Poe was interested in scientific studies and worked out an explanation which gives to his story an air of possibility. The points to be noticed are the vividness of the descriptions and the skillful construction of the story. The selection is somewhat abridged.]

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak. "Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but about three years past there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man — or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of — and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul.

"The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher — hold on to the grass if you feel giddy — so — and look out beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily and beheld a wide expanse of ocean. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion, heaving, boiling, hissing, gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared,

while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length spreading out to a great distance and entering into combination, seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly — very suddenly — this assumed a distinct and definite existence in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

"This," said I at length to the old man — "this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelstrom."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoestrom, from the island of Moskoe in the midway.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. It was on the tenth of July, 18—. The three of us — my two brothers and myself — had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M. and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish. It was just seven by my watch when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and

I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In less than a minute the storm was upon us — in less than two the sky was entirely overcast — and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack. Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. At the first puff both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off — the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety. As soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow and with my hands grasping a ringbolt near the foot of the foremast.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard — but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word 'Moskoestrom!'

"A singular change had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky — as clear as I ever saw — and of a deep bright blue — and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness — but what a scene it was to light up!

"So far we had ridden the swells very cleverly, but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter and bore us with it as it rose — up — up — as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I were falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around — and that one glance was all sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoestrom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside and were enveloped in foam. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ringbolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale

first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt and went astern to the cask. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds, which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber, and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles.

"I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoestrom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way, but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed — that the others had entered the whirl

at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations. The first was that as a general rule the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do, but he shook his head despairingly and refused to move from his station by the ringbolt. The emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession and bearing my loved brother with it plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sank very little farther than

half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean in full view of the shores of Lofoden and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoestrom had been. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the grounds of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What basis of truth is there in this tale? 2. Explain "ramparts of the world," "beetling cliff," "gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices," "the germ of another more vast." 3. Note the figure of Niagara sending up "an appalling voice . . . in its agony to heaven." What does this tell you of the poet? Would Longfellow or Lanier have used such a metaphor? 4. Explain "a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden." What effect does this exactness have on the story? Note other cases.

5. Explain "slack water." Why did the fisherman wish to make the most of the Strom at slack water? 6. Explain the nautical phrases on pages 396, 397. 7. What is the figure in "Presently our little boat gave herself a shake"? 8. Note the picture of the moon shining through the rift of blue sky. What effect does this have on the description that follows? 9. Explain "under the *counter*," "the *coop* of the counter."

Another good tale of Poe's for this grade is "The Gold Bug."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803–1882

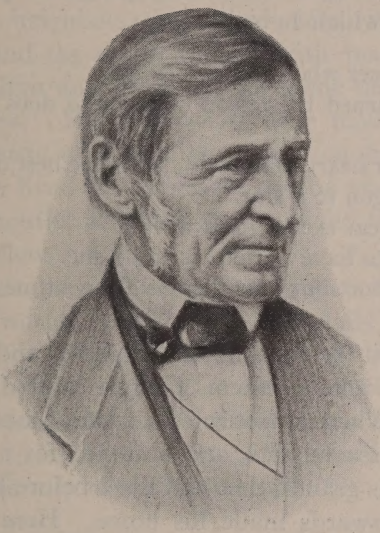
One cannot look at Emerson's picture without feeling that he was not only wise but good. Look at the face thoughtfully. It is a face to love and trust. You will want to count this man among your friends.

Emerson was born in Boston in 1803. His father, who was a minister, died when the boy Ralph was only eight years old, and left the family very poor. There were six children. It is said that one winter Ralph and the brother who was nearest his own size had to make one coat answer for both of them. One day Ralph would go to school and his brother would stay at home; the next day his brother would go and Ralph would stay at home. But that did not prevent them from keeping up their work.

One who knew Emerson when a boy in school has said:

> There he stands, that boy whose image, more than any other, is still deeply stamped upon my mind, as I then saw him and loved him — I knew not why — and thought him so angelic and remarkable, feeling towards him more than a boy's emotion, as if a new spring of brotherly affection had suddenly broken loose in my heart. There is no indication of turbulence or disquiet about him; but a happy combination of energy and gentleness.

He was ready for college at fourteen and earned his way by waiting on the tables in the college dining hall and doing errands for the president. He won a prize of five dollars for public speaking, and sent it home to his mother to buy a shawl, but she felt that she could not afford a shawl and used it



Ralph Waldo Emerson

instead to pay a debt. Ralph was always doing something for others. After graduating he taught school for a time in Boston and earned money to help his younger brothers through college. Then he studied theology, became a minister, and preached in the Old North Church.

After several years he gave up his church work and spent his time wholly in writing and lecturing; but his lecturing was really preaching, and he did great good by it. Some of the wise things which he said were:

They can conquer who believe they can.
He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.
Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year.
Hitch your wagon to a star.
There is no defeat except from within.
The only way to have a friend is to be one.
Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.

Emerson spent some time in England and made many friends there — among them Carlyle and Coleridge and Wordsworth. When he returned to this country he settled in Concord, Massachusetts, and occupied for a time the Old Manse, where his grandfather had lived before him and where Hawthorne afterwards made his home. Here he wrote his lectures and his first book, "Nature." He loved the woods about Concord and often went out alone to do his writing there.

A little later he moved into another house, brighter and more cheerful, with tall horse-chestnut trees in front of it and a garden and a grove behind. In good weather the grove was his study. Here he lived a happy life. Mrs. Emerson was a woman of culture and good sense, and their four children made the old home gay enough. Emerson wrote to a friend: "Life is all preface until we have children. Then it is deep and solid."

During Emerson's life at Concord he published several volumes of essays and the books "Representative Men," "The Conduct of Life," and "Society and Solitude," also a book of poems. The Hawthornes and the Alcotts were his neighbors, and many unknown friends came from near and far to talk with him or even simply to shake his hand.

When he was seventy he went abroad for the third time, and again visited Carlyle. Upon his return his Concord friends and neighbors welcomed him in an elaborate celebration, and the entire village, with many distinguished visitors, met him and escorted him home under a triumphal arch of flowers. His later years were made happy by the love and homage of a host of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. He lived to be nearly eighty years old and died only a few months after he had attended the funeral of his friend Longfellow.

Emerson was one of the greatest thinkers that America has given to the world; and — what is equally important — he had the rare gift of being able to put great thoughts into few words. All that he wrote had the effect of stimulating his readers or hearers to live out the best that was in them, and to do their duty to God and man. This is well expressed in the oft-quoted stanza from his "Voluntaries":

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
> The youth replies, "I can."

CONCORD HYMN

[You remember there was a fight at Concord Bridge, on April nineteenth, 1775, — the first battle of the Revolution. On the sixty-first anniversary of this event a monument was placed at the bridge to mark the spot. Upon it was a noble bronze statue of a minuteman, gun in hand. Public exercises were held at the unveiling of the monument,

and Emerson was asked to write a poem for the occasion. He wrote the "Concord Hymn," and the first stanza of it was cut upon the monument.]

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell the story of Emerson's life. 2. Memorize his sayings quoted on page 404, and tell what you think they mean. 3. Tell how the "Concord Hymn" came to be written. 4. Describe in your own words the battle at Concord Bridge and tell what caused it. (The "rude bridge," which stood there at the time of the battle, was of wood and has since been replaced by a structure of stone and cement.) 5. What would be a more common word for "flood," in the first line? 6. Who were the "embattled farmers"? What does "embattled" mean? 7. What is meant by the shot's being "heard round the world"?

8. In the second stanza, what three things are mentioned to show how long a time had passed since the battle? How many years was it? 9. What is a "votive stone"? 10. Of what advantage is it to mark the spots where great deeds have been done in our nation's history?

11. Put into simpler words "That memory may their deed redeem." 12. The last stanza is addressed to the Spirit of Liberty. What did this spirit make the minute-men of Concord do? 13. Explain the line "To die, and leave their children free." 14. Does the quietness of the poem seem to make it more earnest or less so? Does noise ever show real patriotism? 15. Memorize the poem.

Read also Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride"; Holmes's "Lexington," and "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle"; Hawthorne's "The Boston Massacre," and "The Tea Party and Lexington."

THE HUMBLEBEE

Burly, dozing humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum;
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall
And with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,

Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Describe the humblebee. What is its more common name? 2. Explain "Where thou art is clime for me." (The bee seems the very spirit of summer. One need not go to Porto Rico to find heat, if he will only follow the humblebee.) 3. Explain "animated torrid zone." (Perhaps the bands around the bee's body suggested zones; perhaps its warm yellow and its fondness for sunshine suggested heat; perhaps, too, the sensation made by the bee's sting seemed rather warm.) 4. Explain "zigzag steerer." (When a bee is laden with honey it flies home in a straight line; when hunting for honey, it flies in zigzag or wavy lines.) 5. Why is the bee a "desert cheerer"? Why an "epicurean"? Give the origin of "epicurean." 6. Explain "All without is martyrdom."

7. Note and explain the description of a hazy day in spring. (The indistinct light through the haze has more of romance because it leaves something to be imagined, while the clear sunlight shows everything.) 8. Explain "infusing subtle heats," "sunny solitudes," "rover of the underwoods," "green silence," "mellow, breezy bass." Find in the poem two other expressions for the sound made by the humblebee. 9. In what way does the midsummer pet the humblebee? ("Crone," as used here, is the same as "crony," or favorite companion.) 10. What does the bee's hum suggest to the poet? Explain "gulfs of sweetness," "Syrian peace." (The heat suggests Syria, as in the first stanza it suggested Porto Rico.)

11. The bee will touch nothing unclean. Lines 27 and 28, page 408, mean that the bee pays no attention to anything except the sweet and good things; that all else is to him simply like a picture, without any real being. How, then, is the humblebee wiser than many human

prophets? 12. What does the bee do in winter? What effect does that have on "want and woe"? 13. Find in this poem the different names given to the bee. Which are the best? 14. What lesson did the bee teach the poet?

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED WHENCE IS THE FLOWER

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Describe the Rhodora. 2. Explain "*leafless* blooms," "to please the desert." What figure of speech? 3. Why is the water called *black?* 4. What is the redbird (here, the scarlet tanager), and why does the poet speak of *cooling* his plumes? 5. Explain "cheapens his array," "Beauty is its own excuse for being." 6. What is meant by "the selfsame Power"? 7. What idea is conveyed in "simple ignorance"?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

The city of Portland, on the Maine coast, somewhat more than a hundred years ago was a busy, restless little seaport — its harbor thronged with tall-masted, full-rigged ships, its wharves piled high with merchandise, its streets noisy with the talk of sailors and tradesmen, its shipyards ringing with the blows of the mallet and the sound of the saw. It was not a town from which we should expect a poet, yet it was the birthplace of Longfellow.

February 27th, 1807, was the day on which Longfellow was born, — and the anniversary of it is still celebrated in many of the schools of America. It was thirteen years after the birth of Bryant, three years after that of Hawthorne, and four years after that of Emerson. Longfellow, as a boy, was a slender, fair-haired lad, who spent much of his time after school hours in playing by the seashore or wandering along the wharves, eager to see all that was going on and always strangely fascinated by the sea. In one of his poems he says:

> I remember the black wharves and the ships,
> And the sea-tides tossing free:
> And Spanish sailors with bearded lips
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea.

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He could see beauty and mystery and magic where another could see only ships and water; and it was this power to discover everywhere the beautiful and the significant that made him a poet. Years afterward he showed his feeling for

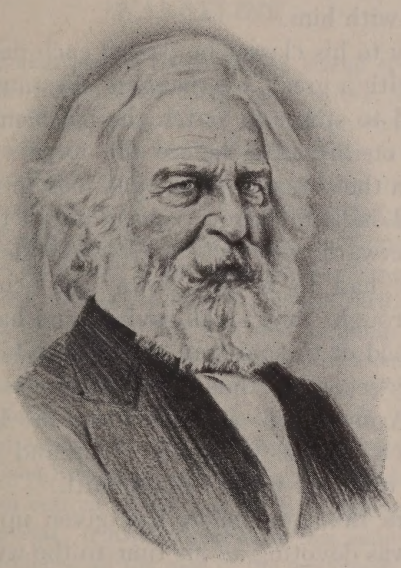
the sea in such poems as "The Saga of King Olaf," "The Skeleton in Armor," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

The first school which Longfellow attended was kept by an old lady called Ma'am Fellows. She never allowed the children to smile during school hours, and was so strict that her pupils felt like prisoners. At six, Longfellow, with a sigh of relief, left this school and was sent to another, known as Portland Academy, where one of his teachers said that he could "spell and read very well, and add and multiply numbers." One of his teachers at Portland Academy was Jacob Abbott, who wrote the "Rollo Books" for children — books which were remarkably popular in their day, but are now seldom seen.

While Longfellow was in the academy he wrote his first poem. It was called "The Battle of Lovell's Pond." He wanted to have it published in one of the two Portland newspapers, but was afraid to take it to either of the editors. At last he went one night to one of the newspaper offices and dropped it through a hole in the door. The next morning, and every morning for many weeks, he looked anxiously for it in the paper, but it did not appear. By that time he had grown braver — so brave, in fact, that he went to the editor and asked him to give back the poem. Having received it he took it to the editor of another paper and there it was published. After that he wrote poetry whenever he could, and found no difficulty in having it accepted.

When only fourteen years old Longfellow went to Bowdoin College, and was in the same class with Hawthorne, Franklin Pierce — afterward president of the United States — and several other young men who in later years became famous. He was a fine scholar and stood near the head of his class.

After finishing his college course he traveled in Europe, studying the languages and hearing a great many interesting old tales which he afterward retold in verse. Then he taught in college for nearly twenty years — first at Bowdoin and



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

afterward at Harvard. At Harvard he lived in the fine old "Craigie House," which had once been used by Washington during the Revolutionary War. This old home was made merry by the play and laughter of Longfellow's five children. In "The Children's Hour" he tells how his three little girls used to come into the library every night after his work was done, and how they would climb into his chair, kissing him and romping with him.

On the way to his classes he passed each day an old blacksmith shop with a great, overhanging chestnut tree beside it. Here he liked to stop and watch the blacksmith beating the red-hot iron on his anvil before the forge. Children, too, would stop on their way to school and look in with him at the open door. Longfellow wrote a poem about this blacksmith, and years afterward, when the street was widened and the old chestnut tree had to be cut down, the school children of Cambridge brought their small savings and had a chair made out of the wood of the old tree, giving it to him as a present, on his seventy-second birthday. He wrote for them the poem "From my Arm-Chair," and after that he let the children who came to visit him sit in the chair and gave to each a printed copy of "The Village Blacksmith."

Long before this Longfellow had given up his work as a teacher and was devoting all his time to the writing of poetry. Almost every American knows "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and such of his shorter poems, as "The Children's Hour," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Psalm of Life," and "The Village Blacksmith."

It is said that once when traveling in England, a laboring man, to whom he had been pointed out, stopped him on the street and began to recite his poem "Excelsior," whereat Longfellow was so overcome that he turned and fled.

As Longfellow grew older visitors from all over the world came to see him and to shake hands with him. Many children came, and of all his visitors he loved the children

best. He was kind to all comers, though they robbed him of much valuable time; and he never refused his autograph, sometimes writing it sixty or seventy times a day. No other American poet has been so loved and honored. When he died, in 1882, there were thousands of readers all over America and England who felt that they had lost a friend.

EVANGELINE

[The poem "Evangeline" is based upon a legend of the French and Indian War. The British, some forty years before, had by conquest and treaty obtained possession of the French province of Acadie, or Acadia, now Nova Scotia. But the French inhabitants had never loved their English conquerors, and it became a problem for the English to know what to do with them. At length it was decided to expel so many of them that the English settlers would be able to overawe the remainder. About one half — estimated at seven thousand — were thus deported in 1755 and scattered among the English colonists farther south.

The poem is in two parts. The first part describes the peaceful life of the Acadian farmers in the Basin of Minas and around the village of Grand-Pré. Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest of them, a man of seventy, but hale and strong, lived happily with his only child Evangeline, a beautiful girl of seventeen. Young Gabriel Lajeunesse, son of Basil the blacksmith, loved Evangeline and was to be married to her. According to the Acadian custom a feast was given by Evangeline's father to celebrate the betrothal. It happened that on this same day the English governor had summoned all the men of the settlement into the church to hear a proclamation. The following selection describes what happened.]

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
"Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres," and "Le Carillon de Dunkerque,"
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands and dwellings and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hail-stones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs;
Bellowing fly the herds and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As on a stormy sea a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted:
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as after the tocsin's alarum distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit, within, a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows

Stood she and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smoldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed, and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven and governed the world he created!

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic missions:
"Sacred heart of the Savior! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,

Calmly and sadly she waited until the procession approached her
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion,
Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands and laid her head on his shoulder and whispered,
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

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There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back, in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man
Haggard and hollow and wan and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But with a vacant stare ever gazed at the flickering firelight.
"Benedicite!" murmured the priest in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars, that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven and o'er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes and looks of saddest compassion
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people:
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

[Evangeline was taken to a place far distant from that to which Gabriel was carried. She heard that he was in Louisiana, and set out to find him. When she reached there, he had gone. She then followed him to the Western plains, and afterwards to Michigan, often meeting those who had seen him, and once finding his deserted lodge. Her life was spent in this search. During her later years she became a Sister of Mercy, and while nursing the sick she found her lover in an almshouse in Philadelphia. He was then old, like herself, and dying of a fever. The thought of the poem is the power of faithful love.]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Longfellow's life. 2. Describe briefly the situation which led to the expulsion of the Acadians. When did this occur? 3. Locate on a map Grand Pré; Minas Basin. 4. What feeling is expressed in the picture of the betrothal feast? What tells you the season of the year? 5. Note the alliteration in the first line. Note also the unusual meter of the poem. What other poem have you read in the same meter? (The meter is called hexameter and is used in the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, and other classic poems.) 6. Explain "vibrant." "Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres" (To͞o′ lā Bo͞or-zhwä′ dē Shärtr′), and "Le Carillon de Dunkerque" (Le Cärē′yŏn dē Dŭn kĕrk′) are old French songs. What is the effect of introducing these French names?

7. What does the sound of "sonorous," page 416, line 12, suggest? 8. Did the Acadians know what the proclamation was to be? Was there any excuse for it? 9. Explain the figure beginning with line 13, page 417. 10. What simile is found on page 418?

11. Comment upon the speech of Father Felician. Explain "house of the Prince of Peace." (As the priest speaks the words in line 4, page 419, he points to a crucifix hanging in the church.) 12. Explain the reference to "O Father, forgive them"; to Elijah. 13. What picture do you see in line 19, page 419? 14. Explain "emblazoned"; "*ambrosial* meadows," giving origin of "ambrosial." 15. Explain the figure in line 11, page 420. What was the secret of Evangeline's popularity?

16. What is referred to in "like the Prophet descending from Sinai" (Exodus xxxiv, 29–35)? 17. What was the Angelus? 18. Explain "the gloomier grave of the living." 19. What did the thunder tell Evangeline? 20. What do you see in the picture in lines 12–20, page 421? From this what do you judge the Acadians were allowed to take with them? What does the mention of "little fragments of playthings" add to the feeling expressed in this description? 21. Define "wains," "Gaspereau." 22. Why were the men confined in the church?

23. Why did they sing as they came out? 24. Substitute a word for "spirits departed" in line 20, page 422. 25. What do you see of Evangeline's character in lines 21, page 422—12, page 423? 26. What were some of the causes of the confusion? (Remember that few of the English soldiers understood French, while most of the Acadians did not understand English.)

27. Describe three pictures on pages 424–425.

28. Explain "refluent ocean," "waifs of the tide," "a *leaguer* after a battle," "*retreated* the bellowing ocean." 29. Explain the reference to "shipwrecked Paul." 30. Discuss the figure in line 7, page 425. 31. What is meant by "Benedicite"? Explain the figure in lines 12–14, page 425. 32. What does the reference to the quiet stars add to the description? 33. Explain the figure in lines 19, page 425—2, page 426. Explain "Titan-like," "its hundred hands." (One of the Greek giants was Briareus, who had a hundred hands.) 34. What do you see in the following picture? Explain the figure "like the quivering hands of a martyr." Define "roadstead," "gleeds." 35. What do the crowing and other animal sounds add to the picture? What loss do they suggest? 36. Note the figure in lines 16–19, page 426, and compare with that in Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom" (page 395). 37. What caused the death of Evangeline's father? Explain "without bell or book." (The book was that from which the service was read; the bell was tolled for the passing of the soul.) Read all of "Evangeline."

THE SHIP OF STATE

[These are the closing lines of "The Building of the Ship."]

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807–1892

In December of 1807, the same year in which Longfellow was born, another famous American poet also came into the world. He was the poet who wrote of country life, and the farm, and the winter snowstorm, and the cheerful fireside, and the barefoot boy. This is enough to tell you that it was Whittier.

He was a Quaker, one of those quiet but earnest souls who live plainly, serve God, and talk only when they have something to say. You have read in your history how shamefully the Quakers were treated in the old New England days, but at the time that Whittier was born all thoughtful people respected them for their honest lives and their goodness.

Whittier was born on a farm near Haverhill, Massachusetts. The Whittier family were poor and had to work hard for a living. It is said that every day Greenleaf, as the boy was called, milked seven cows and took care of a yoke of oxen, a horse, and a flock of sheep. In winter he walked through the snow to the district school, where he picked up a knowledge of "reading, writing, and arithmetic." He often had to work beyond his strength, and his health was injured as a result of it, yet he was cheerful and contented, and found time for fun in the midst of his work.

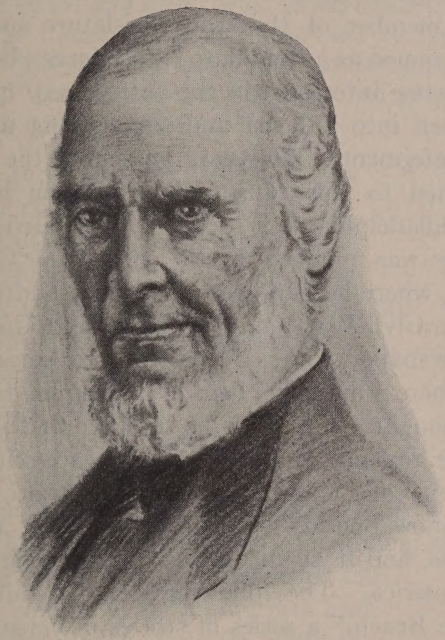
When young Whittier was about fourteen the schoolmaster one evening brought over a book of poems written by the Scotch poet Burns, who had also been a farmer's boy and who often thought out his poetry while plowing in the

field. Those poems of Burns stirred Whittier mightily. He borrowed the book and read them, and read them again, until he knew them, by heart. It seemed to him that he could be a poet too. He began to look for beautiful things in the rough life around him and to think beautiful thoughts, and he wrote verses somewhat similar to those of Burns. Several years later one of his sisters sent a few of these verses to the newspaper at Newburyport, a neighboring town, without his knowing anything about it, and one morning when he opened the paper and saw his rimes in print he was greatly excited.

The editor of the paper was William Lloyd Garrison, afterward famous as an anti-slavery leader. Garrison came out to see the young poet and begged his father to send him to the academy in Haverhill. His father did not have the money to send him, but the boy was so anxious to go that he proposed to earn his own way, and *did* earn it for a time, by making slippers at eight cents a pair. But it took too long to make a little money at that rate, and there was not enough time left for study. Then, too, he felt that his father needed the help that he could give; so after only two terms at the academy he left and went to work for a living.

The Whittier homestead, where Greenleaf was born and reared, was at that time more than a hundred years old, having been built by his great-great-grandfather, when this part of Massachusetts was a wilderness, inhabited by only a few white settlers. It was a plain, substantial farmhouse with a large, low-ceiled living room and a great fireplace at one side. There the family gathered every evening after their work was done and there Greenleaf read by the light of the open fire the few books that the house afforded and some which he was able to borrow from the schoolmaster or from some wealthier neighbor. Sometimes stories were told and sports enjoyed, as described in "Snow-Bound."

Through Garrison's influence Whittier secured a position on a paper in Boston, which paid him nine dollars a week,



John Greenleaf Whittier

half of which he turned over to his father to assist in paying off the mortgage on the farm. He went from one paper to another, with occasional intervals when he returned to the farm to help his father or when his ill-health made it necessary for him to stop and rest. During these years he was more interested in politics than in poetry. He served one term as a member of the state legislature and was prominently mentioned as a candidate for Congress, but about that time he became interested in the anti-slavery movement and threw himself into it heart and soul, giving up all hope of political preferment. For years he shared the unpopularity that attached to this cause. At one time his newspaper office in Philadelphia was sacked and burned; on another occasion he was mobbed in the streets of Concord, New Hampshire, where he had been making an address.

When the Civil War was over he retired from public life, gave up newspaper work, and returned to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where some years before, — upon his father's death, — he had bought a place for his mother and sister. There he lived the remainder of his life, at peace with the world, in a pleasant old home, and there he wrote most of his poems. "Snow-Bound," published in 1866, was his first great success, and it at once placed him among the foremost poets of America. The following year he published "The Tent on the Beach," a series of stories in verse, supposed to have been told by a group of friends who were camped on the seashore for a summer outing. Two years afterward came "Among the Hills." Other well-known poems of Whittier's, written at various times, are "The Barefoot Boy," "Mabel Martin," "Maud Muller," "In School Days," "Telling the Bees," "Barbara Frietchie," "The Huskers," and "Barclay of Ury." Neither Whittier nor his sister Elizabeth ever married. He died in the autumn of 1892, at the age of eighty-five.

SNOW–BOUND

[This poem describes the old home near Haverhill, where Whittier was born and spent his boyhood. It shows how the life of a farmer's household may be transfigured by a poet's imagination. A true poet is a seer. He sees beauty in the common things of life and helps to open our eyes so that we too may see it. Whittier was influenced in this poem by Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and by Emerson's "The Snow Storm." The first nine lines of the last-named poem he placed at the head of "Snow-Bound," as his text. The following selection covers about the first third of "Snow-Bound."]

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of lifeblood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snowstorm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And sharply clashing horn on horn,

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Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow;
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothesline posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corncrib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;

A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat:
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,

Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone;
No church bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And in our lonely life had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney back —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout backstick;

The knotty forestick laid apart
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flowerlike, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rime: "*Under the tree*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed, where'er it fell,
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,

Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draft
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now —
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.

We tread the paths their feet have worn,
  We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
  Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
  No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
  The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
  And Love can never lose its own!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Whittier's life. 2. Explain the title "Snow-Bound." Where was this home? 3. Like "Evangeline" the poem presents a series of pictures. This selection contains eight. Find and name them. 4. Explain "darkly circled," "thickening sky," "a portent seeming less than threat," "sharpened face." 5. "The wind blew east" means blew *from* the east. What was the "strong pulse" of the ocean?

6. Explain "stanchion rows," "walnut bows." (The older stanchion described here consisted of one upright bar, with a bow or yoke attached loosely to it, which encircled the cow's neck and could be moved up and down on the upright.) 7. Explain "scaffold's pole of birch." (In some barns the hay was supported on a scaffold of poles, over the stalls.) 8. Explain "crested helmet," "querulous challenge."

9. Define "spherule," "pellicle," "Nature's geometric signs," "hoary

meteor," "firmament," "Pisa's leaning miracle." (The famous leaning tower at Pisa, Italy, is of white marble.) 10. What are "buskins"? 11. Note in "cut the solid whiteness" the poetic form of using the name of a quality for the thing which possesses the quality. What word should you expect? 12. Explain the reference to Aladdin's cave and lamp. 13. Compare the scene in the barn with the former scene in the same place. Which is the better? 14. Explain "speckled harem," "hornèd patriarch of the sheep," "Egypt's Amun." 15. What figure in "ghostly finger-tips of sleet"?

16. Explain "Burst, flowerlike, into rosy bloom." 17. Explain lines 9–12, page 439. Why "*mimic* flame"? (Look out through a window-pane on a moonlight night when the room is lighted, and note the mingling of the outdoor images and indoor reflections.) 18. Describe a crane and trammels.

19. Note the picture of the moonlight on the snow, and tell how the hill range was "transfigured." 20. Why did the hemlocks seem "turned to pitchy black"? 21. Note the contrast between the fireside picture and the moonlight picture that preceded. Which do you like the better? Why? 22. Explain "clean-winged." (A turkey wing was used to brush the hearth.) 23. Explain "beat the frost line back with tropic heat." 24. Note the fine figure in "The great throat of the chimney laughed." What other examples of personification do you find in this fireside picture? 25. Why did the cat's silhouette look like a tiger's? 26. Define "meet" as used here.

27. Note the change of feeling in line 23, page 440. The poet's sadness is explained by the fact that his sister Elizabeth had recently died. Compare these lines with the last stanza of "The Bells," which Poe wrote soon after his wife's death. What difference do you find, and what does it tell you of the two men? 28. To whom does the poet address his reverie in line 27? 29. Explain "But in the sun they *cast no shade*." (They are no longer flesh, but spirit.) 30. Explain "conscious floor." Explain line 11, page 441. ("He" is the subject of "is just.") 31. Explain "who never sees the stars shine through his cypress trees." (The cypress was formerly used in graveyards. He who looks through his cypress trees to the stars shows his hope in heaven.) The "breaking day" is the dawn of eternal life; the "mournful marbles" are tombstones. 32. In what sense is Life lord of Death? 33. Why can Love never lose its own? 34. What lines in this selection do you think the finest? Memorize them.

Read the rest of "Snow-Bound," or as much of it as you enjoy.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809–1894

A slender, active little man with a cheery face, a twinkle in his eye, a smile about the corners of his mouth, fond of a joke, ready for a laugh, ever quick to do a kind deed — that was Oliver Wendell Holmes.

He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the town of Lowell and Longfellow, in an old-fashioned house near Harvard University. The house has since been torn down, and the place is now part of the University grounds. Holmes's father, who was the minister of one of the village churches, kept in his desk each year a little almanac in which he made notes of various happenings; and in his almanac for 1809, which has been preserved all these years, may still be seen, opposite August twenty-ninth, the words, written in ink in the margin, "Son b." by which he meant that a son had been born to him on that date. The son happened to be Oliver Wendell.

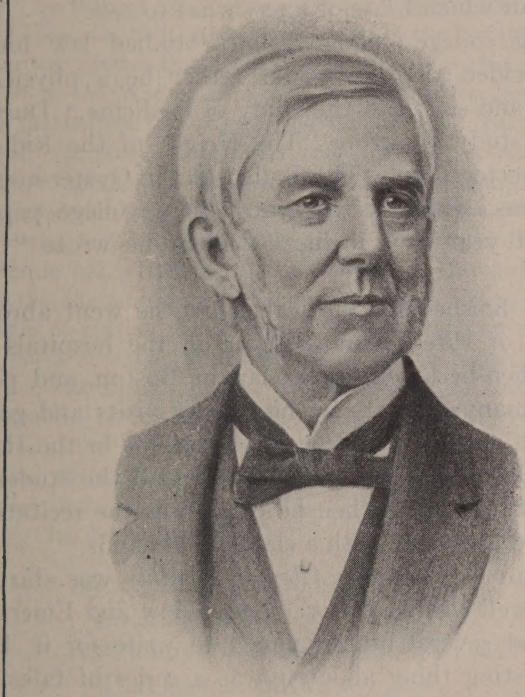
It was a quaint old yellow hip-roofed house that young Oliver was born in — almost a hundred years old at that time. It had been used after the battle of Lexington as a rallying place for the patriot soldiers and as headquarters for the American General Ward. Washington, too, and his staff, had been entertained there, and at another time it was used by the British troops. Oliver, when a boy, was greatly interested in certain dents in the floor of his father's library, which were said to have been made by the muskets of the British soldiers.

This library was a most attractive place to both Oliver and his brother John. It was a great heavy-beamed room with books reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and the boys were allowed to play among the books long before they could read them. Then there was in the old house a garret where they liked to go, full of old chairs, tables, churns, andirons, traveling bags — almost everything that ever gets into a garret. Holmes said that the chairs and tables looked as if they had been frightened and had climbed upon each other's backs to be out of danger.

Then there was the closet where apples and peaches used to be stored away to ripen, with bundles of sweet-smelling herbs; and there was the garden with its old lilac bushes and its pear and peach trees and sweet white grapes and its hyacinths and tulips and roses and hollyhocks.

It was about a mile from the Holmes place to the school which Oliver attended, and "the way led through a thinly inhabited, woody, marshy, huckleberryish tract" where the boys had many adventures and sports. When Oliver was fifteen he went to Phillips Academy at Andover. His parents took him in the old family carriage and left him at the house of one of the professors. He was dreadfully homesick. "There was an ancient, faded old lady in the house," he says, "very kindly but very deaf. She comforted me, I well remember, but not with apples. She went and taking a blue and white soda powder, mingled the same in water and encouraged me to drink the result. It might be a specific for seasickness, but it was not for homesickness. The fizz was a mockery and it struck a colder chill to my heart. I did not disgrace myself, however, and a few days cured me."

Oliver remained at Andover a year, and made many friends. He is described at this time as a lively youngster, full of fun and mischief. From Andover he went back to Cambridge and entered Harvard. One of his classmates at Harvard was Dr. Smith, who wrote the hymn "America."



Oliver Wendell Holmes

In a letter written at this time to one of his Andover schoolmates he says: "I, Oliver Wendell Holmes, junior in Harvard University, am a plumeless biped of exactly five feet three inches when standing in a pair of substantial boots made by Mr. Russell of this town — having eyes which I call blue and hair which I do not know what to call."

After leaving college young Holmes studied law for a year; then decided that he would rather be a physician than a lawyer, and so began the study of medicine. During these years of study he wrote "The Height of the Ridiculous," "The Specter Pig," "The Ballad of the Oyster-man," and other poems, which were printed in a college paper. During his first year as a medical student he wrote "Old Ironsides."

After he had finished his medical course he went abroad and spent two or three years working in the hospitals of Europe. He then became a physician in Boston, and perhaps cured as many patients by his cheery visits and good humor as by his medicine. He was a professor in the Harvard Medical School for thirty-five years, and the students loved him greatly. Often when he came into the recitation room they would greet him with a clapping of hands.

In the autumn of 1857 the *Atlantic Monthly* was started in Boston. Lowell was its editor. Longfellow and Emerson and Holmes and several others agreed to write for it, but the most interesting thing about it was a series of talks or stories by Holmes, published each month and called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." They were supposed to give the conversation at the breakfast table of a Boston boarding house. This series was followed by two more, called "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." Years afterward a fourth series appeared, called "Over the Tea Cups." All four were published as books after having appeared in the magazine.

Holmes's best poems are perhaps "The Last Leaf," "The Chambered Nautilus," and "The Deacon's Masterpiece."

OLD IRONSIDES

[The United States frigate *Constitution* was nicknamed "Old Ironsides" because of her strength and her ability to withstand storm and shot. She was built in 1797, took part in the bombardment of Tripoli in our war against the Mediterranean pirates in 1804, and distinguished herself in the War of 1812 with England. Her greatest victory was over the British man-of-war, *Guerrière*, off the coast of Nova Scotia, August 19, 1812, when, under command of Captain Isaac Hull, she destroyed the British vessel in less than half an hour.

In 1828 the Navy Department decided that the *Constitution* was unseaworthy and not worth repairing. Therefore orders were given to dismantle her. Holmes, then a student in Harvard Medical School, read the announcement in a newspaper, and was so indignant at the thought of putting the old ship to so disgraceful an end that he wrote this poem and sent it to one of the Boston papers. The poem was printed, was copied into other papers all over the country, and aroused such intense feeling that the Secretary of the Navy revoked the order, and the gallant old ship was kept at anchor in Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston. Other attempts have since been made to dispose of the *Constitution*, but on each occasion so fierce a protest has arisen that the attempt has been abandoned.]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,

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No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the author of this poem. 2. Under what circumstances was it written, and what did it accomplish? Give a brief history of the ship. 3. How is the first line to be understood? 4. Explain "the meteor of the ocean air." 5. Notice how much stronger the verses become by making the ship seem to have life and feeling. What is this called? 6. What are harpies? Explain the metaphor of the harpies and the eagle. 7. Explain "her *thunders*," "her *holy* flag." What is the force of the world "nail" in line 9?

8. What did the poet wish should be done to the *Constitution?* Should you rather see the ship suffer such an end, or the end which the Navy Department proposed? Give reasons. 9. Years afterward it was suggested that the *Constitution* should be used as a target for gun practice for the other ships of the navy. What should you think of that? 10. What is the advantage of keeping the ship on exhibition at the Navy Yard? What advantage is there in preserving any object that has had a prominent part in our nation's history?

Additional readings: Roche's poem "The Constitution's Last Fight," Dwight's "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," Longfellow's "The Cumberland," Carryl's "When the Great Gray Ships Come In," Stanton's "The War Ship Dixie," Tennyson's "The Revenge," Southey's "Life of Nelson."

THE LAST LEAF

[Dr. Holmes says in a note to "The Last Leaf" in the authorized edition of his Complete Poems:

This poem was suggested by the appearance in one of our streets of a venerable relic of the Revolution, said to be one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He was a fine, monumental specimen, in his cocked hat and knee breeches, with his buckled shoes and his sturdy cane. The smile with which I, as a young man, greeted him meant no disrespect to an honored fellow-citizen whose costume was out of date but whose patriotism never changed with years.

The man was Major Thomas Melville. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in his reminiscences, also speaks of having seen him. In reading the poem note how pathos and humor are mingled.]

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Note that this poem begins very simply, as if the poet were talking. He says this is the second time he has seen the old man. 2. What single

verb in the first stanza gives you a picture of the man? 3. Explain the figure in "the pruning knife of Time cut him down." 4. Who was "the Crier," and what was his "round"? 5. Note that the third stanza is contrasted with the second. What touch of pathos do you find in the third stanza? To whom does "they" refer, in line 18?

6. Explain the fourth stanza. Where does Whittier use "marbles" in the same sense? 7. Explain "in their bloom." Note the pathetic beauty of this stanza. 8. What change of feeling is there in the fifth stanza, and what words indicate it? 9. Explain "cheek was like a *rose* in the *snow*." 10. Explain the spirit in which the poet smiles at the old man. What else does he feel behind the smile? 11. Find examples of humor in this poem; examples of pathos. Do the two often go together? Is it easy to pass from one to the other as Holmes does in this poem? 12. Explain the metaphor in the title and in the last stanza.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

[The chambered nautilus is a small marine animal found in the southern oceans. Its shell is from four to six inches in diameter and from without looks somewhat like a very large snail shell with an expanded mouth. Within, it is peculiar in being divided crosswise into a series of chambers, each larger than the one behind it. The animal at first occupies a very small shell. As it grows, it emerges and makes a partition behind it, leaving only a tiny hole in the center, through which runs a cord from its body. It now builds for itself a new shell covering. When it outgrows this second chamber, it advances again, making a new chamber, and so continues until it has completed its growth. The original shell is now only a small chamber in the very center.

As the shells are sometimes found afloat, it was once supposed that the animal could sail and that it extended its tentacles to catch the breeze. This gave rise to the name *nautilus*, meaning a sailor. We have now learned, however, that it propels itself beneath the surface by taking in and ejecting the sea water. Floating shells are empty.

The inside of the nautilus shell is coated with iridescent pearl. The poet, as he writes, is supposed to have an empty shell before him, which has been cut open to show the chambers.

This poem appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, as part of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Dr. Holmes thought it his best work.]

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea! 5

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. From what book is this poem taken? 2. Explain the name "Chambered Nautilus." 3. Describe the growth of the nautilus.

First stanza. The nautilus as described by the poets. 4. Explain "ship of pearl," "poets feign," "unshadowed main" (open sea), "purpled wings," "in gulfs *enchanted*." 5. What were the sirens? 6. Is there any significance in introducing coral reefs? (How are coral reefs made?) 7. What are the "cold sea-maids"?

Second stanza. The empty, broken shell. 8. Explain "webs of living gauze," "wrecked," "dreaming life," "irised ceiling" (give the derivation of "irised"), "sunless crypt." 9. Explain how the ceiling is rent and the crypt unsealed. (The shell cut in two is lying before the poet.)

Third stanza. The life and growth of the nautilus. 10. Explain the first two lines. What was the "lustrous coil"? 11. Note the beauty of the line "Stole with soft step its shining archway through." What is there in the words that helps to make it beautiful? 12. Explain "idle door." 13. Put into other words "knew the old no more."

Fourth stanza. The nautilus brings a message. 14. What is the "heavenly message"? 15. Explain the figures in "cast from her lap, forlorn," "dead lips." 16. Explain the allusion to Triton and his horn. 17. Whose voice is it that the poet seems to hear?

Fifth stanza. The message. 18. Explain this stanza (the comparison between the nautilus and the human soul; the growth of the soul; its aspiration). 19. Explain "more stately mansions," "low-vaulted past," "each new temple," "shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast," "till thou at length art free." 20. What is symbolized by the "outgrown shell," "life's unresting sea"? 21. Memorize the poem.

Read Tennyson's "The Shell," Longfellow's "The Ladder of St. Augustine," also, from Holmes: "The Pilgrim's Vision," "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "Contentment," "The Boys," "Ode for Washington's Birthday," "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," "My Hunt after the Captain."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

1814–1877

Between Prescott and Motley, the second of our great historians, was a gap of eighteen years. In some respects the two men were much alike. Both were Bostonians, of good family, well-to-do, and with every advantage of cultured homes and a thorough education. But while Prescott had to fight all his life to overcome the handicap of blindness, Motley found everything fitted to his hand. He might easily have spent his life in idleness, but he was not the sort of man to waste the opportunities that had been given to him. He worked hard and faithfully to make the most of himself and won a high place among our American authors.

Motley was born in Dorchester, now a part of Boston, in 1814, the last year of our second war with England. As a boy he showed a manly spirit and a kind heart, and throughout his life was a perfect type of gentleman. He read books eagerly, but was particularly fond of the novels of Scott and Cooper. His preparation for college was gained at a private school in Northampton, Massachusetts, from which he entered Harvard at thirteen, already proficient in the languages and with a school reputation as a writer and speaker. At Harvard he stood near the head of his class and at seventeen graduated with honor. He studied two years abroad; then returned to Boston, where he took up the study of law, married at twenty-three, spent a year as a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and at twenty-seven was appointed secretary to the American legation at St. Petersburg (now

Petrograd). On account of ill health he was soon obliged to return to this country, but as a result of his St. Petersburg experience he published a brilliant essay on "Peter the Great," which attracted wide attention and which decided him to devote his life to literature. It seemed that he had now found the work for which he was best fitted.

He began his literary work with two novels, neither of which was successful. Then, becoming interested in the story of Holland and her struggle for liberty, he determined to write a book upon it, giving to it all the accuracy of history and at the same time the charm of vivid description and dramatic narrative. He now realized that his life work was marked out. For several years he studied and read all that he could find upon the history of the Netherlands; then he began to write. When he had nearly finished his first volume he saw that he was not accomplishing what he set out to do. He felt that he had not reached the bottom of his subject and that he could not sit in his library in Boston and write satisfactorily of a land so far away. So he took his family to Holland and spent several more years there and in neighboring European countries, reading all the old books and manuscripts upon his subject that he could find in the great libraries. He acquired infinite patience — the first virtue of a historian. Having at last mastered his subject, he destroyed all that he had written, began again, and after ten years of labor completed his first great work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." He could not find a publisher for it until he had agreed to pay the cost of publication; then it was brought out and at once made him famous.

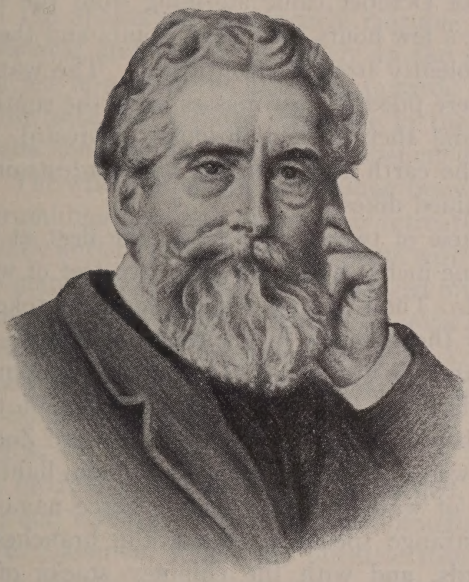
Motley's second work was a continuation of the first. It was the "History of the United Netherlands," two volumes of which appeared in 1860 and two more in 1868. While at work upon this book he was introduced to President Lincoln. Lincoln was pleased with his good sense, his charming manners, his scholarship, and his brilliant conversation.

"This is the type of man," said Lincoln, "who should represent us abroad," and he made him minister to Austria. Motley was recalled by Johnson and a few years later was sent by Grant to London as our minister to England. Owing to some political disagreement he was later recalled from England, but not until he had made a brilliant record and a host of English friends.

His last work, still a continuation of his former histories, was "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," a history of the religious struggles of the Dutch. This was published in two volumes, in 1874. He planned a fourth book, which should trace the history of the Netherlands through the Thirty Years' War, but he did not live to carry out his plan.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

[The following selection is from Motley's "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." The Netherlands in the sixteenth century occupied nearly the territory now covered by Holland and Belgium. When Philip the Second ascended the throne, they were but a part of his great realm, which included also Spain and a large portion of Italy. Philip lived in Spain and cared little for his Dutch subjects except to persecute them and to collect his revenues. His tyranny at length became so unbearable that the Netherlands revolted, under the leadership of William Prince of Orange, called "the Silent." It was an unequal struggle, for the Spanish army was well-equipped and powerful, but the Dutch were fighting for liberty, and that gave them strength. Leyden, then one of the principal Dutch cities, had in 1574 been besieged for about a year by the Spaniards and had been starved almost to the point of surrender, when William conceived the idea of breaking down the dikes, flooding the country from the sea, and thus driving away the besiegers. With this done, he was ready to send across the submerged lands a fleet of small flat-bottomed boats carrying provisions and aid to the besieged city. The plans were well laid and partly carried out, when, owing to a sudden change in the wind, the sea was blown back, leaving a depth of only about nine inches over the fields, and stranding part of the Dutch relief boats, which needed nearly twice that depth of water to float them.



John Lothrop Motley

The Spaniards, seeing their foes thus paralyzed, took possession of the dikes and roads surrounding Leyden and awaited developments. Admiral Boisot, the commander of the Dutch flotilla, was in despair, when suddenly the wind again changed.]

A violent equinoctial gale on the night between the first and second of October came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa instead of nine inches had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed toward Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle — a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zeelanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path — the forts of

Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zeelanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in keen pursuit, attacking them with boat hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long-expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of

carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind.

Meantime the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist.

"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen — "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?"

"We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us."

It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn.

Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights, issuing from the fort, was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall between the Cow Gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity

been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time a solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy, Gisbert Cornellisen, now waving his cap from the battlements, had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, himself flying from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the third of October. Leyden was relieved.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Motley's life. 2. Why was Leyden besieged? Tell what you can of the events which preceded the siege. 3. Who was the William of Orange mentioned in this story? (Distinguish between this William, "the Silent," and the William of Orange who became king of England in 1689.) 4. Explain "equinoctial gale," "eight

points." 5. What would be the effect of a strong wind blowing across the North Sea toward the coast of Holland? 6. Describe the cutting of the dikes. (It was not a single dike, but the series of dikes between Leyden and the sea.) Locate Leyden on a map.

7. What was the Kirkway? (See Vocabulary.) 8. Who was Boisot? 9. Note the vividness of this picture — the midnight encounter, the flash of the cannon, "the black waste of waters," the battle among the tree tops. 10. Who were the Zeelanders? (Find Zeeland on your map.) 11. Who was the "rebel admiral," and why *rebel?* What were the "enemy's vessels" mentioned in line 24, page 458? 12. Explain "great mere," "light flotilla," "corsairs," "armada."

13. Locate The Hague. (The road probably ran west from Leyden and then southwest). 14. Explain the figure in "to founder," page 459, line 28. Explain "long-expecting and expected haven," "respectful distance." 15. How was the dove used to carry Boisot's message? 16. Note the vividness of this second night picture. What was the "long procession of lights"? 17. What probably caused the fall of a portion of the city wall? 18. Who was Valdez? (See Vocabulary.) Locate Leyderdorp.

Other readings from Motley: The Abdication of Charles V and the Fall of Antwerp, from "The Rise of the Dutch Republic"; The Visit of Drake, from the "United Netherlands."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

1817–1862

Perhaps no one ever lived who was more truly a child of nature than Thoreau. He was a most interesting character — a natural, unspoiled man, who loved children and birds and trees and wild life, but who heartily disliked towns and society.

He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1817. His father had a small business as a maker of lead pencils, and Henry was brought up very simply. He was a thoughtful, serious boy, who always had a way of his own for doing things and who always did things well. He went to college at Harvard and graduated in 1837. Then he taught school for a time and was a private tutor in several families. For two years he lived with the Emersons, to whom he made himself useful in many ways. He also helped his father, the elder Thoreau, in his business and did odd jobs of surveying, gardening, carpentering, and anything else that came to his hand. It was hard for him to settle down to any regular work. He was not ambitious to make money or to gain fame, but wished only to have enough to live upon and time to study nature.

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In the summer of 1839 he and his brother John had made a boat and had paddled down the Concord River to its junction with the Merrimac, and up the Merrimac as far as they could go. From there they had tramped to the White Mountains and had returned the way they came. Thoreau had written in his journal a careful description of all that he saw on this journey, and as he thought more and more of the excursion,

it seemed to him that he had seen enough in the wild life of the woods and streams to give him material for a book.

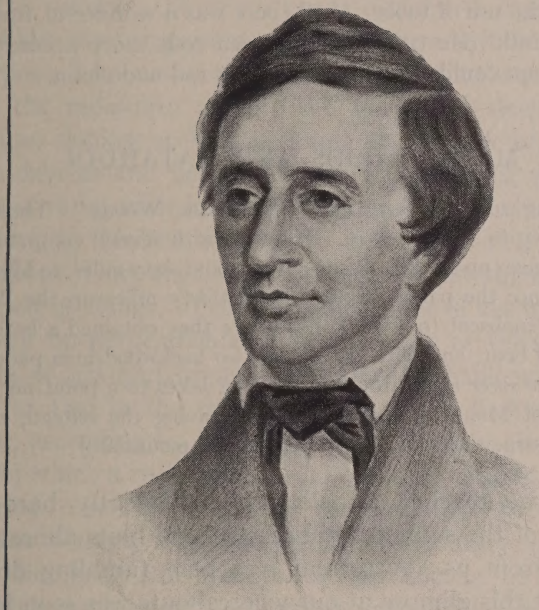
He wanted to live in the open air, he wanted to think and to write; so in 1845 he went out into the country by the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord — a mile from any neighbor — built himself a small hut, at an expense of twenty-eight dollars, and lived alone in it for more than two years. He supported himself by the labor of his hands, spent part of his time in writing the book which he had planned, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," and put into his journal the material for another book, which he published several years later, and which he called "Walden."

After these two years in the open country he returned to town and lived for another year with the Emersons. Then he went home to his father's house, supporting himself as before by various odd jobs, but chiefly by surveying, in which he was very skillful. He also continued his writing and gave lectures. He interested every one who heard him because of his fresh and original way of looking at things.

At different times during these years Thoreau made three excursions to the woods of Maine, three walking journeys on Cape Cod, and a trip to Montreal and Quebec. He wrote accounts of these trips for the magazines, and after his death they were reprinted in book form, under the titles, "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," and "A Yankee in Canada." Still later his complete Journal was published, in fourteen volumes. Thoreau died in 1862, after a long illness brought on by exposure and cold, for he took little care of his body.

Emerson says of him:

He knew the country like a fox or a bird and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. Under his arm he carried an old music book to press plants; in his pocket, his diary and pencil, a spyglass for birds, microscope, jackknife, and twine. He wore straw hat, stout shoes,



Henry David Thoreau

strong gray trousers to brave shrub oaks and smilax and to climb a tree for a hawk's or a squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for water plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. . . . He was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect — his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard. His senses were acute, his frame well-knit and hardy, his hands strong and skillful in the use of tools. And there was a wonderful fitness of body and mind. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain.

THE MAINE WOODS AND KATAHDIN

[The following selection is from "The Maine Woods." Thoreau made this journey in August, 1846. He went with several companions by team from Bangor up the Penobscot River, about sixty miles, to Mattawamkeag. Thence the party tramped some thirty miles up the West Branch of the Penobscot to Shad Pond, where they obtained a bateau, or flat-bottomed boat, and with the aid of two backwoodsmen paddled and poled up the river and through a chain of lakes to a point not far from the base of Mount Katahdin. Then, leaving the bateau, they continued the journey on foot up the slope of the mountain.]

At length we reached an elevation sufficiently bare to afford a view of the summit, still distant and blue, almost as if retreating from us. A torrent was seen tumbling down in front. But this glimpse at our whereabouts was soon lost, and we were buried in the woods again. The wood was chiefly yellow birch, spruce, fir, mountain ash, and moosewood. It was the worst kind of traveling. Bunchberries were very abundant as well as Solomon's seal and mooseberries. Blueberries were distributed along our whole route, and in one place the bushes were dropping with the weight of the fruit, still as fresh as ever. Such patches afforded a grateful repast and served to bait the tired party forward. When any lagged behind, the cry of "blueberries" was most effectual to bring them up. Even at this elevation we passed through a moose

yard, formed by a large flat rock, four or five rods square, where they tread down the snow in winter. At length, fearing that if we held the direct course to the summit we should not find any water near our camping ground, we gradually swerved to the west, till, at four o'clock, we struck again the torrent which I have mentioned, and here, in view of the summit, the weary party decided to camp that night.

While my companions were seeking a suitable spot for this purpose, I improved the little daylight that was left in climbing the mountain alone. We were in a deep and narrow ravine, sloping up to the clouds at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees and hemmed in by walls of rock which were at first covered with low trees, then with impenetrable thickets of scraggy birches and spruce trees, and with moss, but at last bare of any vegetation but lichens, and almost continually draped in clouds. Following the course of the torrent, pulling myself up perpendicular falls of twenty or thirty feet by the roots of firs and birches, and then perhaps walking a level rod or two in the thin stream, — for it took up the whole road, ascending by huge steps, as it were, a giant's stairway, down which a river flowed, — I had soon cleared the trees and paused to look back over the country. The torrent was from fifteen to thirty feet wide, without a tributary, and seemingly not diminishing in breadth as I advanced; but still it came rushing and roaring down, with a copious tide, over and amidst masses of bare rock, from the very clouds, as though a water-spout had just burst over the mountain.

Leaving this at last, I began to work my way up the nearest peak, at first scrambling on all fours over the tops of ancient black spruce trees, from two to ten or twelve feet in height, their tops flat and spreading, and their foliage blue and nipped with cold, as if for centuries they had ceased growing upward against the bleak sky. I walked some rods erect upon the tops of these trees, which were overgrown with moss and mountain cranberries. It seemed that in the course of time

they had filled up the intervals between the huge rocks, and the cold wind had uniformly leveled all over. There was apparently a belt of this kind running quite round the mountain. Once, slumping through, I looked down ten feet, into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood as on a mass of coarse basketwork, fully nine inches in diameter at the ground. These holes were bears' dens, and the bears were even then at home. This was the sort of garden I made my way over, certainly the most treacherous and porous country I ever traveled. But nothing could exceed the toughness of the twigs — not one snapped under my weight, for they had slowly grown. Having slumped, scrambled, rolled, bounced, and walked by turns over this scraggy country, I arrived upon a side-hill where gray, silent rocks were the flocks and herds that pastured. This brought me to the skirt of a cloud and bounded my walk that night.

When I returned to my companions, they had selected a camping ground on the torrent's edge and were resting. It was savage and dreary scenery, so wildly rough that they looked long to find a level and open space for the tent. We could not well camp higher for want of fuel; and the trees here seemed so evergreen and sappy that we almost doubted if they would acknowledge the influence of fire; but fire prevailed at last. Some more aërial and finer-spirited winds rushed and roared through the ravine all night, from time to time arousing our fire and dispersing the embers about. It was as if we lay in the very nest of a young whirlwind. At midnight one of my bedfellows, being startled in his dreams by the sudden blazing up to its top of a fir tree, whose green boughs were dried by the heat, sprang up with a cry from his bed, thinking the world on fire, and drew the whole camp after him.

In the morning, after whetting our appetite on some raw pork, a wafer of hard-bread, and a dipper of condensed cloud

or waterspout, we began to make our way up the falls; this time choosing the highest peak, which was not the one I had approached before. But soon my companions were lost to my sight behind the mountain ridge in my rear, and I climbed alone over huge rocks, loosely poised, a mile or more, still edging toward the clouds; for though the day was clear elsewhere, the summit was concealed by mist. The mountain seemed a vast aggregation of loose rocks, as if some time it had rained rocks and they lay as they fell, nowhere fairly at rest, but leaning on each other with cavities between. They were the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry, which the vast chemistry of nature would anon work up into the smiling and verdant plains and valleys of earth.

At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud which seemed forever drifting over the summit, and yet would never be gone, but was generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away. When I reached the summit of the ridge, which those who have seen it in clearer weather say is about five miles long and contains a thousand acres of table-land, I was deep within the hostile ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them. Now the wind would blow me out a yard of sunlight, wherein I stood; then a gray, dawning light was all it could accomplish, the cloud-line ever rising and falling with the wind's intensity. Sometimes it seemed as if the summit would be cleared in a few moments and smile in sunshine; but what was gained on one side was lost on another. It was like sitting in a chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away. It was, in fact, a cloud-factory. Occasionally, when the windy columns broke in to me, I caught sight of a dark, damp crag to the right or left; the mist driving ceaselessly between it and me.

At length, fearing that my companions would be anxious to reach the river before night, and knowing that the clouds might rest on the mountain for days, I was compelled to descend. Occasionally, as I came down, the wind would blow

a vista open, through which I could see the country eastward, boundless forests and lakes and streams, gleaming in the sun. Now and then some small bird of the sparrow family would flit away before me, unable to command its course, like a fragment of the gray rock blown off by the wind.

I found my companions where I had left them, gathering the mountain cranberries, which filled every crevice between the rocks, together with blueberries, which had a spicier flavor the higher up they grew. From this elevation, just on the skirts of the clouds, we could overlook the country, west and south, for a hundred miles — immeasurable forest — no clearing, no house! It did not look as if a solitary traveler had cut so much as a walking stick there. Countless lakes — Moosehead in the southwest, forty miles long by ten wide; Chesuncook, eighteen long by three wide; and a hundred others; and mountains, also, whose names, for the most part, are known only to the Indians. The forest looked like a firm grass sward, and the effect of these lakes in its midst has been well compared to that of a "mirror broken into a thousand fragments and wildly scattered over the grass, reflecting the full blaze of the sun."

Setting out on our return to the river, still at an early hour in the day, we decided to follow the course of the torrent as long as it would not lead us too far out of our way. We thus traveled about four miles in the very torrent itself, continually crossing and recrossing it, leaping from rock to rock and jumping with the stream down falls of seven or eight feet, or sometimes sliding down on our backs in a thin sheet of water. This ravine had been the scene of an extraordinary freshet in the spring, apparently accompanied by a slide from the mountain. For a rod or two, on either side of its channel, the trees were barked and splintered up to their tops, the birches bent over, twisted and sometimes finely split, like a stable-broom; some, a foot in diameter, snapped off, and whole clumps of trees bent over with the weight of rocks piled on

them. In one place we noticed a rock two or three feet in diameter lodged nearly twenty feet high in the crotch of a tree.

After leaving the torrent, being in doubt about our course, Tom threw down his pack at the foot of the loftiest spruce tree at hand, and shinned up the bare trunk some twenty feet, and then climbed through the green tower.

He descried a little meadow and pond, lying probably in our course, which we concluded to steer for.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you know of the life of Thoreau. 2. Point out on a map Thoreau's route from Bangor to Mount Katahdin. 3. What is an angle of forty-five degrees? Draw one. 4. Why do trees become stunted on the higher slopes of a mountain and at length disappear? 5. Why is it cold on a high mountain? 6. Explain how Thoreau could have walked over the tops of the trees. 7. Explain "where gray, silent rocks were the flocks and herds that pastured." 8. Express in simpler words "skirt of a cloud," "acknowledge the influence of fire," "aërial and finer-spirited winds," "dispersing the embers." Explain "nest of a young whirlwind." 9. What expressions on page 468 make the wind seem like a living thing? What does this add to the picture?

10. Explain "whetting our appetite," "a dipper of condensed cloud or waterspout," "the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry." 11. Explain how the "chemistry of nature" changes rocks into earth. 12. How was the cloud "generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away"? Why do clouds hang about the tops of mountains? 13. Why are the clouds said to be in "hostile ranks"? 14. Explain "Now the wind would blow me out a yard of sunlight." 15. Why is the mountain called a "cloud-factory"? 16. If you have ever been in a cloud, describe how it seemed to you; if you have not, give Thoreau's description in your own words.

The first two excursions described in "The Maine Woods" have been somewhat abridged by Clifton Johnson and published as "Katahdin and Chesuncook" in the Riverside Literature Series. The book is well fitted to this grade and will give you a better acquaintance with Thoreau.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819–1891

James Russell Lowell was born on Washington's Birthday in the year 1819, in a fine old house in Cambridge, which was called Elmwood because of the great elm trees that stood about it. He developed into a bright, good-natured boy, full of fun, and was never so happy as when out in the woods, or beside the river, or in the meadows among the long grass and wild flowers. What he liked next best to being out of doors was to get a book and curl up in a chair in the corner of his father's study, for his father was a minister and had a large library. There he would find some fine old story like "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Arabian Nights," and would become so interested in it that he would sometimes forget his supper, until his mother would come and find him.

Every spring the side of the road in front of the house was yellow with dandelions, and he greatly loved them. He says in his poem, "To the Dandelion":

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers were happy peers.

The first school to which young Lowell went was a private school kept by one of the neighbors. When he was about nine he was sent to a larger school and had to study French and Latin. The schoolmaster was a severe man, and kept a rattan stick in his desk with which to whip the boys. At about this time James wrote two letters to his brother, which have been saved through all these years. In them he tells about this rattan stick and about the hut that he and his brother had built, and how he and the colt and the dog went to town. He says that the kitten is as well and as playful as ever, and that he, James, is going to have a new suit, and that his mother says he may have any sort of buttons on it that he wishes. It is just such a letter as any boy of nine might write, and is not spelled exactly according to the dictionary. But he learned to spell, as he learned to do many other things, by keeping at it.

In the winter he loved to skate, and many a morning he might be seen, as soon as it was light, skimming over the ice upon the river, or on Fresh Pond, which was only a short walk from his home. He tells us how on the first winter days he could hardly wait for the ice to get thick enough to bear him, and he would spend the evening, until bedtime, beside the fire, putting on and taking off his new skates *twenty times* and trying each buckle and strap to see if it was right. He was a strong, manly boy and liked all kinds of outdoor sports. Throughout his life he was fond of taking long tramps over the snow in winter, especially on nights when the moon was up and the air was clear and crisp and cold.

Lowell entered college at Harvard when he was only fifteen. During his college course, Longfellow, then only twenty-nine, came to Harvard from Bowdoin and became professor of modern languages. Lowell was in one of his classes, and thus the two became acquainted. Lowell read widely while at college and showed a strong interest in literature,

though he did not distinguish himself as a scholar. In his senior year he was one of the editors of the college magazine and was elected class poet.

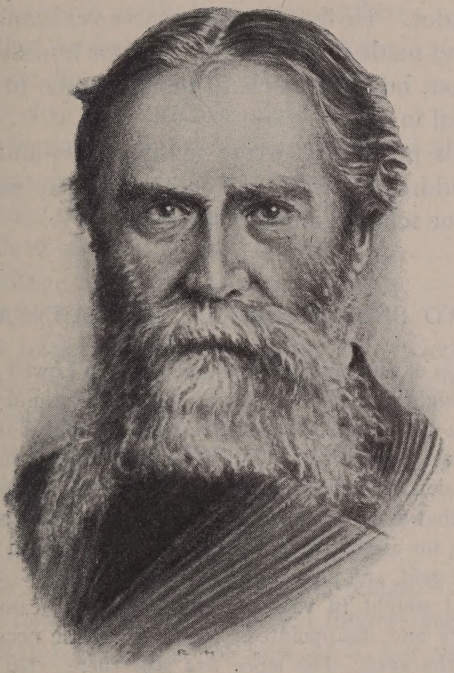
After his graduation he studied law, but did not like it. It seemed to him that he was born to write and that he *must* write. At about this time he married a very talented and lovely young woman, who was herself a poet and who inspired him to do his best.

They lived in the old home, "Elmwood," and there Lowell's happiest years were spent. He gave himself up entirely to his work, and Mrs. Lowell helped him with her counsel, sympathy, and love. Children came to them and brightened the old house, but neither Mrs. Lowell nor the children had robust health. Their first little daughter, Blanche, died when she was a year old. This was the loss to which Lowell refers in his poem, "The First Snowfall." Sometime afterwards Mrs. Lowell's health began to fail, and Lowell, thinking that a trip abroad might benefit her, went with her to Europe, where they lived and traveled for a year. But she was no better, and about a year after their return to Elmwood, she died.

Longfellow was then living at the old Craigie house and was a near neighbor of the Lowells. The two families were much together. On the night that Mrs. Lowell died, a child was born in the Longfellow home, and Longfellow wrote that exquisite poem of sympathy, "The Two Angels," beginning:

> Two angels, one of Life and one of Death
> Passed o'er our village as the morning broke.

A little more than a year after this, Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard, and Lowell was chosen to take his place. Soon afterwards Lowell was also made editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. During all this time he spent his spare moments writing poetry, much of which was published



James Russell Lowell

in magazines and afterwards in book form. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "The Biglow Papers" were among the most famous of them.

When he was about fifty-eight the United States government sent him to Spain, and three years later to England, as our ambassador. He lived in Spain three years and in England five years and made many friends both for himself and for the nation. Then he came back to his old home in Cambridge, where he died in 1891.

Besides his poems he wrote many essays and prepared a number of addresses for special occasions. He was a pleasing speaker, a fine scholar, and a noble man.

TWO SCENES FROM "SIR LAUNFAL"

["The Vision of Sir Launfal" is a dream which Lowell imagines came to a young knight. It was in June. All nature stimulated one to be abroad and to be doing something, and Sir Launfal determined to set forth on a quest for the Holy Grail. In the midst of his preparations he had this vision:

It seemed that as he was passing out of the castle he saw at the gate a leper asking for alms. He looked at the poor man in disgust, threw him a piece of gold, and passed on.

Sir Launfal sought in vain for the Grail. He came back in his old age, weary and disappointed; found his castle occupied and was driven from the gate. The leper was still there. No longer proud, Sir Launfal now sat down, divided with the man his last crust, and gave him water from a wooden bowl. Then the leper arose and in his place stood Jesus, saying, "Here is the Grail — this cup, which thou didst fill for me." Sir Launfal had found the Grail — at his own castle gate — because he had treated the poorest of mankind as a friend and brother.

The two following selections are preludes to the two parts of the poem. The first, describing a day in June, gives the feeling of youth and joy and introduces the scene in which Sir Launfal sets forth on his journey; the second, describing winter, represents age and sorrow and precedes the scene of Sir Launfal's return.]

I—A DAY IN JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue —
'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes of the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

II — WINTER

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,

Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
  Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
  By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
  The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
    And rattles and wrings
    The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
  The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
  Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
  Against the drift of the cold.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Lowell's life. 2. Tell the story of "Sir Launfal." 3. Why is the description of a June day used as the prelude to the first part? 4. Define "rare" as here used. 5. Explain the figure in "tries earth if it be in tune" (the violinist bending his ear over his instrument). 6. What are some of the signs of life that we see or hear in June? Note that even the clod is here personified. Explain this metaphor. 7. Explain and note the appropriateness of the figures "catches the sun in its chalice," "to be some happy creature's palace," "atilt like a blossom," "illumined being," "deluge of summer," "heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings."

8. Note the correct use of "nice" in line 24, page 477. Substitute another word for it. Is your word as good? 9. Explain the figure in "high tide of the year." What other words carry out the same figure? Note the sense of fullness and largeness. 10. What effect has a beautiful day upon the feelings? In what lines is this expressed? 11. What do the clouds symbolize (line 21, page 478)? 12. Explain "*unscarred* heaven," "sulphurous rifts." (The crater of a volcano is scarred with cracks or rifts, through which melted sulphur bubbles.)

13. Why is a winter scene introduced as the prelude to the description of Sir Launfal's return? 14. Why is the snow on the mountain peak called "five thousand *summers* old"? Why not winters? Define "wold." 15. Note the beauty of this description of the brook in winter and compare it with the June day. Which do you like the better? Why? Compare this brook with the brook in "Snow-Bound." 16. Describe the roof which the brook built. Explain "groined his arches and matched his beams." 17. Describe the "crystal spars" as you have seen them in partly frozen water.

18. Is the simile in lines 12, 13, page 479, a good one? Give reasons. 19. Explain line 14. Note the effect of the word "tinkling." 20. Explain "frost-leaved forest-crypt," "long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees." (Note that the grasses are caught and imprisoned in the ice. Note, too, that the poet is describing a scene in miniature.) 21. Explain "bending to counterfeit a breeze." (What would the current of the brook do to the grasses before they were frozen?) 22. Explain "fretwork," "arabesques of ice-fern leaf." 23. Explain the figure beginning in line 32, page 479. Is it a metaphor or a simile?

24. What is there to relieve the coldness of the winter picture? Note how Whittier in "Snow-Bound" employs the same contrast. What

does the thought of Christmas add to this picture? Define "corbel," "rafter." Explain "sprouting," "Yule log." 25. Note the figure in "flame-pennons." What other words carry out the same idea? Explain the figure in lines 13, 14, page 480; in lines 15–18. Note the wealth of figurative language throughout this poem. 26. Discuss the figure in line 20. 27. Notice the comparison of the seneschal's voice to a flaring torch. What does that mean to you?

28. What effect does the sight of the bright castle windows have upon Sir Launfal? 29. Explain the last four lines. 30. Think of these two selections as contrasted pictures. Which has the more beauty? Which has the more thought? 31. Find examples of alliteration; of the use of words expressing the sound which they represent. 32. Memorize from the beginning to line 15, page 478; line 1, page 479, to line 4, page 480.

Read the entire poem; also "The Heritage," "The Dandelion," and "The Shepherd of King Admetus."

O BEAUTIFUL! MY COUNTRY!

[From the Commemoration Ode, read at Harvard University in 1865, in honor of the students who had fallen in the Civil War.]

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

WALT WHITMAN

1819–1892

It was in a little frame house just off the highway, near Huntington, Long Island, that Whitman was born, in 1819. His father was a carpenter — a strong man and a good workman, but not very prosperous. His mother was of Dutch descent, good-natured, simple, and domestic. Walt was the second child. He is said to have been a sturdy, fair-skinned youngster, with hair as black as coal, and with wide blue-gray eyes that were always looking at something. He loved birds and flowers. In his poem about himself he says:

The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass, and white and red morning glories, and white and red clover,
And the song of the phœbe-bird.

When he was but four years old the family moved to Brooklyn and lived in various unattractive houses, seldom staying long in one place. Walt seems to have spent most of his earlier years wandering away from town and roaming through the woods and meadows, often taking long jaunts along the ocean side, digging clams in summer, and spearing eels in winter, through the ice.

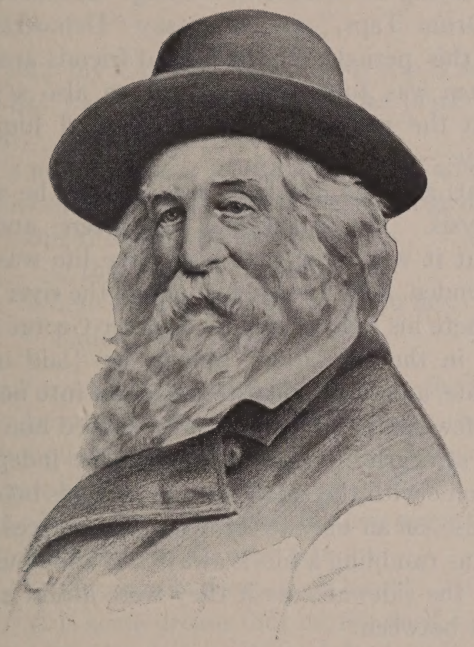
He went to school irregularly until he was thirteen; then "went to work." He found a job as errand boy. His employer gave him a ticket to a circulating library, and there he made practically his first acquaintance with literature, reading with great delight "The Arabian Nights" and all

Scott's novels. At fifteen he was setting type in a newspaper office; at eighteen he was teaching school at Flushing; at twenty he had started a small weekly paper at Huntington, his native village, serving as editor, compositor, pressman, and delivery boy.

The paper gave him experience but not much else. After a year or two he secured a position as editor of a small daily in New York, writing at the same time stories and sketches for a literary journal called *The Democratic Review*, which included among its contributors Poe, Bryant, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell. From New York he went South, edited a paper in New Orleans for a time, and returned by way of the Mississippi, the Great Lakes, and Canada.

The year 1855 saw the publication of his first book, "Leaves of Grass," a poem, or group of poems, different from any poetry that had then been written. Not being able to find a publisher, he set up the type himself and printed it in a job office in Brooklyn. Some said it was not poetry at all; others said there were grains of poetry in it, but it was mostly prose in verse form; still others could make nothing of it. Emerson praised it for its freedom; Whittier threw his copy into the fire. The book did not sell, and except by a very few independent thinkers, Whitman was regarded as a joke.

In 1861 the Civil War came on. Whitman's brother George was one of the first to enlist. Then came news that George was wounded on one of the Virginia battle fields. Walt went to the front and found his brother convalescent, but was inexpressibly touched at the sight of the thousands who were dying in the hospitals for want of proper care. Here seemed to him a clear duty; here was a chance to serve his country by saving rather than by taking life. He stayed in Washington as a volunteer nurse, without pay, supporting himself by copying government papers a few hours a day, living in the attic of a shabby tenement, and saving every cent he could to buy fruit and delicacies for the wounded.



Walt Whitman

The doctors told him he was overworking, but he laughed at them. Yet, after about a year of this constant strain, his health broke down, and he was never again a well man.

Having obtained a small clerkship in one of the government offices, he remained in Washington for more than ten years, employing his leisure in writing. His second book of poems, "Drum Taps," and his essay "Democratic Vistas," belong to this period. He had good friends around him — one of whom was John Burroughs, then also a government clerk — but the public did not understand him and fame came slowly.

One night, after he had been reading late, he was stricken with paralysis. The attack was not severe, and he rallied from it, but it was clear that his active life was over. He went to Camden, New Jersey, just across the river from Philadelphia, where his mother and his brother George were living, and there, in the old sailors' phrase, he "laid up," for the rest of his life, a period which stretched out into nearly twenty years. A few summers in the country helped him partially to regain his strength. Then, wishing to be independent, he bought a home with the small income from his books. It was an ugly house, on an ugly street, with locomotives puffing and freight trains rumbling a block away, and the houses crowded forward to the sidewalks as if they were afraid a little grass might grow between.

But Whitman was as contented as if he were living in a palace. His fame had been growing, he was beginning to be understood, and now some of the best and wisest men of the times came to visit him. They came because they felt that this great, simple, independent man had something to tell them that others did not know. In a talk with one of his visitors he said, "I like the folks, the plain, ignorant, unpretentious folks . . . and I like the babies, and I like the youngsters that play in the alley and make mud pies on my steps."

That was Walt Whitman. He liked the *folks*, and he put on no style. He was an honest, true-hearted man.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[This poem was written just after the assassination of Lincoln. The poet thinks of the Union as the "Ship of State," that has weathered the war but lost its captain.]

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells!
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

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My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Whitman's life. 2. What was this poem written to commemorate? What is referred to in "Captain," "fearful trip," "the ship," "weathered every rack"? What was the "prize" that had been won? What is the natural order of words in "follow eyes the steady keel"? 3. In the line "O heart! heart! heart!" what is expressed? Could it have been so well expressed by any statement of fact?

4. Note in the second stanza the fine picture of a rejoicing multitude. For whom do they call, and why? 5. Why is the form of address changed from "Captain" to "father"? 6. Explain "It is some dream." 7. Why should the shores exult and the bells ring? 8. What lines show to you most keenly the poet's personal grief? 9. Memorize the poem.

Other tributes to Lincoln are the addresses by Beecher, Lowell, and Ingersoll, and poems by Bryant, Maurice Thompson, Tom Taylor, Stedman, S. Weir Mitchell, Sill, Markham, Stoddard, Piatt, and Brownell, also Lowell's reference in the "Commemoration Ode."

THE BIRD SONG

[This selection, from "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," is an example of Whitman's verse at its best. It has no rime nor regularity, yet there is unmistakable rhythm and musical cadence. The freedom from all regular poetic form has given to it the name "*free* verse." Note the vivid pictures and the beauty and pathos of it. It is a poem for every lover of birds and nature.]

When the lilac scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.
Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mates,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.
Forth more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadows,

Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and
sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell in your own words the story in this selection. 2. What can you say of the verse? 3. Have you ever seen any other examples of "free verse"? If so, where? 4. Explain "Fifth-month." 5. Memorize the bird's song. ("Home, or rivers and mountains from home," means that it doesn't matter whether we are at home, or whether rivers and mountains lie between us and home, so long as we two are together.)

6. What lines are included in the second song of the bird? Explain "Paumanok." (See Vocabulary.) 7. What feelings are expressed in the two songs of the bird? 8. Why did Whitman, of all men, know the meaning of the bird's song? 9. Explain the figure "The white arms out in the breakers." 10. What do you learn from this poem regarding Whitman's childhood?

Other readings from Whitman: "Pioneers," "Night on the Prairies," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," "An Old Man's Thought of School," "I Hear America Singing," "On the Beach at Night," and "A Noiseless, Patient Spider."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

1822–1909

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was one of the most distinguished and capable Americans of his generation. He was of the same stock as Nathan Hale the patriot spy, and was born in Boston in 1822, — the son of a well-known newspaper editor. The boy grew up in his native city, surrounded by books and all the advantages of a cultured home. He distinguished himself as a scholar and after completing the course at the Boston Latin School entered Harvard and graduated with honor at the age of seventeen. He had a strong leaning toward his father's profession of journalism, and a desire to write, but he felt that he could perhaps do more good as a preacher. He therefore studied theology — teaching meanwhile in the Boston Latin School — and at twenty was licensed to preach. After a varied experience of some ten years, he became minister of a large church in Boston and remained there during the rest of his long life, though he gave much of his time to writing and editing. His name appears as the author or editor of more than fifty books. He was also prominently connected with important reforms and philanthropic work of many kinds, and for a time was Congressional chaplain in Washington. The best known of his original works are the stories, "The Man Without a Country," "In His Name," and "My Double and How He Undid Me." He originated the well-known motto, "Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; and lend a hand."

PHILIP NOLAN ACTS AS INTERPRETER

[According to Dr. Hale's story, which, as he repeatedly asserted, had no historical foundation, Philip Nolan was a young naval officer who was court-martialed for some supposed connection with Burr's plots in 1807. In a rage at the court Nolan cursed the United States, declaring that he wished he might never hear the name again. The court decreed that his wish should be gratified. He was transferred to an outward-bound man-of-war, and when the ship was about to return, he was transferred to another vessel bound for foreign ports. This practice was continued throughout Nolan's life. He was not only never allowed to go home but was never allowed to receive news from home, and was not even permitted to read a book or newspaper in which the name of the United States was mentioned. One incident of his punishment is described in the following extract.]

I first came to understand anything about the "man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle cuffs knocked off and for convenience' sake was putting them upon the rascals

of the schooner's crew. The negroes were most of them out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and patois of a dialect from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"Is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish" — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of the fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas!" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language.

Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said. "Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs. But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets, and the men gave way, he said to me. "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home,

and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country herself — your Country — and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Dr. Hale's life. 2. Give an outline of the story from which this extract is taken. 3. Who is supposed to be telling the story? 4. Why did the United States vessel on which Nolan was stationed at this time attack the schooner with slaves on board? (The capture and exportation of slaves from Africa was illegal.) 5. Explain "patois," "the Parisian of Beledeljereed" (the northern shore of Africa had many French colonists), "Kroomen," "*deus ex machina*," "barracoon" (see Vocabulary). Locate Fernando Po, Cape Palmas. 6. Explain the effect that the complaints of the negroes had upon Nolan. 7. Discuss Nolan's speech.

Read "The Man Without a Country" and "In His Name."

FRANCIS PARKMAN

1823–1893

In the life of Prescott you have read how a man with failing vision, but with a stout heart, determined to make the most of what he had and to write a great history that should not die. About a quarter of a century after Prescott another youth grew up in Boston who did precisely the same thing. Change the names and dates and some of the details, and the story of one of these men's lives will almost fit the other.

Parkman was the son of a distinguished Boston clergyman. Not being very strong as a boy, he was sent to live with his grandfather on a farm near Medford. He went to school in the village but spent most of his time in the woods, living as much like an Indian as possible. Indeed, the Indian life had for him a fascination that he never outgrew.

After four years on the Medford farm he returned home and continued his studies at a private school in Boston. Here he became interested in chemistry, and spent his spare hours making noxious gases and trying experiments, which on several occasions narrowly failed of blowing him to pieces. He also read poetry and amused himself by putting into verse parts of Scott's "Ivanhoe."

At seventeen he entered Harvard. By this time he had outgrown his passion for chemistry and was deeply interested in history. The lure of the woods also came back to him, and he spent his vacations tramping through the White Mountains or paddling a canoe on Lake Champlain, noting carefully all historic localities.

During his sophomore year he determined to write a history of the "Old French War," ending in the conquest of Canada, but later he enlarged his plan to include the whole of the conflict between France and England in America. This determination soon became the leading motive of his life.

The intensity with which he entered upon everything that he did made even his vacation trips a tax upon his strength. During his senior year at Harvard his health broke down. He went to Europe, spent a few months in travel, returned somewhat improved, and graduated with his class. Then, to please his father, who did not sympathize with his literary aims, he studied law, but he spent his leisure reading history.

It was now that Parkman's sight began to fail. With the threefold purpose of resting his eyes, building up his health, and becoming acquainted at first hand with Indian character and life, he made a journey to the Black Hills and lived for a time among the Dakotahs. If he had been more moderate, the journey would probably have done him good, but he could never do a thing by halves, and consequently he came home worn out and almost blind. After a short rest he began to write, using a frame like Prescott's, by means of which he could work with bandaged eyes. His first book was "The Oregon Trail," an account of his journey across the plains. Then followed "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," which in point of time stands at the end of his series, but which he wrote first because he had the materials at hand and was fresh from his experiences of Indian life.

Thus Parkman labored on for more than forty years. There was never a day of all those years when he was well. At times he was obliged for months to stop entirely; at other times he could work but five or ten minutes, when he would be seized with a strange confusion of thought that made further writing impossible. But when this had passed he would go to work again. Much of his writing was done in this way, a few minutes at a time; but he never thought

of giving up; that was the farthest from his plan. With soldierlike courage he kept at it, until he had produced eight wonderful works, covering one of the most interesting periods in American history.

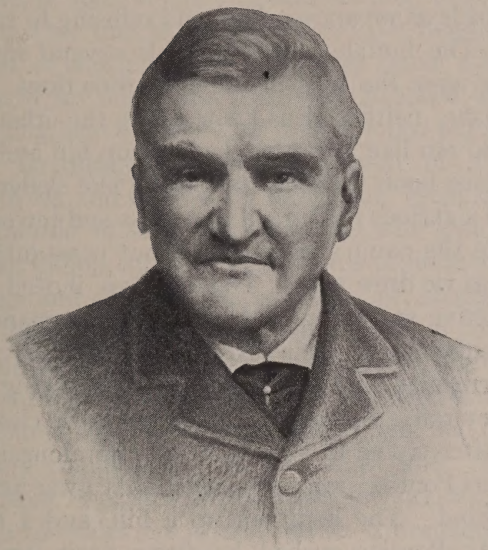
These books include "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," "The Old Régime in Canada," "Count Frontenac," "A Half Century of Conflict," "Montcalm and Wolfe," and "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."

THE BUFFALO

[This selection from "The Oregon Trail" describes an incident in Parkman's journey over the plains in 1846. Shaw was a college friend who accompanied Parkman. Henry Chatillon, a French Canadian, was their guide.]

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their places, and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game.

At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit, to keep out of sight, we rode towards them, until we ascended a hill, within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge, just out of sight, drew our saddle girths, examined our pistols, and mounting again, rode over the hill and descended at a canter towards them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm; those on the hill descended, those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got into motion, shouldering each other along



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Francis Parkman

at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and trampling in terror through an opening in the hills, we were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses, being new to the work, showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain to bring him alongside, I fired. At the report Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right, at a leisurely gallop; and in front the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect, and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols, in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill, their panic somewhat

abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left; and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down the declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat; he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do; he slackened his gallop, and turning towards us, with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge, shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol and fired after the bull, who had resumed his flight; then I drew rein, and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. I looked about for some indications to show me where I was and what course I ought to pursue; I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being; the same wild endless

expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to think myself in danger of being lost, and reining in my horse, summoned the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term is applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. It occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river; it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach to look at me, gaze intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside and stretch lightly away over the prairie, as swiftly as a race horse. Squalid, ruffianlike wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude and yelping away most vehemently, whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie dogs are not fastidious in their choice of companions; various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the

rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed changed; only a wolf or two glided by at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic luster, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand. I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path, before I saw, from the ridge of a sand hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valley, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Parkman's life. In what respects was it like that of another American historian? 2. Where did the events of this story occur? 3. What is the more correct name for the animal here called the buffalo? Describe the animal and tell something of its habits. What is its present condition? 4. Define "misanthropic." Why is the word suitable here? 5. What are "holsters"? 6. Describe the prairie dog. 7. Explain "like conscious felons."

8. Note the series of pictures: (*a*) the start; (*b*) the attack upon the herd; (*c*) the running away of Pontiac; (*d*) chasing the stragglers; (*e*) the charge of the bull; (*f*) lost on the plains (note especially the animal life); (*g*) the discovery of the river.

The best books with which to begin the reading of Parkman are "The Oregon Trail" and "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West."

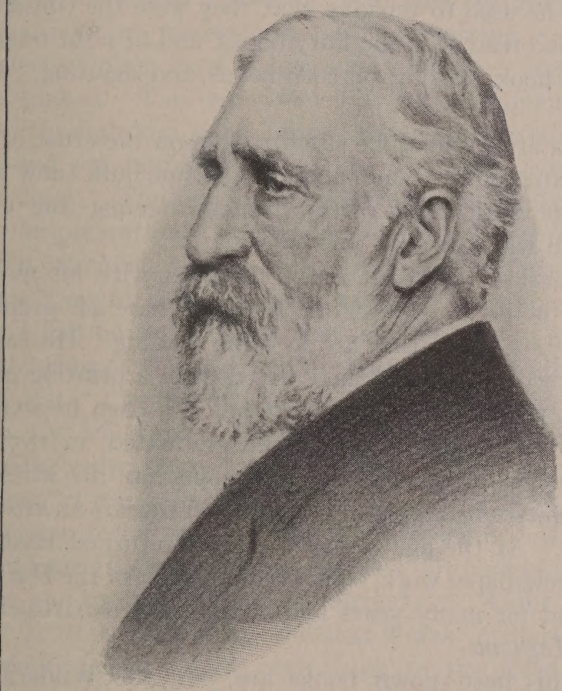
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

1827–1900

"One of the best things in the world to be, is a boy." That is what Charles Dudley Warner says in the first sentence of the book "Being a Boy." Warner himself was a real boy, and knew how good it is. He was, in fact, so successful at being a boy that he grew up to be a successful man.

Charles Dudley Warner was born on a farm near the little village of Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1827. As soon as he could walk alone he used to wander off to the great hill pasture where the wintergreen berries grew, and the sweet fern and the sassafras. He loved the big bowlders covered with gray moss, and the brook that brawled over the stones, and the apple orchard with its load of red and yellow fruit. He had a good father, who saw the fine spirit that was in him, and who felt that some day the boy would do something worth while. This father was not a college man, but always regretted that he was not, and determined that his boy should have the advantages that he himself had lacked. The father died when Charles was only five years old, and the last words which he said were, "Charles must go to college."

Soon after this the old home was given up, and Charles went to live with a relative who had been made his guardian. This relative lived near Charlemont, some ten miles away. Charles went to the district school at Charlemont, and was a good scholar; but he had so many "chores" to do that there was little time left him for play. He drove the oxen, and cleaned the stable, and cut down the thistles, and weeded the beet bed, and hoed the potatoes, and raked the sticks and



Charles Dudley Warner

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leaves out of the front yard, and split the kindling, and turned the grindstone for the hired man, and went after the cows, and was told that after he had finished all these things he might play ball. But there was not much time left for ball.

Yet he did have fun. Was there ever a boy who didn't find a chance for fun somewhere? When he was cutting down the big thistles, he used to imagine that they were the whiskered villains he had read of in the fairy books, and he went to them with his bill hook, slashing off their heads, and shouting, "Die, ruffian!"

In winter, after school, he slid downhill on the crust of the snow, or skated on the pond, and at noontime built snow forts and had snowball fights — the Indians against the early settlers — in which all the boys took part.

When Charles was about twelve he went with his mother to her old home in New York State. There he prepared for college and found time to do some reading. He earned his way by working in a drug store, then in a printing office, and after a time in the village post office. Then he went to Hamilton College, and when he had graduated, in 1851, he joined a surveying party that was going out to Missouri. After that he studied law and was for several years an attorney in Chicago. At the age of thirty-one he returned East and went into newspaper work. He became editor of the Hartford *Courant* and for many years had charge of a department in *Harper's Magazine*.

Among his best-known books are "In the Wilderness," "Backlog Studies," "My Summer in a Garden," and "My Winter on the Nile." With Mark Twain he wrote a story of early Missouri life called "The Gilded Age."

Mr. Warner was a great traveler. Several of his books describe journeys in Egypt, Asia Minor, and other lands. He was interested in all good works, and especially in improving our prisons. He had a long life of usefulness, and died at his home in Hartford in 1900.

LOST IN THE WOODS

[This selection from "In the Wilderness" describes an experience of the author while on a camping trip among the Adirondack Mountains.]

The forest was of hard-wood, and open, except for a thick undergrowth of moose-bush. It was raining, — in fact, it had been raining, more or less, for a month, — and the woods were soaked. This moose-bush is most annoying stuff to travel through in a rain; for the broad leaves slap one in the face, and sop him with wet. The way grew every moment more dingy. The heavy clouds above the thick foliage brought night on prematurely. It was decidedly premature to a near-sighted man, whose glasses the rain rendered useless: such a person ought to be at home early. On leaving the river-bank I had borne to the left, so as to be sure to strike either the clearing or the road, and not wander off into the measureless forest. I confidently pursued this course, and went gayly on by the left flank. That I did not come to any opening or path, only showed that I had slightly mistaken the distance: I was going in the right direction.

I was so certain of this, that I quickened my pace, and got up with alacrity every time I tumbled down amid the slippery leaves and catching roots, and hurried on. And I kept to the left. It even occurred to me that I was turning to the left so much, that I might come back to the river again. It grew more dusky, and rained more violently; but there was nothing alarming in the situation, since I knew exactly where I was. It was a little mortifying that I had miscalculated the distance: yet, so far was I from feeling any uneasiness about this, that I quickened my pace again, and, before I knew it, was in a full run; that is, as full a run as a person can indulge in in the dusk, with so many trees in the way. No nervousness, but simply a reasonable desire to get there. I desired to look upon myself as the person "not lost, but gone

before." As time passed, and darkness fell, and no clearing or road appeared, I ran a little faster. It didn't seem possible that the people had moved, or the road been changed; and yet I was sure of my direction. I went on with an energy increased by the ridiculousness of the situation, the danger that an experienced woodsman was in of getting home late for supper; the lateness of the meal being nothing to the gibes of the unlost. How long I kept this course, and how far I went on, I do not know; but suddenly I stumbled against an ill-placed tree, and sat down on the soaked ground, a trifle out of breath. It then occurred to me that I had better verify my course by the compass. There was scarcely light enough to distinguish the black end of the needle. To my amazement, the compass, which was made near Greenwich, was wrong. Allowing for the natural variation of the needle, it was absurdly wrong. It made out that I was going south when I was going north. It intimated, that, instead of turning to the left, I had been making a circuit to the right.

. . . . . .

The compass annoyed me. I've known experienced guides utterly discredit it. It couldn't be that I was to turn about, and go the way I had come. Nevertheless, I said to myself, "You'd better keep a cool head, my boy, or you are in for a night of it. Better listen to science than to spunk." And I resolved to heed the impartial needle. I was a little weary of the rough tramping: but it was necessary to be moving; for, with wet clothes and the night air, I was decidedly chilly. I turned towards the north, and slipped and stumbled along. A more uninviting forest to pass the night in I never saw. Everything was soaked. If I became exhausted, it would be necessary to build a fire; and, as I walked on, I couldn't find a dry bit of wood.

. . . . . .

It began to be a question whether I could hold out to walk all night; for I must travel, or perish. And now I imagined

that a specter was walking by my side. This was Famine. To be sure, I had only recently eaten a hearty luncheon: but the pangs of hunger got hold on me when I thought that I should have no supper, no breakfast; and, as the procession of unattainable meals stretched before me, I grew hungrier and hungrier. I could feel that I was becoming gaunt, and wasting away: already I seemed to be emaciated. It is astonishing how speedily a jocund, well-conditioned human being can be transformed into a spectacle of poverty and want. Lose a man in the woods, drench him, tear his pantaloons, get his imagination running on his lost supper and the cheerful fireside that is expecting him, and he will become haggard in an hour. I am not dwelling upon these things to excite the reader's sympathy, but only to advise him, if he contemplates an adventure of this kind, to provide himself with matches, kindling-wood, something more to eat than one raw trout, and not to select a rainy night for it. . . .

I had now given up all expectation of finding the road, and was steering my way as well as I could northward towards the valley. In my haste I made slow progress. Probably the distance I traveled was short, and the time consumed not long; but I seemed to be adding mile to mile, and hour to hour. I had time to review the incidents of the Russo-Turkish war, and to forecast the entire Eastern question; I outlined the characters of all my companions left in camp, and sketched in a sort of comedy the sympathetic and disparaging observations they would make on my adventure; I repeated something like a thousand times, without contradiction, "What a fool you were to leave the river!" I stopped twenty times, thinking I heard its loud roar, always deceived by the wind in the tree tops; I began to entertain serious doubts about the compass, — when suddenly I became aware that I was no longer on level ground; I was descending a slope; I was actually in a ravine. In a moment more I was in a brook newly formed by the rain. "Thank

Heaven!" I cried. "this I shall follow whatever conscience or the compass says." In this region, all streams go, sooner or later, into the valley. This ravine, this stream, no doubt, led to the river. I splashed and tumbled along down it in mud and water. Down hill we went together, the fall showing that I must have wandered to high ground. When I guessed that I must be close to the river, I suddenly stepped into mud up to my ankles. It was the road, — running, of course, the wrong way, but still the blessed road. It was a mere canal of liquid mud; but man had made it, and it would take me home. I was at least three miles from the point where I supposed I was near at sunset, and I had before me a toilsome walk of six or seven miles, most of the way in a ditch; but it is truth to say I enjoyed every step of it. I was safe; I knew where I was; and I could have walked till morning. The mind had again got the upper hand of the body, and began to plume itself on its superiority: it was even disposed to doubt whether it had been "lost" at all.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a brief account of the life of Charles Dudley Warner. 2. From what book is the selection taken? 3. What is the reference in "not lost but gone before"? (From the Latin writer Seneca, who used it in speaking of the dead.) 4. What does the reference to the Russo-Turkish War tell you of the time at which this occurred? (The Russo-Turkish War was in 1877–1878.) 5. What tendency do travelers in the woods generally show to depart from a straight line? (The inclination is to travel in a circle.) 6. What examples of humor do you find in the selection? 7. Compare it with Thoreau's account of the woods, pages 466–471.

Other readings from Warner: The Sugar Camp, from "Being a Boy"; A-Hunting of the Deer, and How I Killed a Bear, from "In the Wilderness"; Second, Third, and Ninth Weeks, from "My Summer in a Garden."

HENRY TIMROD

1829–1867

In the old city of Charleston, South Carolina, toward the close of the year 1829 was born one of the most inspired of our Southern poets, Henry Timrod. The father of this boy was also a writer of verse and was the editor of a literary paper; his mother was an earnest lover of nature, and from her the boy received his passionate fondness for the woods and flowers.

When Timrod grew up and went to school, it happened that his seat mate was Paul Hayne, a boy who also became in after years a well-known poet. There was less than a month's difference in age between the two boys, and they became close friends. Hayne tells us that when they were about thirteen, Henry came to school one morning with "a ballad of stirring adventures" which he had just written and which he wanted his friend to read and admire. His friend read and admired and urged him to write more.

Timrod went to college at the University of Georgia, but left at the end of his first year — partly because of ill health and partly because there was not enough money in the family to pay his expenses. He returned to Charleston and for a time studied law, but it soon became clear to him that he was not made for a lawyer. At about this time the Civil War began. Timrod enlisted in the Southern army and went to the front, but was ill most of the time and at last decided regretfully that he was not strong enough to live a soldier's life. He continued with the army for a time as a newspaper correspondent, but this also proved too hard for him.

So he went home and devoted himself to the task of getting well. When he had partly regained his health he became assistant editor of a daily paper in Columbia, and when Columbia was burned he went with his paper back to Charleston. He married in 1864 and for a year or two enjoyed fairly good health, but the newspaper work paid him little and his poems still less; he was in sore straits and had to sell his furniture and silver, piece by piece, in order to buy groceries. Notwithstanding his troubles he remained cheerful and wrote jokingly to Hayne, "We have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead."

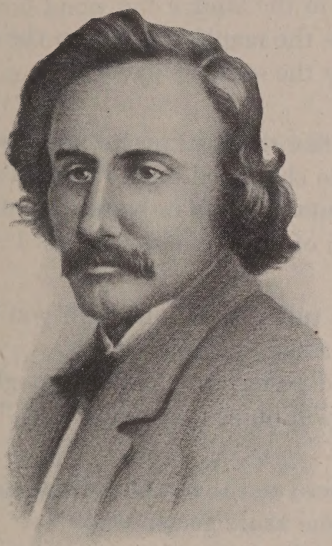
Matters soon went from bad to worse. The poet found that he had consumption in an advanced stage, and although he was helped somewhat by two visits to Hayne's home among the pines of Georgia, he received no permanent relief, and died two years after the close of the war, at the age of only thirty-seven. About five years after his death his poems were collected by Hayne and published in book form.

SPRING

[This fine imaginative poem describes the coming of spring in Carolina. Notice how the objects of nature — spring, the jasmine, the forest tree, the crocus, the rose — all seem to have a *human* quality. This sympathy with nature is one of the marks of true poetry.]

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.



Henry Timrod

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Timrod's life. 2. To what part of the country does this poem refer? What tells you? 3. Explain "nameless pathos." 4. Explain lines 5–8, page 512. Notice the large number of similes and metaphors. Timrod's verse is particularly figurative. "The jasmine burns its fragrant lamps" means either that the fragrance of the flower is like the incense from some cathedral lamp, or that the bright yellow of the jasmine in the dark lagoons shines out like the flame of a lamp.

5. Explain lines 1–4, page 514. Find a metaphor and a simile. Find examples of personification in this poem. 6. What figure is in line 15, page 514? 7. What figure in "azure gems," line 18? 8. Explain lines 27, 28, page 514. 9. Explain the last two stanzas. 10. Memorize the stanzas that you like best.

Other fine poems of Timrod are "Hark to the Shouting Wind," "Katie," "A Summer Shower," and "The Cotton Boll."

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

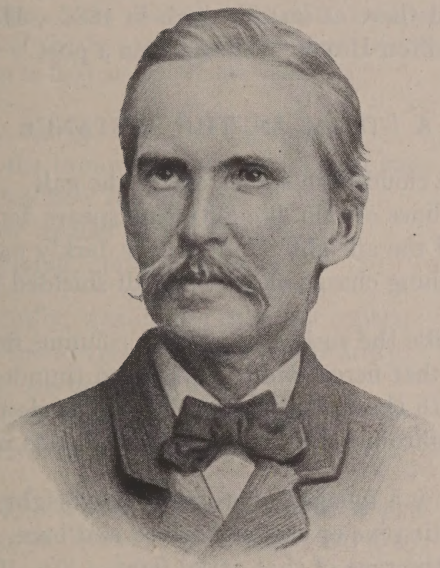
1830–1886

Hayne's life is the story of another brave man who lost home, money, and health, but who, in the midst of it all, kept a stout heart, and found beauty and peace, because he sought for them.

On New Year's Day in the year 1830 Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in a fine old mansion in Charleston, South Carolina. His forefathers had come from England in the early colonial days before the United States became a nation. Some of them had fought in the Revolution and had done important work for the new government under Washington. His uncle, Robert G. Hayne, was governor of South Carolina and a famous speaker. His father was an officer in the navy.

So this boy came into a home where there was wealth, culture, a large library of good books, and everything that should make a lad successful. He was a fine scholar, went through school and college in Charleston, and began early to write for the newspapers and magazines. You have read of his school life with Henry Timrod. As young men the two were also thrown together in their literary work and were both members of a literary group the head of which was William Gilmore Simms, the Southern novelist. Hayne was for a time editor of *Russell's Magazine*. He married a beautiful young Charleston woman, wrote and published several books of poems, and was becoming well known as a poet, when the Civil War broke out.

Soon after this, Charleston was besieged. Hayne's home was one of many that were burned; his books and everything



Paul Hamilton Hayne

that he owned were destroyed, and he was left very poor. He had joined the Southern army, but his health broke down, and he found that he could not stand the hard life of a soldier. So, with his wife and child, he went to Georgia and built a little cottage, or shanty, as he called it, in the pine woods near Augusta. There he lived for twenty-three years, fighting death, as Timrod and Lanier fought it, and there at last he died, in 1886. He left a son, William Hamilton Hayne, who was also a poet.

A STORM IN THE DISTANCE

I see the cloud-born squadrons of the gale,
Their lines of rain like glittering spears deprest,
While all the affrighted land grows darkly pale
In flashing charge on earth's half-shielded breast.

Sounds like the rush of trampling columns float
From that fierce conflict; volleyed thunders peal,
Blent with the maddened wind's wild bugle-note;
The lightnings flash, the solid woodlands reel!

Ha! many a foliaged guardian of the height,
Majestic pine or chestnut, riven and bare,
Falls in the rage of that aërial fight,
Led by the Prince of all the Powers of air!

Vast boughs like shattered banners hurtling fly
Down the thick tumult: while, like emerald snow,
Millions of orphaned leaves make wild the sky,
Or drift in shuddering helplessness below.

Still, still, the leveled lances of the rain
At earth's half shielded breast take glittering aim;
All space is rife with fury, racked with pain,
Earth bathed in vapor, and heaven rent by flame!

At last the cloud-battalions through long rifts
Of luminous mists retire: — the strife is done,
And earth once more her wounded beauty lifts,
To meet the healing kisses of the sun.

FLYING FURZE

[The flying furze is the winged seed of a tall, coarse grass or sedge that grows in parts of the South. Notice the music of this poem, and how the words seem to float and dance like the down.]

Airily, fairily, over the meadows,
Over the broom-grasses waving and gay,
O, see how it shimmers,
How wavers and glimmers,
Flying, and flying away!

Hastefully, wastefully, over the copses,
Over the hedgerows in scattered array,
See, see how 'tis curling
And twinkling and whirling,
Ever and ever away!

Merrily, cheerily, down the far verges,
Verges of fields growing misty and gray,
Still, still how it shimmers,
Grows fainter and glimmers,
Shimmers, and glimmers away!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about Hayne. 2. To what does he liken the storm? Notice the words "squadrons," "spears," "charge," "trampling columns," "volleyed thunders," etc. Name other similar words or phrases in the poem. What experience of Hayne's probably suggested this figure? 3. Name the metaphors and similes in the two poems; which do you like best? 4. Explain: "orphaned leaves," "healing kisses."

Other Hayne readings: "The Meadow Brook," "Winds of the Winter."

EMILY DICKINSON

1830–1886

In the beautiful old college town of Amherst, Massachusetts, stands a colonial house behind a high thick hedge of evergreens. It is as quiet and secluded a home as one could find, and in it for more than half a century lived one of the most secluded of our poets, Emily Dickinson.

She was born there in 1830, and grew up, a shy, delicate, elfish child, gay and full of fun, but thoughtful beyond her years. Her father was a lawyer and served for many years as treasurer of Amherst College. Emily attended a private school in Amherst and later went to Mount Holyoke Seminary at South Hadley, only about ten miles distant. As a young woman she was brilliant, witty, and well-informed on all subjects. As she grew older she gave herself up to her books and her flowers. It is said that whenever a visitor came through the gate she would leave the family and run away to her room.

She never married, but spent her life with her father and mother in the old home behind the evergreens. Just across the lawn lived her brother and his wife, with a niece and two nephews whom she greatly loved. She played with the children as if she were herself a child.

Her poems are all short, and she wrote them only for her friends, inclosing them in letters which are as quaint and brief and full of meaning as the poems themselves.

Among the closest of these friends was Helen Fiske, a daughter of Professor Fiske, of the college, and later known

as Helen Hunt Jackson, — who was born in Amherst a year later than Miss Dickinson and also became celebrated as a poet and writer.

THE BLUEBIRD [1]

Before you thought of spring,
Except as a surmise,
You see — God bless his suddenness!
A fellow in the skies
Of independent hues,
A little weather-worn, —
Inspiriting habiliments
Of indigo and brown.

With specimens of song,
As if for you to choose,
Discretion in the interval,
With gay delays he goes
To some superior tree
Without a single leaf,
And shouts for joy to nobody
But his seraphic self!

AUTUMN [1]

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

[1] Copyright, 1891. Little, Brown, and Company.

IF I CAN STOP ONE HEART FROM BREAKING[1]

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the life of Emily Dickinson. 2. Explain "Except as a surmise," "Of independent hues," "A little weather-worn," "Inspiriting habiliments." 3. Why does the poet say "God bless his suddenness"? Is this break in the line better or worse than if she had said "A fellow in the skies comes suddenly"? Why? 4. Explain "With *specimens* of song," "Discretion in the interval." (Probably the full meaning is that the bluebird uses discretion in the interval between these bits of song.) 5. What do the last two lines tell you of the bluebird's song? Is "seraphic" a good adjective here? Why? Try to *feel* the poem: the bluebird a little ruffled by his long journey, the bare trees, the snatches of song, the joy, the carelessness of it all.

6. Explain "The morns are *meeker* than they were"(softer). 7. What is meant by "The rose is *out of town*" (gone, — not at home). 8. What is the "gayer scarf" of the maples? The "scarlet gown" of the fields? 9. What feeling leads the poet to think of putting on a trinket (a gay ribbon, — something bright)? 10. Memorize the poem "If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking."

Other simple poems by Miss Dickinson are "Out of the Morning" (see The Young and Field Literary Readers, Book Three, page 65), "A Day," "The Robin," "In the Garden," "Autumn," "Chartless."

[1] Copyright, 1891. Little, Brown, and Company.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN")

1835–1910

Picture to yourself an old Mississippi River steamboat drawing up to the levee at Hannibal, Missouri, some seventy years ago. A deck hand is standing on the end of the gang-plank with a coil of rope in his hand; the mate is shouting orders; a gang of negroes, laden with bales and boxes, are waiting to carry their freight ashore as soon as the gang-plank touches the landing stage, while on the levee, watching every movement with keen-eyed interest, stand a crowd of boys, too much excited to keep still. This is such a scene as young Sam Clemens witnessed nearly every day, and it made him long with unspeakable longing to be a river pilot.

Young Clemens was born in the little village of Florida, Missouri, in 1835. His father came of a fine old Virginia family and was better educated than most of the neighbors. His mother, too, was well schooled for that day, and was a woman of good judgment and a kind heart. When Sam was still very young the family moved to Hannibal, and there he grew up, going to school in a haphazard sort of way and spending his spare time on and along the river. He says he was dragged out in a drowning condition nine times before he was fifteen.

When he was twelve his father died, and Sam was obliged to go to work. He would gladly have found a place as cabin boy on one of the river boats, but his mother objected so strongly that, instead, he went into a local printing office and learned to set type. After three years of this work he

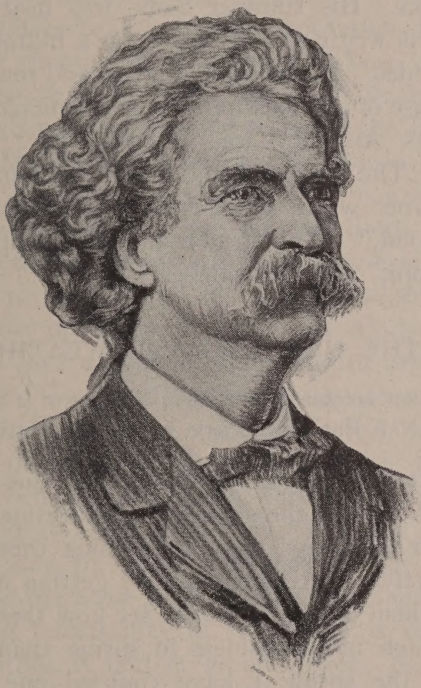
was considered an expert compositor and set out to see something of the world, getting jobs in newspaper offices as far east as New York and Philadelphia. It is said that he had saved ten dollars before leaving Hannibal and had sewed it into the sleeve of his coat, to be used when most needed, but he was always able to earn his way, and the ten-dollar bill was still in his sleeve when he returned home.

He now went back to his early dream of being a pilot. An old riverman agreed to "teach him the river" from St. Louis to New Orleans for five hundred dollars and take his pay out of the young man's first wages. The agreement was carried out. Clemens learned the river, with all its shoals and snags and shifting currents, secured a position, and for five years was a pilot.

At twenty-six he went to Nevada and tried silver mining. He says that on the side of a canyon he "built a small, rude cabin and roofed it with canvas, leaving a corner open to serve as a chimney, through which the cattle used to tumble occasionally at night." He did not make the fortune that he expected, but he wrote a number of articles for a newspaper in Virginia City, which earned him the position of city editor. These articles were signed "Mark Twain," a name which he took from the cry of the leadsmen on the Mississippi steamboats, as they called out the depth of the water.

From Virginia City Clemens went to San Francisco and later to Hawaii, supporting himself by newspaper work. Upon his return he gave a humorous lecture, which was so successful that he repeated it in New York. Then he joined a party of tourists who were going abroad, and wrote a humorous account of his travels in a book called "Innocents Abroad."

This book made his fame and his fortune. It was different from any book of travel that had ever been written, because it made fun of everything that tourists had taken seriously. Clemens married the sister of a young man whom



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Samuel Langhorne Clemens

he met on this excursion abroad, and a few years later settled in Buffalo, New York, as editor and part owner of the Buffalo *Express*. But his success as an author made him unwilling to spend more time in newspaper work. So he moved to Hartford, Connecticut, and devoted the rest of his life to writing books. His summer home was near Elmira, New York, and his writing room was upon a hilltop, with a wide view on all sides. It was built of glass and made to look like the pilot house of a Mississippi River steamboat.

"Innocents Abroad" was followed by "Roughing It," then came "The Gilded Age," which Clemens and Charles Dudley Warner wrote together; then "Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Huckleberry Finn."

THE NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

[This selection is from a newspaper account of a speech made at a dinner of the New England Society, in New York City, in 1876.]

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration — and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather within four and twenty hours. It was I who made the fame and fortune of the man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, which so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel around the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't do it; just come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, he

confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare, weather to hire out, weather to sell, weather to deposit, weather to invest, and weather to give to the poor.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. *He* doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the meantime." Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is certain to be plenty of weather, a perfect grand review, but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you are drowned. You make up your mind that an earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you are struck by lightning.

But, after all, there are at least two or three things about that weather (or, if you please, the effects produced by it)

which we residents would not like to part with. If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries — the ice storm. Every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and burn and flash with all manner of colored fires; which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold. The tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can of Mark Twain. 2. What is meant by "a *sumptuous* variety"? 3. Much of Mark Twain's humor consists in exaggeration — so great that the reader is not for a moment deceived by it — and in his saying an absurd thing in a perfectly serious way. Find examples of exaggeration on page 526; 527; 528. 4. Who is "Old Probabilities"? 5. What well-known animal is suggested by the phrase "see his tail drop"?

6. Put into simpler words "compensates for all its bullying vagaries." 7. Read the description of the ice storm. Is it too strong? Could you add anything to it? 8. Explain "myriads," "acme," "foibles."

Mark Twain's stories for young people are "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

1836–1907

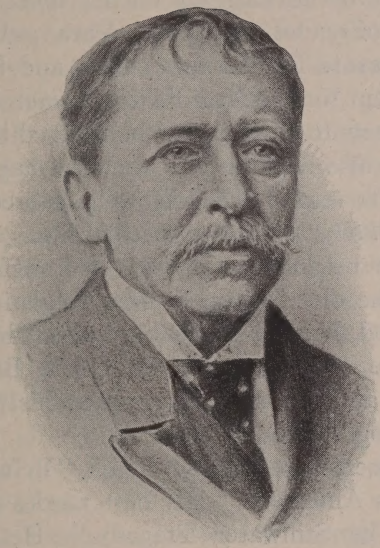
Aldrich calls the story of his boyhood "The Story of a Bad Boy," but the reading of it does not give one the feeling that he was very bad. He was mischievous, as most boys are, but he was never mean. If he fought, it was to defend a smaller boy who was being picked upon; if he got into mischief, it was generally mischief of a sort that could injure no one. He was, on the whole, a hearty, healthy young fellow, a real live boy.

Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the autumn of 1836, only a few months before Howells. When he was about a year and a half old his parents moved to New Orleans, where Mr. Aldrich, senior, invested his money in the banking business — invested it so securely, his son tells us, that he was never able to get more than half of it out again. The New Orleans home of the Aldriches was an old brick house with wide verandas, in the midst of a large garden. There were fig and orange trees and magnolias all about it, and it must have been a very comfortable sort of place for a boy to grow up in. But Tom's father wished that Tom should be educated in the North, and some years later took him back to Portsmouth to live with his grandfather and go to school. It is this life at Portsmouth that is described in "The Story of a Bad Boy." Some of the names are changed a trifle, but it is easy to see that Rivermouth is Portsmouth and that Tom Bailey is Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The old Bailey or Nutter place, where he lived with Grandfather Nutter and Aunt Abigail, and Kitty Collins the good-natured Irish maid, and Gypsy the pony, is described so faithfully that we can almost see it. Tom had a little bedroom over the hall, with wall paper figured as he has said, with small bunches of leaves unlike any that ever grew in this world, and on every other bunch perched a yellow bird pitted with crimson spots, as if it had just recovered from a severe attack of the smallpox. Once, when Tom was ill, he counted these birds on the wall paper and found that there were two hundred and sixty-eight, not including those split in two where the paper was badly joined.

There were books — Baxter's "Saints' Rest," for which Tom did not care much, and "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Arabian Nights" and "Don Quixote," for which he did. At school he made friends. There was Pepper Whitcomb, with the many freckles, who offered Tom the core of his apple the first day at recess. There was Charley Marden, who gave him some molasses candy with cayenne pepper on it during recitation and became his faithful comrade ever after, because Tom swallowed it and didn't tell the teacher. There was Harry Blake, who used to cut his initials on everything he came across and who was especially fond of cutting them on the shells of stray mud turtles. There were Fred Langdon, and fair-haired little Binny Wallace, and Phil Adams, and Jack Harris; and many a good time did Tom have with them.

After several years of jolly boy life in school and at play, there came a sad day when Tom received a letter from the South saying that his father was dead in New Orleans. It was found, too, that the banking business had failed and had carried with it not only his father's money but a large part of his grandfather's as well. Tom had by this time prepared for college and was ready to enter Harvard, but he was obliged to change his plans and go to work. An uncle in New York



Thomas Bailey Aldrich

offered him a place in his counting-house, and Tom accepted it, but he spent his spare moments writing verses, because he loved to write and could write well. His little "Ballad of Baby Bell" came out one day in a New York newspaper and was copied into other papers from one end of the country to the other. He knew then what his life work was to be; and he began it by leaving his uncle's office and finding a place as a proof reader in a New York publishing house. Meanwhile he wrote for the magazines, and for a year was war correspondent for the *New York Tribune*.

In 1866 he went to Boston and became editor of a weekly literary paper, also writing for various magazines. Some fifteen years afterwards, when Howells retired as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Aldrich succeeded him.

In Boston he became the friend of Longfellow, Holmes, and others of the older group of New England writers. He was greatly loved, because of his kind heart, his wit, and his good fellowship. He spent the winters in Boston and the summers either at his seaside home or at his farm, which he called "Ponkapog."

Among his poems are "Baby Bell," "Before the Rain," and "Marjorie's Almanac." His best stories are "Marjorie Daw" and "The Stillwater Tragedy." He also wrote a volume of travel, "From Ponkapog to Pesth," and sketches of Portsmouth called "An Old Town by the Sea."

After Mr. Aldrich's death in 1907, subscriptions were raised; the old Bailey house, or "Nutter House," as he called it, was bought; and the furniture that had been in it when "Tom Bailey" lived there was collected and put back in the old places. Even the little coat that Tom used to wear hangs over the back of a chair in his bedroom, as if it were just ready to be put on. The old house is open to visitors, and one who has once seen it feels more strongly than words can tell that "Tom Bailey" was a real living presence.

ON A BALCONY

[From the volume of travel sketches, "From Ponkapog to Pesth."]

I

A Balcony, as we northerns know it, is a humiliating architectural link between in-doors and out-of-doors. To be on a balcony is to be nowhere in particular: you are not exactly at home, and yet cannot be described as out; your privacy and your freedom are alike sacrificed. . . . But when the balcony hangs from the third-story window of an Old World palace, and when the façade of that Old World palace looks upon the Bay of Naples, you had better think twice before you speak depreciatingly of balconies. With that sheet of mysteriously blue water in front of you; with Mount Vesuvius moodily smoking his perpetual calumet on your left; with the indented shore sweeping towards Pozzuoli and Baiæ on your right; with Capri and Ischia notching the ashen gray line of the horizon; with the tender heaven of May bending over all—with these accessories, I say, it must be conceded that one might be very much worse off in this world than on a balcony.

I know that I came to esteem the narrow iron-grilled shelf suspended from my bedroom window . . . as the choicest spot in all Naples. After a ramble through the unsavory streets it was always a pleasure to get back to it, and I think I never in my life did a more sensible thing in the department of pure idleness than when I resolved to spend an entire day on that balcony. One morning, after an early breakfast, I established myself there. My companions had gone to explore the picture-galleries; but I had my picture-gallery . . . in the busy strada below, in the villa-fringed bay, in the cluster of yellow-roofed little towns clinging to the purple slopes of Mount Vesuvius and patiently awaiting annihilation. . . .

For the first half hour I kept my glass turned pretty constantly in the direction of Mount Vesuvius, trying to make out the *osteria* at the Hermitage. . . .

Whether or not the small inn had shifted its position overnight, I was unable to get a focus upon it. In the meanwhile I myself, in my oriole nest overhanging the strada, had become an object of burning interest to sundry persons congregated below. I was suddenly aware that three human beings were standing in the middle of the carriage-way with their faces turned up to the balcony. The first was a slender, hideous girl, who held out a tambourine, the rattlesnake-like clatter of which had attracted my attention; next to her stood a fellow with canes and palm-leaf fans; then came a youth loaded down with diminutive osier baskets of Naples strawberries, which look, and as for that matter taste, like tufts of red worsted. This select trio was speedily turned into a quartette by the arrival of a seafaring gentleman, who bore on his head a tray of boiled crabs, sea-urchins, and small fried fish. As a fifth personage approached, with possibly the arithmetical intention of adding himself to the line, I sent the whole part off with a wave of the hand; that is to say, I waved to them to go, but they merely retired to the curb-stone opposite the hotel, and sat down.

The last comer, perhaps disdaining to associate himself too closely with vulgar persons engaged in trade, leaned indolently against the sea-wall behind them, and stared at me in a vacant dreamy fashion. . . . The upturned face was for the moment as empty of expression as a cipher, but I felt that it was capable, on occasion, of expressing almost any depth of cunning and dare-devil ferocity. It was Masaniello — Masaniello ruined by good government and the dearth of despots.

The girl with the tambourine was not in business by herself; she was the familiar of a dark-browed organ-man, who now made his appearance, holding in one hand a long fishing-line

baited with monkey. On observing that this line was too short to reach me, the glance of despair and reproach which the pirate cast up at the balcony was comical. Nevertheless he proceeded to turn the crank of his music-mill, while the girl — whose age I estimated at anywhere between sixteen and sixty — executed the *tarantella* in a disinterested manner on the sidewalk. I had always wished to see the *tarantella* danced, and now I had seen it I wished never to see it more. I was so well satisfied that I hastened to drop a few soldi into the outstretched tambourine. . . .

My gratuity had the anticipated effect; the musician took himself off instantly. But he was only the *avant coureur* of his detestable tribe. To dispose at once of this feature of Neapolitan street life, I will state that in the course of that morning and afternoon one hundred and seven organmen and bagpipe players paid their respects to me. It is odd, or not, as you choose to look at it, that the city which has the eminence of being the first school of music in the world should be a city of hand-organs. I think it explains the constant irritability and the occasional outbreaks of wrath on the part of Mount Vesuvius. . . .

I was so secure from annoyance that I did not allow the three merchants arranged on the curb-stone to distract me. Occupied with the lively many-colored life of the street and the shore, I failed even to notice when they went away. Glancing in their direction somewhat later, I saw that they had gone. But Masaniello remained, resting the hollow of his back and his two elbows on the coping of the wall, and becoming a part of the gracious landscape. He remained there all day. Why, I shall never know. . . .

As the morning wore on, I found entertainment enough in the constantly increasing stream of foot-passengers — soldiers, sailors, monks, peddlers, paupers, and donkeys. Now and then a couple of acrobats in soiled tights and tarnished spangles would spread out their square of carpet in front of the hotel,

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and go through some innocent feats; or it was a juggler who came along with a sword trick, or a man with *fantoccini*, among which Signor Punchinello was a prominent character, as he invariably is in Italian puppet-shows. This, with the soft Neapolitan laugh and chatter, the cry of orange-girls, the braying of donkeys, and the strident strain of the hand-organ, which interposed itself ever and anon, like a Greek chorus, was doing very well for a quiet little street of no pretensions whatever. . . .

II

When I returned to my post of observation after lunch I found the street nearly deserted. Naples was taking its siesta. A fierce, hot light quivered on the bay and beat down on the silent villas along shore, making the mellow-tinted pilasters and porticoes gleam like snow against the dull green of the olive-trees. The two cones of Mount Vesuvius, now wrapped in a transparent violet haze, which brought them strangely near, had for background a fathomless sky of unclouded azure. Here and there, upon a hill-side in the distance, small white houses, with verandas and balconies,

> Close latticed to the brooding heat,

seemed scorching among their dusty vines. . . .

As I reached up to lower the awning overhead, I had a clairvoyant consciousness that some one was watching me from below. Whether Masaniello had brought his noon-day meal of roasted chestnuts with him, or, during my absence, had stolen to some low *trattoria* in the vicinity to refresh himself, I could not tell; but there he was, in the act now of lighting one of those long pipe-stem cigars called Garibaldis. . . .

The great squares of shadow cast upon the street by the hotel and the adjoining buildings were deepening by degrees.

Fitful puffs of air came up from the bay — the early precursors of that refreshing breeze which the Mediterranean sends to make the summer twilights of Naples delicious. Now and then a perfume was wafted to the balcony, as if the wind had stolen a handful of scents from some high-walled inclosure of orange-trees and acacias, and flung it at me. The white villas, set in their mosaic of vines on the distant hill-side, had a cooler look than they wore earlier in the day. The heat was now no longer oppressive, but it made one drowsy — that and the sea air. An hour or more slipped away from me unawares. Meanwhile, the tide of existence had risen so imperceptibly at my feet that I was surprised, on looking down, suddenly to find the *strada* flooded with streams of carriages and horsemen and pedestrians. All the gay life of Naples, that had lain dormant through the heavy noon, had awakened, like the princess in the enchanted palace, to take up the laugh where it left off and order fresh ices at the cafés.

I had a feeling that Masaniello — he was still there — was somehow at the bottom of all this; that by some *diablerie* of his, maybe with the narcotic fumes of that black cigar, he had thrown the city into the lethargy from which it was now recovering. . . .

III

The twilights in Southern Italy fall suddenly, and are of brief duration. While I was watching the darkening shadow of the hotel on the opposite sea-wall, the dusk closed in, and the street began rapidly to empty itself. A curtain of mist was already stretched from headland to headland, shutting out the distant objects. Here and there on a jutting point a light blossomed, its duplicate glassed in the water, as if the fiery flower had dropped a petal. Presently there were a hundred lights, and then a thousand, fringing the crescented shore. . . .

The breeze from the bay had a sudden chill in it now; the dampness of the atmosphere was as heavy as fine rain. I pushed back my chair on the balcony, and then I lingered a moment to see the moon rising over Capri. . . . As I glanced into the silent street beneath, there was Masaniello, a black silhouette against the silvery moonlight.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of T. B. Aldrich. 2. Explain: "façade," "depreciatingly," "smoking his perpetual calumet," "*strada*," "patiently awaiting annihilation," "*osteria*," "Hermitage." 3. What figure in "oriole nest," page 534, line 6? 4. Explain: "*osier baskets*," "Masaniello, ruined by good government," etc. (Masaniello was the leader of a revolution against the despotic government of Naples in 1647. The face and manner of this Italian suggested what Masaniello might have been, if there had been no despots to crush.)

5. Explain: "*tarantella*," "*soldi*," "*avant coureur*," "*fantoccini*," "*Punchinello*," "*siesta*," "pilasters," "clairvoyant," "*trattoria*," "precursors," "tide of existence." 6. Explain the allusion in "like the princess in the enchanted palace," page 537, line 16. 7. What is *diablerie*? lethargy? 8. Find the most striking pictures in this selection. 9. Point out ten similes that particularly impress you. 10. What touches of humor seem to you particularly good?

Other readings from Aldrich: Prose — Our New Neighbors at Ponkapog, Goliath, The Little Violinist, The Cruise of the *Dolphin* (from "The Story of a Bad Boy"). Verse — Baby Bell, Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, Alec Yeaton's Son, Miantowona.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

1837–

Some seventy years ago or more, if you could have looked one afternoon into the back yard of an old house in Hamilton, Ohio, you might have seen a barefooted boy under a big cherry tree writing as hard as he could write. The boy was only about ten, but he was composing a tragedy which was to be played by his "crowd" of boys in the loft of a barn. Most of the boys were to be Roman conspirators, and one was to plunge a cardboard dagger into the heart of a consul, while another cried, "Strike, Stephanos, strike!" It was written in verse and was extremely thrilling.

The boy was William D. Howells, and this play-writing was one of the things that he was very fond of doing. Other things were swimming, playing marbles, and flying kites. He tells us that he was really two boys: part of him went with the fellows and entered into every sort of fun, the other part wrote verses, read ancient history, and dreamed great dreams. In his books "A Boy's Town" and "The Flight of Pony Baker" he has told us a great deal about himself and about the boys with whom he used to play in those days when he was a lad down in the old town of Hamilton, near Cincinnati.

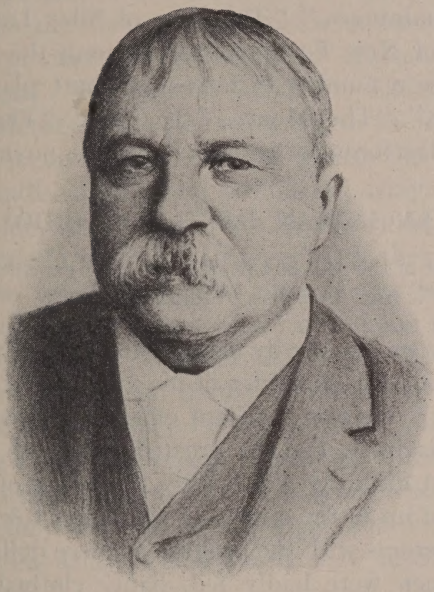
Howells was one of a family of eight children and was born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, just across the river from Wheeling, in the year 1837. When he was only three years old his parents moved to Hamilton, Ohio, and his father became editor of a weekly newspaper. William learned to set

type when he was a very small boy and spent much time in the printing office — when he was not playing with the boys or writing tragedies. The family lived in Hamilton till he was fifteen, and then moved to Dayton, where the elder Howells took charge of another paper. But the Dayton paper did not pay very well, and the four boys all had to work in the printing office to lessen the expenses. Mr. Howells tells us that sometimes he had to work at the type case until eleven o'clock at night and then get up at four in the morning to deliver papers.

After two years of this sort of life in Dayton, the paper failed. Then the father was given charge of a gristmill in the country, and the family lived in a log cabin, worked in the mill, and cultivated about eighty acres of corn. The boys slept in the loft. There were cracks in the roof, through which they could see the stars, and often in the morning they stepped out of bed into a drift of snow, which had blown through the chinks of the roof. William's favorite books at Hamilton had been Goldsmith's histories of Greece and Rome, "Don Quixote," and "The Arabian Nights," but here, in an old barrel in the loft, he found a volume of the early poems of a new poet named Longfellow, and was greatly taken by them.

After a time the family returned to town, and William went to Columbus, where he got a job at typesetting on the *Ohio State Journal*, at four dollars a week. This salary he contributed toward the support of the family. Meanwhile he studied by himself and learned Spanish, French, and Italian.

At nineteen he became a reporter on the Cincinnati *Gazette* and at twenty-two went back to the *State Journal* at Columbus as news editor. Not long after this he sent some poems to the *Atlantic Monthly;* they were printed, and he was asked for more. He also wrote a biography of Lincoln, who was then a candidate for president. Afterwards Howells was made United States consul at Venice; and while living there,



William Dean Howells

found time to write two delightful books of travel, "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys."

After returning to this country he wrote for several of the New York papers and later was made editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. About 1871 he began to write stories, and they proved very successful. "Their Wedding Journey," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and "A Hazard of New Fortunes" are among the best-known. He also wrote a number of farces, or short plays, as "The Sleeping Car," "The Mouse Trap," and "The Elevator." He is one of the foremost modern American novelists.

AN INDIAN BATTLE IN OHIO[1]

[This account of the rout of General St. Clair's expedition against the Indians in 1791 is from Howells's "Stories of Ohio."]

At this day we can hardly imagine the dismay that the rout of St. Clair and the slaughter of his men spread through the Ohio country. He was a gallant officer, the governor of the Northwest Territory, and the trusted friend of Washington. It is true that his army was largely the refuse of the Eastern States, picked up in the streets of the larger towns and lured into the wilderness with the promise of three dollars a month; that these men were badly fed, badly clothed, and badly drilled; and that they were led by a general whose strength and spirits were impaired by sickness. But with them was a large body of Kentuckians and other backwoodsmen, skilled in Indian warfare, and eager for the red foes with whom they had long arrears of mutual injury to bring up; and the hopes of the settlers rested securely upon these. The Indians were led by Little Turtle, one of their greatest war chiefs, and at the point where General Wayne two years later built one of his forts, and called it Recovery, they surprised St. Clair's troops.

[1] From Howells's "Stories of Ohio." Copyright 1897, by American Book Company, Publishers.

It was an easy slaughter. St. Clair was suffering so much with gout that he could not move from his horse when he was helped to the saddle, and was wholly unfit to fight. Yet he went undauntedly through the battle; horse after horse was shot under him, and his clothes were pierced with nine of the bullets which the Indians rained upon his men from every tree of the forest. The backwoodsmen had hardly a chance to practice the Indians' arts against them before the rout began. The cannon which St. Clair had brought into the wilderness with immense waste of time and toil, proved useless under the fire that galled the artillerymen. The weak, undisciplined, and bewildered army was hemmed in on every side, and the men were shot down as they huddled together or tried to straggle away, till half their number was left upon the field. Of course none of the wounded were spared. The Americans were tomahawked and scalped where they fell; one of the savages told afterwards that he plied his hatchet until he could hardly lift his arm. All the Ohio tribes shared in the glory of this greatest victory of their race, — Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandots, Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottawottomies. There had been plenty of game that year; they were all in the vigor and force which St. Clair's ill-fated army lacked; and they lustily took their fill of slaughter.

Many stories of the battle were told by those who escaped. Major Jacob Fowler, of Kentucky, an old hunter, who went with the army as surveyor, carried his trusty rifle, but he had run short of bullets, the morning of the fight, which began at daybreak. He was going for a ladle to melt more lead, when he met a Kentucky rifleman driven in by the savages, and begged some balls of him. The man had been shot through the wrist, and he told Fowler to help himself from his pouch. Fowler was pouring out a double handful, when the man said, "Stop; you had better count them." Fowler could not help laughing, though it was hardly the time for gayety.

"If we get through this scrape, my dear fellow," said he, "I will return you twice as many." But they never met again, and Fowler could only suppose that his cautious friend was soon tomahawked and scalped with the other wounded. Fowler took a tree, and shot Indians till his gun-lock got out of order. Then he picked up a rifle which had been thrown away, and which he found his bullets would fit, and renewed the fight. It was a very cold November morning, and his fingers became so stiff that he could not hold the bullets, which he had to keep in his mouth, and feed into his rifle from it. At one time he was behind a very small tree, and two Indians fired on him at such close range that he felt the smoke of their guns and gave himself up for dead. But both had missed him, and he got away from the battlefield unhurt.

Another Kentuckian, a young ranger named William Kennan, was one of the first riflemen driven back by the overwhelming force of Indians. He tried to hide in the tall grass, but found that his only hope was in his heels. The savages endeavored to cut him off, but he distanced all except one, who followed him only three yards away. Kennan expected him every moment to throw his tomahawk at him, and he felt in his belt for his own. It had slipped from its place, and he found himself wholly unarmed, just as he came to a tree which the wind had blown down, and which spread before him a mass of roots and earth eight or nine feet high. He gathered all his strength, bounded into the air, and cleared it, while a yell of wonder rose from the baffled Indians behind him. A little later he came upon General Madison of Kentucky sitting on a log, so spent with the day's work and loss of blood from a wound, that he could no longer walk, and waiting for the Indians to come up and kill him. Kennan ran back and caught a horse which he had seen grazing, put Madison on it, and walked by his side till they were out of danger. The friendship thus begun lasted through their lives.

Two years after, when a detachment of Wayne's army camped upon the scene of the carnage, they had to scrape away the heaps of bones and carry them out of their tents before they could make their beds. They buried six hundred skulls on the field. 5

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Howells. Name some of his books. 2. Who was General St. Clair? (An officer in the Revolution, under Washington; president of the Continental Congress in 1787; first governor of the Northwest Territory; and at the time of this defeat, Commander-in-chief of the United States army.) 3. Point out on a map the site of this battle (Fort Recovery, Mercer County). 4. How do you account for the fact that the Indians won? 5. Of what other celebrated Indian victory does this remind you? (See page 237.)

Two good stories of boy life by Mr. Howells are "A Boy's Town" and "The Flight of Pony Baker." They both refer to scenes of his own boyhood.

JOHN BURROUGHS

1837–

On the western edge of the Catskill Mountains, in the little village of Roxbury, New York, John Burroughs the naturalist was born in 1837. It was April; the grass and flowers were just opening; the swallows were coming from the South; the woodchucks were waking up and crawling out of their holes; all nature was springing into life, when John Burroughs came to life also.

He grew up on a farm and has always been a farmer at heart. His education was gained at the little red village schoolhouse and at the neighboring academies of Ashland and of Cooperstown. When he stopped going to school as a pupil, he went as a teacher, and taught, "off and on," for about eight years, except when he was farming. It was in one of the small towns where he taught that he found and married Mrs. Burroughs, and it was during these early years that he began to write essays, in the style of Dr. Johnson and of Emerson. One of these essays, printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* when he was twenty-three, was his first public appearance as a writer. Lowell, then editor of the *Atlantic*, thought that this John Burroughs was trying to deceive him by sending him one of Emerson's early essays. When he was convinced that it was the work of a new writer, he declared that the young man would some day make his mark.

During the Civil War Mr. Burroughs went to Washington, expecting to enlist in the army, but was offered a position as clerk in the Treasury Department, accepted it, and

held it nearly ten years. He spent his leisure writing his first book, "Wake-Robin," and part of "Winter Sunshine." Here are memories of the Roxbury farm and records of walks in the country around Washington.

For more than ten years after leaving his clerkship in Washington, Mr. Burroughs was employed by the government as a bank examiner. He lived simply and saved most of his salary, so that at last he was able to go back to the Catskills and buy a fine farm on the west bank of the Hudson. He planted a vineyard on its sunny slope, built a comfortable house with the stones which he found scattered over his fields, and devoted himself to raising grapes and writing books. He would probably tell you that the grapes were his most important product, but most of us prefer his books. He named the farm Riverby.

Just below the house, and overlooking the vineyard and the river, is a little building of but one room, which Mr. Burroughs uses for his study. Here he does his writing, when he is not at Slabsides or at Woodchuck Lodge. Slabsides is a cabin a mile or more up in the mountains. Mr. Burroughs built it himself and covered the outside with slabs — hence its name. At Slabsides he lives close to nature. The birds, the rabbits, the gray fox, and the 'possum come to his doorway, and he makes them his friends.

Woodchuck Lodge is still farther away. It is a lonely farmhouse, where Mr. Burroughs sometimes spends weeks at a time, making his study in the barn. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that he does his writing in the barn, for his study is the out-of-doors, as far as he can ramble. At Woodchuck Lodge, as at Slabsides, the wild creatures are all about him, and he knows them well.

Mr. Burroughs is a plain, whole-souled man, who enjoys life and does not care for wealth or style or the other things that most men think important. He has taught the world much about birds and animals, but perhaps the most

important thing that he has taught is how little one really needs in this world in order to be happy.

Mr. Burroughs's best-known books, besides "Wake-Robin" and "Winter Sunshine," are perhaps "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Pepacton," and "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers." "Sharp Eyes" is the title of one of the papers in "Locusts and Wild Honey." This name suggests why the author is so delightful a guide and companion. His eyes are trained to see everything that is going on around him.

FOLLOWING THE BEES

[The selection which follows is from "Pepacton."]

If you would know the delights of bee-hunting, and how many sweets such a trip yields beside honey, come with me some bright, warm, late September or early October day. It is the golden season of the year, and any errand or pursuit that takes us abroad upon the hills or by the painted woods and along the amber-colored streams at such a time is enough. So, with haversacks filled with grapes and peaches and apples and a bottle of milk — for we shall not be home to dinner — and armed with a compass, a hatchet, a pail, and a box with a piece of comb-honey neatly fitted into it — any box the size of your hand, with a lid, will do nearly as well as the elaborate and ingenious contrivance of the regular bee-hunter — we sally forth. Our course at first lies along the highway, under great chestnut trees, whose nuts are just dropping, then through an orchard and across a little creek, thence gently rising through a long series of cultivated fields toward some high, uplying land, behind which rises a rugged wooded ridge or mountain, the most sightly point in all this section. Behind this ridge for several miles the country is wild, wooded, and rocky, and is no doubt the home of many wild swarms of bees. What a gleeful uproar the robins, cedar birds, high-holes, and cow blackbirds make amid the black-cherry trees

as we pass along. The raccoons, too, have been here after black cherries, and we see their marks at various points. Several crows are walking about a newly sowed wheat field we pass through, and we pause to note their graceful movements and glossy coats. I have seen no bird walk the ground with just the same air the crow does. It is not exactly pride; there is no strut or swagger in it, though perhaps just a little condescension; it is the contented, complaisant, and self-possessed gait of a lord over his domains. All these acres are mine, he says, and all these crops; men plow and sow for me, and I stay here or go there, and find life sweet and good wherever I am. The hawk looks awkward and out of place on the ground; the game birds hurry and skulk, but the crow is at home and treads the earth as if there were none to molest or make him afraid. . . .

After a refreshing walk of a couple of miles we reach a point where we will make our first trial — a high stone wall that runs parallel with the wooded ridge referred to, and separated from it by a broad field. There are bees at work there on that goldenrod, and it requires but little maneuvering to sweep one into our box. Almost any other creature rudely and suddenly arrested in its career and clapped into a cage in this way would show great confusion and alarm. The bee is alarmed for a moment, but the bee has a passion stronger than its love of life or fear of death, namely, desire for honey, not simply to eat, but to carry home as booty. It is quick to catch the scent of honey in the box, and as quick to fall to filling itself. We now set the box down upon the wall and gently remove the cover. The bee is head and shoulders in one of the half-filled cells and is oblivious to everything else about it. Come rack, come ruin, it will die at work. We step back a few paces and sit down upon the ground so as to bring the box against the blue sky as a background. In two or three minutes the bee is seen rising slowly and heavily from the box. It seems loath to leave so much honey

behind, and it marks the place well. It mounts aloft in a rapidly increasing spiral, surveying the near and minute objects first, then the larger and more distant, till having circled about the spot five or six times and taken all its bearings it darts away for home. It is a good eye that holds fast to the bee till it is fairly off. Sometimes one's head will swim following it, and often one's eyes are put out by the sun. This bee gradually drifts down the hill, then strikes away toward a farmhouse half a mile away, where I know bees are kept. Then we try another and another, and the third bee, much to our satisfaction, goes straight towards the woods. We could see the brown speck against the darker background for many yards. The regular bee-hunter professes to be able to tell a wild bee from a tame one by the color, the former, he says, being lighter. But there is no difference; they are both alike in color and in manner. Young bees are lighter than old, and that is all there is of it. If a bee lived many years in the woods it would doubtless come to have some distinguishing marks, but the life of a bee is only a few months at the farthest, and no change is wrought in this brief time.

Our bees are all soon back, and more with them, for we have touched the box here and there with the cork of a bottle of anise oil, and this fragrant and pungent oil will attract bees half a mile or more. When no flowers can be found, this is the quickest way to obtain a bee.

It is a singular fact that when the bee first finds the hunter's box its first feeling is one of anger; it is as mad as a hornet; its tone changes, it sounds its shrill war trumpet and darts to and fro, and gives vent to its rage and indignation in no uncertain manner. It seems to scent foul play at once. It says, "Here is robbery; here is the spoil of some hive, may be my own," and its blood is up. But its ruling passion soon comes to the surface, its avarice gets the better of its indignation, and it seems to say, "Well, I had better take possession of this and carry it home." So after many feints and

approaches and dartings off with a loud angry hum, as if it would none of it, the bee settles down and fills itself.

It does not entirely cool off and get soberly to work till it has made two or three trips home with its booty. When other bees come, even if all from the same swarm, they quarrel and dispute over the box, and clip and dart at each other like bantam cocks. Apparently the ill feeling which the sight of the honey awakens is not one of jealousy or rivalry, but wrath.

A bee will usually make three or four trips from the hunter's box before it brings back a companion. I suspect that the bee does not tell its fellows what it has found, but that they smell out the secret; it doubtless bears some evidence with it upon its feet or proboscis that it has been upon honeycomb and not upon flowers, and its companions take the hint and follow, arriving always many seconds behind. Then the quantity and quality of the booty would also betray it. No doubt, also, there are plenty of gossips about a hive that note and tell everything. "Oh, did you see that? Peggy Mel came in a few moments ago in great haste, and one of the upstairs packers says she was loaded till she groaned with apple-blossom honey, which she deposited and then rushed off again like mad. Apple-blossom honey in October! Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell something! Let's after."

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In about half an hour we have three well-defined lines of bees established — two to farmhouses and one to the woods, and our box is being rapidly depleted of its honey. about every fourth bee goes to the woods, and now that they have learned the way thoroughly they do not make the long preliminary whirl above the box, but start directly from it. The woods are rough and dense and the hill steep, and we do not like to follow the line of bees until we have tried at least to settle the problem as to the distance they go into the woods — whether the tree is on this side of the ride or in the depth of the forest on the other side. So we shut up

the box when it is full of bees and carry it about three hundred yards along the wall from which we are operating. When liberated, the bees, as they always will in such cases, go off in the same directions they have been going; they do not seem to know that they have been moved. But other bees have followed our scent, and it is not many minutes before a second line to the woods is established. This is called cross-lining the bees. The new line makes a sharp angle with the other line, and we know at once that the tree is only a few rods into the woods. The two lines we have established form two sides of a triangle of which the wall is the base; at the apex of the triangle, or where the two lines meet in the woods, we are sure to find the tree. We quickly follow up these lines, and where they cross each other on the side of the hill we scan every tree closely. I pause at the foot of an oak and examine a hole near the root; now the bees are in this tree, and their entrance is on the upper side near the ground, not two feet from the hole I peer into, yet so quiet and secret is their going and coming that I fail to discover them and pass on up the hill. Failing in this direction, I return to the oak again, and then perceive the bees going out in a small crack in the tree.

We boldly and ruthlessly assault the tree with an ax we have procured. At the first blow the bees set up a loud buzzing, but the side of the cavity is soon cut away and the interior with its white-yellow mass of comb-honey is exposed, and not a bee strikes a blow. This may seem singular, but it has nearly always been my experience. When a swarm of bees are thus rudely assaulted with an ax, they evidently think the end of the world has come, and like true misers as they are, each one seizes as much of the treasure as it can hold; in other words, they all fall to and gorge themselves with honey and calmly await the issue. When in this condition they make no defense and will not sting unless taken hold of. In fact they are as harmless as flies.

Bees are always to be managed with boldness and decision. Any halfway measure, any timid poking about, any feeble attempts to reach their honey, are sure to be quickly resented. The popular notion that bees have a special antipathy toward certain persons and a liking for certain others had only this fact at the bottom of it: they will sting a person who is afraid of them and goes skulking and dodging about, and they will not sting a person who faces them boldly and has no dread of them. I have climbed up into a large chestnut that contained a swarm in one of its cavities, and chopped them out with an ax, being obliged at times to pause and brush the bewildered bees from my hands and face.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can of the author of this selection. 2. Describe in your own words the picture with which the selection opens. Why is the season called "golden"? Why are the woods called "painted"? What makes the streams amber colored? 3. Tell how to find the home of the wild bees. Draw a diagram showing the two points where the bee-hunter's box is placed, the home of the bees, and the lines taken by the bees in carrying home the honey.

4. What is the length of a bee's life? 5. How do the other bees know that one of their companions has found honey? Notice how much stronger and more interesting the description is made by imagining that the bees are talking among themselves. 6. What is the "apex" of a triangle? 7. How do wild bees behave when they are attacked and their honey is taken away? 8. How should one treat bees if one does not wish to be stung?

Read all of Mr. Burroughs's "An Idyl of the Honey Bee," from which this selection is taken. It is in "Pepacton" and is also reprinted in "Birds and Bees." Other good selections from Mr. Burroughs's nature studies will be found in "Birds and Bees," "Sharp Eyes, and Other Papers," and "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers."

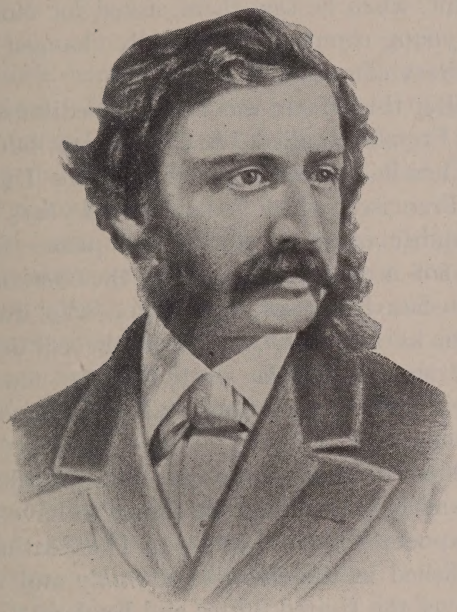
BRET HARTE

1839–1902

Life in California during the ten years which followed 1849 was a curious mixture of good and evil. Gold had been discovered, and people of every sort were flocking to get it. Farmers, mechanics, lawyers, physicians, scholars, adventurers, gamblers, roughs, and honest men, all went together and worked in the "diggings." They went by wagon or on foot, across the plain, or sometimes by sea around Cape Horn, but the reason of their going was always the same — they were after gold.

Among the thousands who went to California during this period were a Mrs. Harte of Albany, New York, and her son Bret. Mr. Harte, the husband and father, had been a teacher in a large private school in Albany and had died leaving his family without means of support. Bret — or Francis Bret, as the baptismal register had it — was born in 1839, and had received only a common-school education, when, at the age of fifteen, he started with his mother on the long and difficult journey westward to St. Louis and across the plains.

After numerous adventures they reached the end of their journey, but they did not find what they went for. The boy was unsuccessful in his efforts at mining and equally so in trying to teach school, but after a time he found a job in a printing office, learned to set type, and three years after his arrival in California was a regular compositor in the office of the San Francisco *Era*. While working at the type case he would occasionally set up something for which he had no



Bret Harte

copy — a paragraph or two about some scene or event that he remembered in the mining camps — and would slip it into the paper to fill a column. Western newspapers at that time were carelessly managed, and often the men in the composing room would fill in with material that the editor knew nothing about. But these paragraphs of Bret Harte's were so good that the editor, when he saw them, asked for more, and the work of the young compositor gradually changed from type-setting to literary composition.

Not long after this, Harte was made the editor of a literary paper in San Francisco called *The Californian*, but it was not a success. Then he secured a position in the United States Mint at San Francisco, which he held for six years, meanwhile writing a number of short stories and poems for various papers. In 1868 a magazine known as the *Overland Monthly* was started in San Francisco, and Harte, who was then becoming known as a writer, was given the editorship of it. The first few stories that he wrote for the new magazine brought him a wide reputation. "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Tennessee's Partner," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and others of these stories are tales of mining life in which rough and hardened men are shown to have their good side. Harte's poem "Truthful James, or The Heathen Chinee" was also published in the *Overland Monthly* and was copied and read all over the United States and England.

In 1871 Harte left California and went to New York, where he wrote stories for the *Atlantic Monthly* and gave popular lectures on California life. About seven years later he was appointed United States consul to the city of Krefeld, Germany, and a little later was transferred to Glasgow. He never returned to the United States to live, but when he had lost his consular position through a change in the administration, he went to London and remained there during the rest of his life.

BABY SYLVESTER

[In this story Harte tells how he once took care of a baby bear that belonged to a miner in California. The miner, Dick Sylvester, who was a friend of Harte's, had suddenly been called East and sent the bear to Harte for protection. Harte says that he sat up nearly all night with Mrs. Brown, his landlady, waiting for its arrival. The story proceeds as follows:]

One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock — three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and with a jerk a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it and confronted a stranger.

"Do you reckon to tackle that animile yourself?" he asked, as he surveyed me from head to foot.

I did not speak, but, with an appearance of boldness I was far from feeling, walked to the wagon and called "Baby!"

The straps were cut loose, and Baby quietly tumbled to the ground, and rolling to my side, rubbed his foolish head against me.

I had great difficulty in keeping Mrs. Brown from smothering him in blankets and ruining his digestion with the delicacies of her larder; but I at last got him completely rolled up in the corner of my room and asleep. I lay awake some time later with plans for his future. I finally determined to take him to Oakland, where I had built a little cottage and always spent my Sundays. And in the midst of a rosy picture of domestic felicity I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. My eyes at once sought the corner where Baby had been lying. But he was gone. I sprang from the bed, looked under it, searched the closet, but in vain. The door was still locked; but there were the marks of his blunted claws upon the sill of the window that I had forgotten to close. He had evidently escaped that way — but where? The window opened upon a balcony, to which

the only other entrance was through the hall. He must be still in the house.

I dressed myself hurriedly and slipped into the hall. The first object that met my eyes was a boot lying upon the stairs. It bore the marks of Baby's teeth, and as I looked along the hall I saw too plainly that the usual array of freshly blackened boots and shoes before the lodgers' doors was not there. As I ascended the stairs I found another, but with the blacking carefully licked off. On the third floor were two or three more boots slightly mouthed; but at this point Baby's taste for blacking had evidently palled.

A little farther on was a ladder leading to an open scuttle. I mounted the ladder, and reached the flat roof that formed a continuous level over the row of houses to the corner of the street. Behind the chimney on the very last roof something was lurking. It was the fugitive Baby. He was covered with dust and dirt and fragments of glass. But he was sitting on his hind legs, and was eating an enormous slab of peanut candy with a look of mingled guilt and infinite satisfaction.

I hurried him, with the evidences of his guilt, back to the scuttle and descended on tiptoe to the floor beneath. I met no one on the stairs, and his own cushioned tread was inaudible. I think he was conscious of the dangers of detection, for he even forbore to breathe, or much less chew the last mouthful he had taken; and he skulked at my side with the sirup dropping from his motionless jaws.

I locked him in when I went to breakfast, where I found Mrs. Brown's lodgers in a state of intense excitement over certain mysterious events of the night before and the dreadful revelations of the morning. It appeared that burglars had entered the block from the scuttles; that being suddenly alarmed they had quitted our house without committing any depredation, dropping even the boots they had collected in the halls; but that a desperate attempt had been made

to force the till in the confectioner's shop on the corner, and that the glass show case had been ruthlessly smashed. A courageous servant in No. 4 had seen a masked burglar on his hands and knees attempting to enter their scuttle; but on her shouting, "Away wid yees," he instantly fled.

That night Baby and I decamped from Mrs. Brown's. It was nearly midnight when I reached my little cottage on the outskirts of Oakland; and it was with a feeling of relief and security that I entered, locked the door, and turned him loose in the hall, satisfied that henceforward his depredations would be limited to my own property.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Harte's life. 2. Tell something of how the miners lived in California. 3. Put into simpler language "the delicacies of her larder," "a rosy picture of domestic felicity," "without committing any depredation," "a desperate attempt had been made to force the till."

You will be interested in the complete story of Baby Sylvester and in "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar."

JOAQUIN MILLER

1841–1913

Few men have lived a wilder or more exciting life than Joaquin Miller. He was born in Indiana in 1841, and when nine years old went with his parents to Oregon. That country was then an almost unknown land of mountains and forests, full of bears, elk, and Indians, with only a few white settlers. At thirteen young Miller set out from Oregon, alone, for the gold mines of California. On the way he fell in with a company of white men, got into a battle with the Indians, was shot through with an arrow and was almost killed. An old Indian woman who had been captured carried him on her back to a place of safety. When he recovered he went to Mexico to drive cattle, and while returning was again attacked by Indians, struck down with a club, and left for dead. But friendly Indians took him to one of their camps and cared for him, and he stayed with them until he was strong again.

Then he lived in a mining camp and washed gold out of the sand and dirt by the side of a mountain stream in a deep canyon in northern California. This was a rough life, and he saw many a terrible fight — too terrible to describe here. He helped to rescue an Indian boy and girl whom some of the miners were about to kill, and afterwards went with them to their people, where he was welcomed and made much of.

For five years he lived among these Indians, and after a time married the Indian girl whom he had saved and who had grown up to be a beautiful young woman. He helped the tribe to fight their battles against other tribes, sometimes even fighting with them against the whites, for he

felt that the Indians had not been treated fairly. His Indian wife was killed as they were crossing a swift river on horseback, trying to escape.

At another time he fought with the whites against the Indians, when he felt that the Indians were in the wrong. He was for a time an express messenger in Idaho, in the days when robbing stagecoaches was a common thing. Then he edited a newspaper in Oregon, studied and practiced law, and was for five years a county judge.

In 1870 he went to England, published a book of poems, and was received with high honors. Then he spent several years in newspaper work in New York and Washington, and at last went West again. He had married a second time, after his return from among the Indians, and he spent his last years quietly with his wife and daughter in Oakland, California, where he died at the age of seventy-one. He wrote many poems, stories, and plays, most of them about wild life in the early days of the West. His finest short poem is "Columbus." When he was a child his parents gave him the name Cincinnatus, but he never liked it very well, and later in life called himself Joaquin, from the name of a Mexican whom he once defended when he was a lawyer in Oregon.

COLUMBUS [1]

[We honor Columbus as the discoverer of America, but not for that alone. We honor him quite as much because of the difficulties that he conquered and the dangers that he overcame.

In reading this poem think of the story of that dangerous voyage over an unknown sea, in the three frail little ships; think of the fear of the sailors, of the winds blowing them always in one direction, away from home; think of the storm, of the calm which held them almost motionless for days, of the mutiny of the crew, of the feeling that they were no longer in the world, but in a strange far-off region inhabited perhaps by

[1] Copyright. Harr Wagner Publishing Company.

monsters. Yet Columbus never faltered. He had fixed his heart upon a great work and nothing could make him turn back.

Here are two selections from the ship's journal, that will show what happened on the last days of the voyage:

Wednesday, October 10, 1492: Sailed west-southwest. . . . Here the crew could stand it no longer. They complained of the long voyage, but the Admiral encouraged them. . . . And he added that it was useless to murmur, because he had come in quest of the Indies, and was going to continue until he found them, with God's help.

Thursday, October 11, 1492: Sailed west-southwest, and encountered a high sea, higher than had been met with hitherto. . . . The Admiral at ten o'clock at night, standing on the deck, saw a light, but so indistinct that he did not dare to say it was land. . . . Two hours after midnight the land appeared two leagues off.]

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why now, not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell something of Joaquin Miller's life. 2. What and where are the Azores? Why "gray"? 3. What are the Gates of Hercules? 4. In the first stanza, what frightened the mate? Why did the stars seem to go out? 5. In line 9, page 562, who is speaking? 6. In the third stanza, what frightened the mate? 7. What in the fourth stanza? (The mate is speaking for all the sailors.) 8. In line 6, page 563, to what does the mate compare the sea? What is the curling lip? the teeth? 9. What was the "one good word"? 10. In line 17, the poet looks forward to the time when this new world shall be the home of a great nation; the light seems to grow and take the shape of the stars in the American flag. "Time's burst of dawn" is the beginning of a new age and a new world. What was the great lesson that Columbus gave to the new world? 11. Memorize the poem.

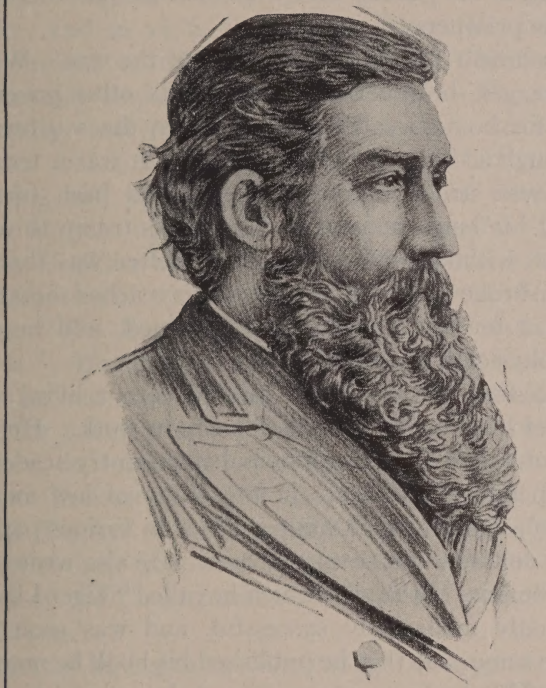
SIDNEY LANIER

1842–1881

Lanier, our leading Southern poet since Poe, was not only a poet, but a musician also; and the musician's instinct that was born in him shows in the music of his verse. He had the soul of a hero. Though his life was hemmed in by ill health and misfortune, his strong will and his inspiration made for him an imaginary world of music and beauty and love and joy, where he lived and forgot his earthly troubles.

He was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842, the son of a well-to-do lawyer. We are told that among his French-English ancestors were several generations of distinguished musicians, from whom he doubtless inherited his musical ability. Even when a boy, he played without instruction the flute, the viólin, the organ, the piano, the guitar, and other instruments.

When he was only fourteen, he entered Oglethorpe College, in Georgia, and on graduating, four years later, continued for a time as an instructor. Then came the war, and with his younger brother Clifford, he promptly enlisted in the Confederate army. He distinguished himself for his bravery and was several times offered a position as officer, but he declined, feeling that his brother in the ranks needed his care. Sidney himself, at the time of his enlistment, was but nineteen. Later, both brothers served for a time as scouts along the James, and Sidney wrote that with plenty of excitement, good horses, hairbreadth escapes, moonlight nights, and a flute and guitar they were thoroughly enjoying their army life. But this romance could not last. They were soon



Sidney Lanier

afterwards made signal officers on Confederate blockade runners operating out of Wilmington, North Carolina, and on one of their runs Sidney was captured by a Federal vessel and confined for five months in prison at Point Lookout. His greatest comfort during this time was the flute, which he still carried in his pocket, and which cheered both himself and his fellow prisoners.

His imprisonment lasted until the end of the war. Worn, weary, and ragged, he was then released with other prisoners and set out for home, five hundred miles to the southward, on foot, through a country wasted by war. It was a terrible journey. Never strong at any time, he had been further weakened by his long confinement; and this tramp through rain and heat, without sufficient food or shelter, was the last straw, which broke his health. When he reached home he was ill with a fever; consumption developed, and he was never again physically the same.

It was necessary, however, for him to earn a living, and when his fever left him he went heroically to work. He was for a time a hotel clerk, then the principal of a country academy, meanwhile spending his leisure in the study of law and in writing poetry, some of which was published in various papers, adding a few dollars to his scanty income. He also wrote and published a romance of the war, which he called "Tiger Lilies," but it was only moderately successful, and was soon forgotten. The same year that he published his book he married Mary Day, of Macon, a young woman as brave and hopeful as himself.

To please his father he practiced law five years in Macon, and was fairly successful, but he did not like it. More and more he felt that he must write. At last, in 1873, he determined to devote the rest of his life to poetry and music. Leaving his family for a time in Macon, he took his flute and a change of clothing in his little valise and went north to Baltimore, where he succeeded in getting a position in an

orchestra. His genius as a musician enabled him to read the most difficult musical scores, and he was soon regarded as the best flutist in America. With his first money he sent for his family, and made a home for them in Baltimore. There he studied literature and soon began to give lectures on Old English Poetry. His poems at length attracted notice, and in 1876, through his friend Bayard Taylor, he was invited to write the Cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. He worked hard, earnestly, and enthusiastically, though he realized that the disease which had fastened itself upon him was gradually wearing him away, and that he had not long to live. In 1879 he was appointed lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University, and delivered several memorable courses, two of which were afterward published under the titles, "The English Novel," and "The Science of English Verse." He also wrote a guidebook to Florida, after a trip that he had taken thither for his failing health; and he retold for young people the ancient chronicles of England and France, in four books, — "The Boys' King Arthur," "The Boys' Froissart," "The Boys' Mabinogion," and "The Boys' Percy," — the last named published after his death. But the most important of his works were the poems, "The Song of the Chattahoochee," "Sunrise," and "The Marshes of Glynn."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Just as he began to earn enough to support his family in comfort, he found that his work was done. He was then so weak that his writing was done in bed, and his last lectures at Johns Hopkins were spoken from a reclining chair, and scarcely above a whisper. They took him to the pine lands of North Carolina in the hope that the change might lengthen out his life, but it was useless; he died among the mountains of the Blue Ridge, in the autumn of 1881.

We think of Lanier as an earnest, unconquerable soul, thoroughly in love with his work. His soft gray eyes had

in them a depth and earnestness which made him seem inspired. Music was a passion with him, and his poems seem almost to sing themselves. He was singularly pure and sweet and noble, and he feared nothing that the world could do to him. In one of his last poems, "Sunrise," he says, in addressing the sun:

. . . Manifold One
I must pass from thy face, I must pass from the face of the sun.
Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a frown;
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done:
I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the Sun.

THE SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

[Far up in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near the northern boundary of Georgia, rises the Chattahoochee River. Through its upper course, in Habersham County, it is a turbulent stream, dashing over stones and through mountain gorges, leaping down in waterfalls, split at times by the rocks into several channels, but soon rushing together again and growing broader and deeper as it flows along. Its course leads then through the wooded valleys of Hall and other counties, past villages and towns, until on the western border of the state it spreads out into the plains, furnishes power for scores of mills, and empties into the Apalachicola River, on the edge of Florida, through which it flows on into the Gulf of Mexico.

Lanier knew the Chattahoochee well and loved it. Dancing along among the hills and through the valleys, it seemed to him almost human; and he fancied that as it flowed, the rushes and ferns and berries that dipped into it or that reached across its way, the trees that bent over it, and the stones that stood before it, were trying to stop it and make it play with them. But there was work for the river to do. There were mills to turn, and fields to water, and beyond all these was ever heard the call of the sea.

The great beauty of the poem lies in the music of its verse. It is not only a poem; it is a song. Think of the river as *singing* it.]

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide,"
The willful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

High o'er the hills of Habersham.
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
O'erleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, "Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,

The white quartz shone and the smooth brook stone
  Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone —
  Crystal clear or acloud with mist,
  Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
  In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
  In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

  But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
  And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
  Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
  The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
  And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
  Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
  Calls through the valleys of Hall.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell the story of Lanier's life. 2. Where is the Chattahoochee River? Describe its course and locate it upon a map. 3. What and where are Habersham and Hall? 4. Put into simpler words "Accept my bed, or narrow or wide." 5. What is meant by "flee from folly"? (Remember that as the stream flows on, it seems to be thinking all the time of the work it has to do.) 6. Explain line 8, page 569. (The river is in love with its work and impatient to reach the plain where duty calls it.)

7. What examples of alliteration do you find in the second stanza? the third? the fourth? the fifth? 8. Explain "held me *thrall*," "*laving* laurel," "*fondling* grass," "for to work delay." (In Old English it was customary to use "*for* to" where now we use only "to.") Find another example of this in the poem. 9. What "veiled the valleys" in line 22, page 569? 10. Express in simpler words "Wrought me her shadowy self to hold," "Pass not, so cold." 11. Explain "flickering meaning." 12. "Bar me of passage" is an old English form for "bar my passage." Do you think the poem is better or worse for using these old

forms of speech? 13. What is a "friendly brawl"? a "luminous jewel"? 14. Put into simpler words "Made lures with the lights of streaming stone." (The lights streaming *from* the stone are meant — lights so brilliant that the stone itself seems to stream out with them.)

15. Rewrite the last stanza in simple prose, explaining "be mixed with the main," "mortally yearn." 16. Name all the different things that tried to stop the stream. 17. Think of yourself as having a duty to do, and mention some things that might try to call you from it. 18. Memorize the poem. 19. Compare with Tennyson's "The Song of the Brook" (Literary Readers, Book Five, page 212). How are the two poems alike and how different? Notice how Tennyson also uses alliteration.

Songs of other poets addressed to streams are Burns's "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," Bryant's "The Rivulet," Southey's "The Cataract of Lodore," Longfellow's "To the River Charles," Hayne's "The River," and Father Ryan's "A Song of the River."

TAMPA ROBINS

[This poem was written in Tampa, Florida, toward the end of Lanier's life, when he was seeking for a milder climate that would help him through the winter.

He hears the robin singing in the orange tree and thinks the bird is laughing at the winds and storms of the North, which he has just escaped. The robin seems to say, "While my wings can carry me here, and while these orange trees hold out their golden fruit, Time shall bring me only joy."

As the poet looks up into the tree, the oranges seem to him like planets in a sky of leaves, and the robin, with his crimson breast, like a meteor darting among them and leaving behind him a trail of song. "I'll go south with the sun," says the robin. "My wings shall carry me where I can always find summer. I will hold my red breast up to the sun, like a torch, and receive more light and brightness."]

The robin laughed in the orange tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me —
Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
And thrid the heavenly orange tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

. . . . . .

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold,
'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange tree.'"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is meant by "Ho, windy North, a fig for thee"? ("A fig" here means anything unimportant — "a snap of the fingers.") 2. What are the "globes of gold"? 3. Time is here, as often, represented as an old man with a scythe. He is supposed to cut down all living things. What will Time's scythe reap for the robin? 4. Explain the second stanza. Use simpler words for "blithe," "thrid," "minstrelsy." 5. Explain "I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime" (keep the climate I like best). 6. Explain how the robin's wing is "king of the summer time." 7. Why does the robin hold his breast to the sun, and why is his breast called a torch?

A VOYAGE ON A FLORIDA RIVER

[From Lanier's "Florida," published in 1875.]

For a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat *Marion* — a steamboat which is like nothing in the world so much as a Pensacola gopher with a preposterously exaggerated back — had started from Palatka some hours before daylight, having taken on her passengers the night previous; and by seven o'clock of such a May morning as no words could describe, unless words were themselves May mornings, we had made the twenty-five

miles up the St. Johns, to where the Ocklawaha flows into that stream.

The Ocklawaha is the sweetest water lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than a hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedgerows of oaks and cypresses and palms and bays and magnolias and mosses and manifold vine growths, a lane clean to travel along, for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft seemed to emit her steam in more leisurely whiffs. Dick, the poleman, lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not and spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the limpkin, the heron, the water turkey were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by that we were really, after all, no monster, but only some daydream of a monster.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch. The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water turkey," he said gently.

The water turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird, he is a neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appurtenances, and hereditaments thereunto appertaining as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black. When he saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was

drowned — when presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water, and in this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and spirally poked it into the east, the west, the north, and the south, with a violence of involution and a contortionary energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous asphyxiation — for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water snake!

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy saurian, of good repute. A little cove of water, dark green under the overhanging leaves, placid, pellucid, curves round at the river edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heartbreaking for the pure beauty of it. My saurian, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere; he will find marvelous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily petals; and the green disks of the lily pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one housemaid — the stream — forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories, there under the glass of that water, are ever and without labor filled with the enchantments of strange underwater growths. Upon his house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see.

For many miles together the Ocklawaha is a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for that reason. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on each side, there is water also — a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of multitudes of trees.

The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers and water leaves. The tall, blue flags, the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily pads like white queens on green thrones, the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water grasses — all these border the river in infinite varieties.

And then, after this day of glory, came a night of glory. The stream, which had been all day a baldric of beauty, sometimes blue and sometimes green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine knots on top of the pilot house. The white columns of the cypress trunks, the silver-embroidered crowns of the maples, the green and white of the lilies along the edges of the stream — these all come in a continuous apparition out of the bosom of the darkness and retire again.

And now it is bedtime. Let me tell you how to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that incloses the lower part of the deck, in front and to the left of the pilot house. Lie flat-backed down on the same, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head in consideration of the night air, fold your arms, say some little prayer, and fall asleep with a star looking right down your eye. When you awake in the morning, you will feel as new as Adam.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Locate on a map the scene of this journey. 2. Define "avocations," "involution," "contortionary," "asphyxiation," "saurian," "ineffable," "baldric." 3. "With such subordinate rights," etc. is a legal phrase. What is the effect of using it here? 4. Select the best figures of speech; the pictures that interest you most.

Another good prose description from Lanier is "Bob," the mocking bird.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

1851–1889

Henry W. Grady was one of the most progressive of the men who took part in the reconstruction of the South after the Civil War. He was born at Athens, Georgia, in 1851 and received his education at the University of Georgia. It was his wish to become a journalist, and with this aim in view he began to write, soon after his graduation, a series of letters on the resources and possibilities of his native state. These letters were published and attracted wide attention. He engaged in newspaper work of various kinds and at twenty-nine became editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, which position he held for nine years, until his death, in 1889. He was succeeded as editor by Joel Chandler Harris.

Mr. Grady, besides being a successful newspaper man and magazine writer, was also a distinguished orator. The subject which lay nearest his heart was the future of the South, and most of his more important writings touched upon that theme. No other man in the Southern states did more than he to harmonize the North and the South after the war was over. His speech "The New South," from which this extract is taken, was given before the New England Society, in New York, in 1886.

THE NEW SOUTH

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 5 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted,

enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander

day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the states was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy; and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of Grady's life. 2. Where and when was the address "The New South" delivered? What is meant by "The New South"? 3. In the first paragraph what is meant by the "parole"? 4. Explain "having followed the battle-stained cross," "his very traditions are gone," "the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves," "a heart of gold," "sowed towns and cities in the place of theories" (Do you prefer "sowed" to "built"? Why?), "enamored of her new work" (What was her new work?).

5. Notice that in the next to the last paragraph the South is personified. What does this add to the force of the oration? 6. Explain "her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life," "full statured," "expanded horizon," "her emancipation," "inscrutable wisdom of God." 7. Explain "This is said in no spirit of time serving or apology."

Other poems referring to the end of the war are Father Ryan's "The Conquered Banner," Margaret Junkin Preston's "Acceptation," Finch's "The Blue and the Gray," Kate Putnam Osgood's "Driving Home the Cows," and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Peace."

HENRY VAN DYKE

1852–

It is not often that we find a man so many-sided as Dr. van Dyke. As a poet, an essayist, a story-writer, a preacher, a college professor, and a diplomat, he has been equally successful, and he is, besides, a first-rate fisherman and an enthusiastic lover of nature.

Dr. van Dyke was born in Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia, in 1852. When he was still quite young the family moved to Brooklyn, and there he passed his boyhood. His father was his best friend, and the two spent many a holiday together in the country, tramping and fishing and listening to the birds and the brooks and the wind among the pines.

At sixteen he was ready for college and entered Princeton, where his father and grandfather had been before him. There he distinguished himself as a writer and speaker, taking a number of prizes. He graduated from Princeton College in 1873 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1877. Then he spent a year abroad.

In 1879 he was made pastor of a church in Newport, Rhode Island, and four years later went to New York as pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, where he remained for seventeen years. He spent his vacations camping and fishing, and wrote "Little Rivers," "Fisherman's Luck," several religious books, and his Christmas stories.

In 1900 he was called to Princeton as professor of English literature, and thirteen years later was appointed United States minister to the Netherlands.

INDIAN SUMMER

[The soft dreamy atmosphere of Indian summer makes the poet think of the olden times when the Indians roamed these fields. The stacks of corn suggest their wigwams, and he seems to see their ghosts stealing through the mist of the evening, to hear their whispers in the breeze, to see and smell the smoke of their camp fires, as they bring back with them all the joy and pain of the Indian life.]

A soft veil dims the tender skies,
And half conceals from pensive eyes
  The bronzing tokens of the fall;
A calmness broods upon the hills,
And summer's parting dream distills
  A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
Stand waiting through the placid day,
  Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
  And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening, when the crimson crest
Of sunset passes down the west,
  I hear the whispering host returning;
On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
I see the lights, I smell the smoke —
  The camp fires of the past are burning.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life and work of Dr. van Dyke. 2. Describe in your own words the season of Indian summer. 3. What is meant by "A soft veil dims the tender skies"? Explain "*pensive* eyes," "bronzing tokens of the fall." 4. What does the word "broods" in line 4 suggest to you, and why is it appropriate here? 5. What feeling does the phrase "summer's parting dream" awaken in you? What is

meant by "distills"? (To distill is to change a substance into a vapor and let it condense slowly, drop by drop, like the dew. The "charm of silence" falls like the dew over the landscape.)

6. Read the first two stanzas, then shut your eyes and try to see and feel the picture — the brown shocks of corn, the soft skies, the peace, and the silence. Of what is the poet thinking when he calls the shocks "tattered wigwams"? 7. In the last stanza is another picture — the cornfield at sunset. What does the poet hear that he calls "the *whispering* host returning"? What does he see and smell that make him think of the Indian camp fires? 8. Memorize the poem, and think of it when you see a field of shocked corn on a hazy Indian-summer day.

Another interesting poem by Dr. van Dyke is "The Angler's Reveille." Good prose tales are "A Handful of Clay," "The First Christmas Tree," and "The Other Wise Man."

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. This poem by Dr. van Dyke is a *sonnet*. Study the verse form; then tell what a sonnet is. (It always has the same number of lines.) 2. Explain "vagrant wishes." 3. In what ways is work useful?

VII. THE LITERATURE OF THE GREAT WAR

WOODROW WILSON

1856–

President Woodrow Wilson was born in 1856 at Staunton, Virginia, — the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, of Scotch-Irish descent. When he was about two years old his family moved to Augusta, Georgia, and remained there during his boyhood, or until he was about fourteen. They then went north as far as South Carolina. At seventeen young Woodrow entered Davidson College but was soon obliged to give up his work on account of ill health. Two years later he entered Princeton, with better success, and graduated from there in 1879. In college he showed unusual literary ability, was a fine debater, and editor of the college paper. After graduation he studied law, took up post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins University, and taught five years at Bryn Mawr and at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut. Then he returned to Princeton as Professor of Political Economy and twelve years later was made president of the university.

In 1910 he was elected governor of New Jersey. His administration was strong and clean and brought about so many needed reforms that in 1912 he was urged as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, to succeed William H. Taft, — and elected.

His writings include "Congressional Government," "The State," a "History of the American People," and a life of

Washington, besides many essays and important state papers. His papers concerning the World War have been read in all the countries of the earth and have brought him a fame and authority such as is possessed by few other statesmen of the present age.

A WAR FOR DEMOCRACY

[The following selection consists of several extracts from President Wilson's message to Congress of April 2, 1917, recommending that action be taken declaring war between the United States and Germany.]

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

. . . . . .

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense but also to exert all its

power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war. . . .

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. . . .

. . . . . .

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own. . . .

We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations great and

small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them. . . .

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a brief sketch of President Wilson's life. 2. Where and when was this message delivered, and for what purpose? Describe briefly what you think might have been the surroundings, or scene. 3. What

did the Imperial German Government do that was the immediate cause of this message? 4. Explain "status of belligerent." 5. How was the war determined upon in Germany? (The German constitution gave to the Emperor and Bundesrath — a body appointed by the rulers of the various states of Germany — power to declare war. The people had no voice in the matter.) 6. Explain the figure in "pawns."

7. Why are only free peoples competent to serve the interests of mankind? 8. What is meant by "The world must be made safe for democracy"? (This phrase became famous and was taken as the watchword for the Allies.) 9. What are indemnities? 10. Explain the figure in "champion." 11. State briefly the things that America went into the war to accomplish, as set forth in President Wilson's message.

RUPERT BROOKE

1887–1915

Rupert Brooke was born in Rugby, England, and at the beginning of the war was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, — an earnest young scholar and idealist of twenty-seven. He enlisted promptly and was made a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve. In the autumn of 1914 he went with the expedition against Antwerp, and the following February sailed for Gallipoli with the ill-fated British Expeditionary Force. He died on the Ægean Sea in April and was buried on the island of Skyros. His war poetry ranks among the finest inspired by the great world-conflict and is published under the title "1914 and Other Poems."

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think: this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is meant by "There's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England"? 2. Explain "a pulse in the eternal mind," and "gives somewhere back the thoughts." 3. What is the prevailing thought of the poem? Is there anything warlike in it? 4. Compare the verse form with that of Dr. van Dyke's "Work," on page 581. What is it called?

ALAN SEEGER

1888–1916

Alan Seeger was an American, — and a year younger than Brooke. He was born in New York City, educated at Harvard University, and in 1912 went to Paris as a student and writer. Early in the war he enlisted in the Foreign Legion — an organization of eager young patriots from all parts of the world who volunteered to assist France in her battles against the enemy. He took part in the battle of Champagne and on the fourth of July, 1916, his regiment was ordered to advance against the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. In this engagement he was severely wounded but urged on the men of his squad to a victorious charge. The following morning he died from his wounds. During the war he wrote some twenty poems, which are included in the volume "Poems by Alan Seeger."

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air —
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath —
It may be I shall pass him still.

I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 't were better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is a rendezvous? 2. Why "when Spring comes back"? (This was written during the winter, when military operations had been for a time suspended. The poet was looking forward to the spring campaign.) 3. Explain the first four lines of the second stanza. Do you think the writer expected to be killed? 4. What do the first lines of the third stanza tell you of his feeling for war? What was the feeling that inspired him and urged him on? 5. Note the seriousness of all this war poetry, and the thought of sacrifice and death, and duty, instead of military glory. What does it tell you of the spirit with which the Allies fought? 6. What does this spirit tell you of the state of civilization and human thought, as compared with that of five hundred years before?

JOHN McCRAE

McCrae was a distinguished Canadian physician who volunteered soon after the beginning of the war and was assigned to hospital duty with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His hospital was near the front, and for many months he was under a terrific strain, providing for the wounded soldiers who were brought in in greater numbers than it was possible to serve them. Worn out at last by his ceaseless labor, he was seized with an attack of pneumonia, from which he did not recover. The poem below was written at some time during the war; it is not known when or how he found time to write it.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
  That mark our place; and in the sky
  The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
  Loved and were loved, and now we lie
    In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
  The torch; be yours to hold it high.
  If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
    In Flanders fields.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What effect has the description of the peaceful scene in the first four lines upon the remainder of the poem? 2. What were the crosses in the second line? 3. In what position does the poet imagine himself? 4. Do the last six lines express a feeling of revenge toward the enemy or a passionate longing to see the ideals for which the poet was fighting carried out? 5. What figure in "the torch," line 12? 6. This verse form is known as the *rondeau*. Where are the rimes? Note that the entire poem is held together by the rime arrangement. What is the effect of the repetition of the line "In Flanders fields"?

AMERICA'S ANSWER

[As an answer to Colonel McCrae's moving poem, the following, by R. W. Lillard, an American writer, appeared in 1918, in the New York *Evening Post*.]

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead;
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,

And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own life blood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught;
The torch ye threw to us we caught:
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

VOCABULARY

THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS

WITH KEY TO MARKS USED IN THE VOCABULARY

ā as in nāme (= e̲)
å as in senåte
â as in câre (= ê)
ă as in făt
ă as in ăccount
ä as in ärm
å as in åsk
å as in sofå
ã as in cowārd (= ĕ = ī = ŏ = û = ȳ)
ạ as in whạt (= ŏ)
ạ as in ạll (= au = ô)

ē as in ēvening (= ï)
ē̊ as in ē̊vent
ĕ as in bĕd
ĕ as in decĕnt
ẽ as in hẽr (= ī = ŏ = û = ȳ = ã)

e̲ as in pre̲y (= ā)
ê as in whêre (= â)
ee as in feet (= ē)
ew as in dew (= ū)

ī as in īce (= ȳ)
ĭ as in ĭt (= y̆)
ï as in machïne (= ē)
ī as in sīr (= ŏ = û = ȳ = ã = ẽ)

ō as in ōld (= ow)
o̊ as in o̊bey
ô as in hôrse (= ạ)
ŏ as in nŏt (= ạ)
ŏ as in cŏnnect
o̊ as in sof̊t
ọ as in wọlf (= o͝o = ụ)
ọ as in mọve (= o͞o = ụ)
ȯ as in sȯn (= ŭ)

õ as in wõrk (= û = ȳ = ã = ẽ = ĭ)
o͞o as in fo͞od (= ọ = ụ)
o͝o as in fo͝ot (= ọ = ụ)

ū as in ūse (= ew)
ů as in ůnite
û as in fûr (= ã = ẽ = ī = õ = ȳ)
ŭ as in ŭp (= ȯ)
ŭ as in circŭs
ü as in German *grün*
ụ as in rụle (= o͞o = ọ)
ụ as in pụll (= o͝o = ọ)

ȳ as in flȳ (= ī)
y̆ as in my̆th (= ĭ)
ȳ as in mȳrrh (= ã = ẽ = ī = õ = û)

ç as in miçe (= s)
ch as in chorus (= k)
ç̇h as in ç̇haise (= sh)
ġ as in caġe (= j)
d̰ṵ as in verdure
t̰ṵ as in nature

n̰ as in in̰k (= ng)
s̰ as in is̰ (= z)
x̰ as in ex̰act (= gz)
th as in then
ɴ as in the French *ensemble*
ĸ as in the German *ich*, *ach*

When not marked, c is sounded as in cat (= k); ch as in child; g as in go; ph as in phantom (= f); qu as in quit (= kw); s as in so; th as in thin; x as in vex; ou as in out (= ow); oi as in oil (= oy).

Sometimes ci and ti have the sound of sh, as in gracious, nation.

Letters printed in italic type (*a*, *e*, *i*), without marks, are not sounded.

VOCABULARY

access (ăc′çĕss) : approach.
acclamations (ăc *clȧ* mā′tiȯns) : loud cheers, or shouts of applause.
accosted : addressed, greeted.
acme (ăc′mē) : the highest point of attainment.
adder's tongue : the dogtooth violet.
addled : muddled, spoiled.
adherent (ăd hēr′ĕnt) : a follower.
adjuration : a solemn appeal.
Adrammelech (*ȧ* drăm′*mē* lĕc*h*) : a son of Sennacherib.
adversity (ăd vĕr′sĭ tў) : misfortune, affliction, often poverty.
Ælla (ăl′*lȧ*) : an ancient British king.
aërial (ā ē′rĭ ăl) : airy.
affect : to have a liking for.
affronted : offended, insulted.
aggregation (ăg *grē* gā′tiȯn) : a collection.
aghast (*ȧ ghȧst*′) : terrified, amazed.
aglee (*ȧ* glēe′) : full of glee.
agrimony (ăg′rĭ mȯ nў) : a yellow-flowered herb with a burlike calyx.
aid-de-camp (ā*ȧ*d′ dē cămp′ or ā*ȧ*d′-dē-cămp′) : an officer who accompanies a general as his personal assistant.
alacrity (*ȧ* lăc′rĭ tў) : a cheerful readiness, or promptness.
albatross (ăl′b*ȧ* trȯss) : a sea bird common in the southern oceans.
Albyn (ăl′bўn) : a name for Scotland.
alternative (ăl tĕr′n*ȧ* tĭve) : a choice between two things.
amain (*ȧ* mā*ȧ*n′) : with full force.
ambrosial (ăm brō′zhĭ ăl) : sweet, delicious. (From "ambrosia," the food of the Greek gods.)
Amherst (ăm′*h*ērst) : a town and college in Massachusetts.
amphitheater (ăm fĭ thē′*ȧ* tēr) : a circular or elliptical building with banks of seats sloping down to an open space in the center.
Amun (ä′mu̱n) : an Egyptian god represented with the head of a ram.
Andromeda (ăn drȯm′ĕ d*ȧ*) : a northern constellation directly south of Cassiopeia.
Angelus (ăn′ġĕ lŭs) : a bell rung at morning, noon, and night, as a call to a form of prayer also called the Angelus.
annihilation (*ăn* nī hĭ lā′tiȯn) : an utter destruction.
antediluvian (ăn tē dĭ lū′vĭ ăn) : before the flood.
Anthony's Nose : a promontory on the Hudson, so called from a trumpeter of Governor Stuyvesant's (Knickerbocker, History of New York, Book VI, chap. iv).
antipathy (ăn tĭp′*ȧ* thў) : dislike.
apprehend (ăp *prē* hĕnd′) : to fear.
arabesque (ăr *ȧ* bĕsk′) : a kind of decoration in which foliage is prominently used.

Ardennes (ȧr dĕn*nes′*) : a forest in France.

Argus : a Greek demigod who had a hundred eyes, some of which were always open.

Ariel (ā′rĭ ĕl) : a spirit of the air, in "The Tempest."

armada (är mā′dȧ) : a fleet of armed ships.

arquebuse (är′quĕ bŭse) : a heavy old-fashioned matchlock firearm.

Ashur (ä′shu͟r) : the chief god of the Assyrians ; used on page 157 for the country Assyria.

aspects (ăs′pĕcts) : in astrology the influence of the planets for good or evil (page 225).

assize-town : a town where assizes, or sessions of the county courts in England, are held.

asthmatic (ăs măt′ĭc) : affected with asthma ; wheezy.

aurigation : the act of driving a chariot.

austere (ȧu*s* tēre′) : stern, severe.

Ave Maria (ä′vā mä rē′ä) : "Hail, Mary!" the first words of the salutation given to Mary by the angel Gabriel. The entire salutation is used as a prayer in the Catholic Church.

aver (ȧ vēr′) : to affirm, to declare.

Baal (bā′ăl) : a god of the Eastern nations.

badine (bȧ dïne′) : a light cane or rod.

Baiæ (bā′yē) : an ancient Roman city near Naples now called Baja (bä′yä).

baldric (bȧl′drĭc) : a belt or girdle.

balsa (băl′sȧ) : a raft or float.

barouche (bȧ ro͞oçhe′) : a low-bodied carriage with a folding top, having two inside seats, facing each other, and an upper, outside seat for the driver.

barracoon (băr *rȧ* cōōn′) : a temporary barrack for slaves.

bas-relief (bäs′-rē lēf′) : sculpture in which the figure projects but slightly from the background.

Bassa (bȧs′sä) : pasha, a Turkish ruler.

Bastille (bȧs tĭl*le′*) : a fortress and prison in Paris.

bastion : a part of a fortification extending outward from the main inclosure and consisting of two faces meeting at an angle.

bateau (bȧ tō′) : a flat-bottomed boat, tapering towards both ends.

bateaux (bȧ tōz′) : plural of "bateau."

beard : to seize by the beard ; hence, to defy (page 129).

beget (bē gĕt′) : to be the father of.

behest : command.

Beledeljereed (bĕl′ĕd ĕl jĕ rēēd′) : a name formerly given to a part of the Barbary states.

Belle Aurore (bĕl′ ō rôre′) : French for "beautiful Aurora."

belligerent (bē*l* lĭg′ĕr ĕnt) : at war.

belly : to bulge or swell out, as a flag or sail in the wind.

benedicite (bĕn ē dĭç′ĭ tē) : a blessing.

berline (bĕr lïne′) : a four-wheeled carriage with a sheltered seat behind.

bilberry : the huckleberry.

billet (bĭl′lĕt) : a small stick of wood.

biped (bī′pĕd) : a two-footed animal.

Blücher (blụ'kẽr or blụ'chẽr): a Prussian general.

boatswain (bō*at*'swā*i*n or bō's'n): a ship's officer having charge of the rigging, anchors, and cordage.

boding (bōd'ĭng): foreboding, foretelling.

Boisot (bwä'sō'): a Dutch naval officer.

Boswell (bŏş'wĕl*l*): Dr. Johnson's biographer.

bourn or **bourne** (bō*u*rn): a bound, a limit.

Brabant (br*à* bănt'): an old duchy in the Netherlands and Belgium.

brand: a sword.

Breton (brĕ'tŭn): of Brittany.

buckler: a shield; to "give the bucklers" is to yield oneself as defeated.

buff coat: a thick leather coat.

bunchberry: the fruit of the dwarf cornel.

burden: the chorus or refrain of a song (page 175).

burgesses (bûr'ġĕs sĕş): the freemen or citizens of a town.

buskin: a high shoe or half boot.

Byrne (bŷrn*e*): an Irish name.

Bysshe (bŷss*h*e): an English name.

calumet: the peace pipe of the Indians.

Campania (kăm pā'nĭ *à*): a seacoast division of Italy in which is the modern Naples.

canaille (c*à*'nä'y' or c*à* nāl'): the rabble; the lowest class of people.

cantata (c*à*n tä't*à*): a lyric poem or story set to music; a short oratorio.

cany (cān'ў): canelike, light.

Capri (cä'prĕ): an island in the Bay of Naples.

Carrousel (cär'/rōō ṣĕl'): Place du Carrousel, the open space extending along the eastern court of the Tuileries in Paris. It was used for royal games. The name means "a tilt."

casque (c*à*sk): a helmet.

catchfly: a plant having a sticky juice which holds small insects.

cavalcade (căv'*ă*l cād*e*'): a parade, usually of horsemen.

cavernous (căv'ẽr no*ŭ*s): cavelike, or filled with caves.

celestial concave: the dome or expanse of the heavens.

cenotaph (ç*ĕ*n'ŏ t*à*ph): an empty tomb.

cerulean (ç*ĕ* rụ'lẽ *ă*n): sky-blue.

chagrin (ç*h**à* grĭn'): anxiety, vexation.

chalice (chăl'ĭç*e*): a goblet, especially one used in the communion service.

champaign (ç*h*ăm pā*ign*'): a plain.

Chatillon (shä'tē'yôɴ): a French name; Parkman's guide.

cheek strap: the part of a bridle which passes down the side of the horse's head, connecting the headstall with the bit or noseband.

Cheyne (ch*ey*'nĕ) **Row**: a row of houses in Chelsea, London.

childing (chīld'ĭng): about to give birth to a child.

Chillon (shē'yôɴ'): a fortress in Switzerland.

choleric (c*h*ŏl'ẽr ĭc): hot-tempered.

churn boots: boots with high, stiff tops, so called from their resemblance to a churn.

clairvoyant: clear-sighted, having insight or divination.

Clichy (clē′shē′): a suburb of Paris.

clift: old English for cliff.

clomb: old English for climbed.

clout: the center of a target.

Clusium (clụ′zhĭ ŭm): one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan confederation.

cockade (cŏck ād′): a rosette or similar device worn on the hat as a badge.

comely (cŏme′lў): pleasing in person or manner.

Comitium (cŏ mĭsh′ĭ ŭm): a space in the Roman Forum set apart for civil and political business.

complaisant (cŏm′plā*i* ṣānt′): gracious, polite.

composing stick: a small metal tray in which type is set. It is held in the hand, and when full the type is transferred to a larger tray called a galley.

compositor (cŏm pŏṣ′ĭ tŏr): a typesetter.

compromising (cŏm′prŏ mīṣ ĭng): injurious to one's reputation.

Comus (cō′mŭs): the spirit of mirth.

concentered (cŏn çĕn′tĕred): drawn or directed towards a center.

condolence (cŏn dō′lĕnçe): sympathy.

confluence: a flowing together.

conjecture (cŏn jĕc′tŭre): guess.

connubial (cŏ*n* nū′bĭ ăl): pertaining to a husband and wife, matrimonial.

conservative (cŏn sĕrv′*a* tĭve): opposed to change.

considerations: reasons.

consort (cŏn′sôrt): a companion, used of a wife or husband.

constituted (cŏn′stĭ tūt ĕd): formed, made up.

constrained: compelled, obliged.

consul (cŏn′sŭl): one of the two chief magistrates of the Roman republic.

consummate (cŏn sŭm′*mate*): of the highest quality.

consummate (cŏn′sŭm *māte*): to complete.

contrite (cŏn′trīte): broken down with grief and penitence.

convex (cŏn′vĕx): rounded outward.

convulsively: with convulsions or spasms.

copiousness (cō′pĭ *oŭs* nĕss): fullness.

coranto (cŏ rän′tŏ): an ancient lively dance.

corbel (côr′bĕl): a bracket projecting from a wall to support a beam, arch, or ceiling.

Cordilleras (côr dĭl yā′*rȧs*): the great mountain range which forms the backbone of the Western continent.

Cordovan (côr′dŏ văn): leather goatskin tanned in Cordova.

corselet (côrse′lĕt): a light breastplate.

cotter: a cottager, a peasant.

counter: that part of the stern of a boat between the waterline and extreme overhang (page 400).

counterpart: a person or thing very like another.

courier (co*u*′rĭ ĕr): a servant who makes traveling arrangements.

courser (cōr′sĕr): a swift horse.

covert (cŏv′ĕrt): a thicket.

crackling: the crisp, browned rind of roast pork (page 136).

Craigenputtoch (crāig ĕn pŭt'tŏĸ): a farm near Dumfries, Scotland; Carlyle's home.

crane: a swinging iron arm attached to the side or back of a fireplace for supporting kettles over the fire.

craven (crā'vĕn): a coward.

crier (crī'ĕr): a town officer who went through the streets making proclamation of sales, strayed animals or children, etc.

critical: decisive.

croft: a small inclosed field, a garden.

Croisic (krwä'zēc'): a town on the coast of France.

Croisickese (krwä zē kēş'): a native of Croisic.

crone: used on page 409 for "crony," a chum.

croup: a horse's back behind the saddle (page 274).

crypt (crĭpt): an underground chamber used either as a chapel or a tomb.

culling his phrases: choosing his words, speaking carefully.

cupidity (cū pĭd'ĭ tў): greed for wealth.

curaca (cụ rä'cä): the native ruler of a Peruvian province or district.

currently: commonly, generally.

Damascus: a fine steel made in Damascus. The blades of Damascus swords were engraved with various designs.

Damfreville (dăm'frē vĭlle'): the commander of a portion of the French fleet in 1692.

dank (dăṇk): damp or moist.

dauphin (dạu'phĭn): the title of the eldest son of the king of France.

deal: pine.

dearth (dĕarth): scarcity.

death-fires: a kind of will o' the wisp seen at sea and supposed by superstitious sailors to foretell death.

decamp (dḗ cămp'): to depart suddenly.

deflowered: robbed of its flowers.

deft: dexterous, handy.

demented: insane, of unsound mind.

denominated: named, designated.

depreciatingly (dḗ prē'shĭ ā tĭng lў): disparagingly, in a way which tends to belittle.

depredation (dĕp rḗ dā'tiŏn): a plundering.

de Ros (dē rō'): a French name.

descry (dḗ scrў'): to spy, to catch sight of.

despicable (dĕs'pĭ cȧ ble): contemptible.

detention (dḗ tĕn'tiŏn): a hindering or keeping back.

deus ex machina (dē'ụs ĕx mȧk'ĭ nȧ): a person suddenly introduced to solve a difficulty. It refers to a custom in the Greek theater of bringing in a god by stage machinery to untangle a difficult situation. The words mean "a god from a machine." (Latin.)

devoted (dḗ vōt'ĕd): doomed (page 344).

dexterity (dĕx tĕr'ĭ tў): skill.

diablerie (dĭ ä'blē rĭ): deviltry, mischief.

dialect (dī′ȧ lĕct) : a form of speech peculiar to the people of a certain locality or class.

dickering (dĭck′ẽr ĭng) : the act of bargaining.

diffused : spread abroad.

discomfited (dĭs cŏm′fĭt ĕd) : balked, thrown into perplexity.

discomfiture (dĭs cŏm′fĭ tūre) : confusion, defeat.

discredited : disgraced, not believed.

discreet (dĭs creet′) : prudent.

disembogue (dĭs ĕm bōgue′) : to pour out or empty at the mouth.

disengaged : loosened, freed.

dissevering (dĭs sĕv′ẽr ĭng) : separating, disuniting.

dissipate (dĭs′sĭ pāte) : to scatter.

dissonant (dĭs′sŏ nănt) : discordant.

distill (dĭs tĭll′) : to change into vapor and then allow to fall in drops.

ditty : a short and simple song.

doggerel : mean, poor ; usually applied to verse.

domestic : pertaining to a home, homelike.

Dominie (dŏm′ĭ nĭe) : an old title applied to a schoolmaster or clergyman.

Donegild (dŏn′ẽ gĭld) : a character in the " Canterbury Tales."

doublet (doŭb′lĕt) : a close-fitting jacket extending a little below the waist.

down : a tract of open upland.

dragoon (drȧ gōōn′) : a cavalry soldier.

dramatic (drȧ măt′ĭc) : vivid, like a play.

dryad (drȳ′ăd) : a wood nymph.

Dumfries (dŭm frĭēs′) : a town in Scotland.

Duquesne (dü kān′) : a fort at the junction of the Ohio and Monongahela rivers.

duties : taxes paid on articles brought from one country into another.

dynasty (dȳ′năs tȳ) : a succession of rulers belonging to the same family.

Ecclefechan (ĕc cle fĕĸ′ăn) : a village in Scotland ; Carlyle's birthplace.

eftsoons : again, a second time.

ejaculated : exclaimed.

element : according to the ancients, one of the four forms of matter : air, earth, fire, and water.

emblazon (ĕm blā′zŏn) : to decorate in bright colors.

emissary (ĕm′ĭs sȧ rȳ) : a secret agent sent out to obtain information or fulfill some mission.

emulation (ĕm ū lā′tiŏn) : rivalry, ambition to excel.

enamored (ĕn ăm′ŏred) : in love.

entrée (ăn′trā′) : the right to enter (page 288).

epicurean (usually ĕp ĭ cū rē′ăn, but on page 408 ĕp ĭ cū′rẽ ăn) : one who is particular in selecting his food.

equable (ē′quȧ ble or ĕk′wȧ ble) : uniform, even.

equinoctial (ē′quĭ nŏc′shăl) : pertaining to the equinox, used especially of the heavy rains which occur then.

equinox (ē′quĭ nŏx) : the time when the days and nights are of equal length. The vernal equinox is March 21 and the autumnal equinox, September 22.

equipage (ĕk′wĭ pȧge) : a carriage.

Este (ĕs′tę) : a town in Italy.
ether (ē′thēr) : the upper sky.
etherealized (ę̄ thē′rę̄ ăl īzed) : made spiritual or spiritlike.
Eton (ē′tŏn) : a boy's school or college in England.
Etruscans (ē trŭs′kănş) : the inhabitants of ancient Etruria, now Tuscany.
euphony (ū′phŏ nў) : a sweet or musical sound.
evolution (ĕv ŏ lū′tiŏn) : a complicated movement or series of movements.
expedient (ĕx pē′dĭ ĕnt) : a means devised to accomplish a thing.
expiate (ĕx′pĭ āte) : to atone for, to make amends for.
expostulation (ĕx pŏs tu̲ lā′tiŏn) : a remonstrance, a protest.

façade (fȧ säd′) : the front of a building.
fain : eager, desirous.
Falerii (fȧ lē′rĭ ī) : an old Etruscan city on the site of the modern Civita Castellana.
familiar : (noun) a companion, a member of a family or household.
fantasies (făn′tȧ sĭeş) : imaginings, fancies, false appearances.
fantoccini (făn tŏ chĭ′nĭ) : puppets (Italian).
fare : the passengers (either one or more) in a public vehicle.
farrowed : gave birth to (used of animals that produce several young at one time).
fawn : to seek favor by a cringing, servile manner.
felon : a criminal.
firmament (fĭr′mȧ mĕnt) : the vault or arch of the heavens.
flotilla : a small fleet.
foible (foi′ble) : a weakness, a failing.
font : an assortment of type of one size and style, having a fixed proportion of various letters and signs.
founder : to sink; to fail.
fowling-piece : a light gun used for shooting birds.
fraught : freighted, filled, burdened.
frigate : a sail-rigged war vessel.
furze : a spring shrub with yellow flowers.
fusil (fū′şĭl) : a light flintlock musket.
fusillade (fū şĭl lāde′) : a discharge of many firearms at the same time.

gainsay : to contradict, to deny.
gala (gā′lȧ) : a festival.
gallant (*găl* lănt′) : a gay, fashionable young man.
Gamelyn (găm′ę̆ lўn) : a character in the "Canterbury Tales."
garçon (gär′sôn′) : French for "boy."
gauntlet : a mailed glove covering part of the arm.
generated (ĝĕn′ēr āt ĕd) : born or brought into being.
Gentile (ĝĕn′tīle) : a name used by the Jews for those of any other race.
Geoffrey Chaucer (ĝĕof′*freў* chạu′-çēr) : English author, 1340–1400.
ghoul (gōōl) : an imaginary evil being who was said to rob graves.
gig : a light two-wheeled carriage drawn by one horse.
gleeds : live coals.

Gloriana (glō rĭ ā′nȧ) : the Fairy Queen, in Spenser's poem of that name.

Goldinge (gōld′ĭnge) : an English translator of the classics, who lived during the reign of Elizabeth.

Gonzalo (gŏn zä′lō) : a counselor of Milan, in "The Tempest."

gosling green : a pale yellowish green.

Gouvion (goo̱′vyôn′) : a marshal, or high military officer, of France.

Grand Pré (grän′prā′) : a village in Nova Scotia.

grange (grānġe) : a farm.

grenè shawe (grē′nĕ shạ′wĕ) : old English for "greenwood."

Grève (grāv) : the sandy beach of the river back of St. Malo, in France.

groin : to build in groins; that is, in crossed or intersecting vaults of masonry.

Guayaquil (gwȳ ä kĭl′) : a city and gulf on the west coast of South America.

Guerrière (gār ryār′) : a British frigate in the War of 1812.

gunwale (gŭn′ĕl) : the upper edge of a boat's side.

gyrating (ġȳ′rāt ĭng) : revolving or turning spirally about an axis.

habiliments (hȧ bĭl′ĭ mĕnts) : dress, clothing.

hæmony (hæē′mō nȳ) : a mythical plant.

Hainault (ĕ nō′) : an old province occupying southwest Belgium and northeast France.

halcyon (hăl′çȳ ŏn) : calm, peaceful.

hammercloth : the ornamental cloth formerly thrown over the driver's seat of a coach.

hanger : a short broadsword suspended from the side.

harbinger (här′bĭn ġĕr) : a forerunner.

harem (hā′rĕm) : a family of wives, as in Mohammedan countries.

harpies : mythical monsters that snatched away the property or the souls of their victims.

Hastings (hās′tĭngs) : the battle in 1066 in which William the Conqueror defeated Harold and conquered England.

haversack (hăv′ĕr săck) : a bag or case for carrying provisions.

heath (hēath) : a tract of waste land.

Hengist (hĕn̲′gĭst) : a chief of the Jutes.

henpecked : domineered or ruled over by one's wife.

Herminius (hĕr mĭn′ĭ ŭs) : one of the companions of Horatius.

Hervé Riel (ĥâr′vę′ rĭ ĕl′) : a Breton sailor who saved the French fleet in 1692.

higgle : to dispute about the price of a thing.

hinds (hīndş) : peasants.

Hogue (ĥōgue) : a French harbor on the English Channel.

Hollands : a gin made in Holland.

hollowed : hallooed, called aloud.

holster (hōl′stĕr) : a leather pistol case.

Horatius Cocles (hō rā′shĭ ŭs cō′clēş) : a Roman hero who saved Rome by defending a bridge against the Etruscan army.

hostel (hŏs′tĕl) : an inn.
Ho-ti (hō tē′) : a Chinese name.
Huguenot (hū guĕ nŏt) : a French Protestant of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
hurtling : crashing.
hymenæal (hȳ mĕ nē′ăl) : pertaining to marriage.

identified (ī dĕn′tī fīed) : proved to be the same.
identity (ī dĕn′tĭ tȳ) : the condition of being one's self.
idyl (ī′dȳl) : a simple description or picture of country life.
illusion (ĭl lū′şiŏn) : an unreal or misleading appearance.
Il Penseroso (ĭl pĕn sĕ rō′sō) : "the meditative or thoughtful one"; a poem by Milton.
Ilva : the ancient name of Elba, famed for its iron mines.
imbued : saturated, filled.
imminence (ĭm′mĭ nĕnçe) : the condition of impending or being about to happen.
impetus (ĭm′pĕ tŭs) : momentum; the energy with which a thing moves or is driven.
inanimate (ĭn ăn′ĭ măte) : without life.
Inca (ĭn′kȧ) : the title of the ruler of ancient Peru.
incendiary (ĭn çĕn′dĭ ȧ rȳ) : one who burns the house or property of another.
inclemency (ĭn clĕm ĕn çȳ) : harshness, severity.
inconsiderable : trivial, small.
incursion (ĭn cûr′şiŏn) : a raid.
indefatigable (ĭn dĕ făt′ĭ gȧ ble) : tireless.
indemnities (ĭn dĕm′nĭ tīeş) : compensation for damages.
ineffable : beyond expression.
inevitable (ĭn ĕv′ĭ tȧ ble) : unavoidable.
inexorable (ĭn ĕx′ŏ rȧ ble) : determined, not to be moved.
infamy (ĭn′fȧ mȳ) : extreme disgrace.
infinite (ĭn′fĭ nĭte) : boundless.
infused (ĭn fūşed′) : filled, inspired.
infusing : pouring in.
inhospitably (ĭn hŏs′pĭ tȧ blȳ) : in a manner discourteous to, or careless of, a guest.
inscrutable (ĭn scrụ′tȧ ble) : not to be understood or explained.
inspiriting (ĭn spĭr′ĭt ĭng) : cheering.
instill : to pour in gradually; hence to introduce a thought gradually.
instinctively (ĭn stĭnc′tĭve lȳ) : by natural impulse.
intricacies (ĭn′trĭ cȧ çĭeş) : complicated or confused ways.
intrigue (ĭn trĭgue′ or ĭn′trĭgue) : a plot or conspiracy.
irised (ī′rĭsed) : iridescent, showing the colors of the rainbow (from Iris, the rainbow goddess).
irreparable (ĭr rĕp′ȧ rȧ ble) : not capable of being repaired or remedied.
irruption (ĭr rŭp′tiŏn) : a breaking in.
Ischia (ēs′kyä) : an island in the Mediterranean near Naples.

jack boots : heavy boots reaching above the knee.
Jacques (zhȧk) : a common French name.
Janiculum (jȧ nĭc′ū lŭm) : a hill or ridge on the west bank of the Tiber, opposite Rome.

jargoning: a confused sound of voices, as of birds twittering.
jarvie (jär′vĭe): the driver of a hackney coach.
jasmine (jăs′mĭne): a shrub bearing fragrant flowers.
jerkin: a close-fitting jacket.
Jesuits (jĕz′ū ĭts): a religious order prominent in the exploration and settlement of America.
Joaquin (hwä kēn′): a Mexican name.
jocund (jŏc′ŭnd): joyful, gay.
jolly-boat: a small boat belonging to a ship and used for landing, etc.
joyance: old English for "joyousness."

Katahdin (kȧ tä*h*′dĭn): a mountain in Maine.
kelp: any of the various kinds of large brown seaweed.
ken: to recognize, to see.
Kill: Kill van Kull; the channel between Staten Island and Bayonne (page 182).
kirk: church.
Kirkway: a raised road near Zoeterwoude in Holland.
kit: a small violin (page 611).
Kroomen (krōō′mĕn): members of a Liberian tribe of negroes.

Lajeunesse (lȧ zhē nĕss′): a French name.
L'Allegro (läl lę′grō): "the cheerful or merry one"; a poem by Milton.
Lammen (läm′mĕn): a fortress defending Leyden.
larder: a pantry.
Lars (lärz): an Etruscan title corresponding to the English "lord."
laving (lāv′ĭng): washing, bathing.
lea (lē*a*): a plain, a meadow.
leads (lĕ*a*dz): in England, a flat roof (page 226).
leadsman (lĕ*a*dz′măn): one who measures the depth of water by throwing out a lead plummet.
leaguer (lē*a*′gu*e*r): a camp.
Leicester (lĕs′tĕr): a county in England.
Lerici (lę′rĭ chĭ): a town in Italy.
lethargy (lĕth′*ȧ*r ġy): drowsiness, inaction.
letters: type (page 180).
levee (lĕv′e̊ or lĕv ee′): a river bank or landing place.
lever (lē′vĕr or lĕv′ĕr): a bar which is made to turn about a point or axis, as the bars of a capstan.
Leyden (lī′dĕn): a city in Holland.
Leyderdorp (lī′dĕr dôrp): a village in Holland.
lichen (lī′kĕn): dry moss growing on rocks and trees.
limpid (lĭm′pĭd): clear.
Lincoln green: a cloth made in Lincoln, England, of the color of fresh green leaves, formerly much worn by huntsmen.
Line: the equator (page 106).
lineament (lĭn′e̊ *ȧ* mĕnt): an outline of the face or figure.
lists: the field for a tournament or combat.
litter: a family of young animals brought forth at the same time.
livery: a uniform worn by retainers or servants.
livre (lĭvr′): a French coin worth about nineteen cents.

llama (lä′mȧ): an animal resembling a small, hairy camel, with no hump, used in the Andes as a beast of burden.

Lochiel (lŏ*ĕh* ēl′): a Highland chief.

Lofoden (lō̆ fō′dĕn): a group of islands off the coast of Norway; also called *Lofoten*.

Lokeren (lōk′ĕr ĕn): a town in Belgium.

Louvre (loo̱vr′): a famous palace and art gallery in Paris.

Lycidas (lĭç′ĭ dăs): a poem by Milton.

Lyra (lī′rȧ): a constellation in the northern heavens; also called the Harp.

Maelstrom (māel′strŏm): a whirlpool off the west coast of Norway.

Magians (mā′ g̈ĭ ănz̨): a priestly caste of the ancient Medes and Persians.

maiden knight: an untried knight.

main: the sea (page 572).

Malouins (mȧ′loo̱ ăn′): inhabitants of St. Malo.

mandate: command.

maneuvering (mȧ neu̱′vēr ĭng): handling with skill or strategy.

maniacal (mȧ nī′ȧ căl): mad, frantic.

manifold (măn′ĭ fōld): many and different.

manor (măn′ŏr): an estate the proprietor of which has tenant farmers under his authority.

Maria Louisa (mȧ rĭ′ȧ loo̱ ĭ′z̨ȧ): an Austrian duchess.

Marlborough: the Duke of Marlborough, an English general who fought in the War of the Spanish Succession.

Masaniello (mä z̨ä nyĕl′lō): a revolutionary leader of Naples in 1647.

masque (măsk): an old play in which the actors wore masks.

mast: nuts, especially beechnuts and acorns, used as food for hogs or other animals.

Mattawamkeag (măt *tȧ* wa̱m′kĕ*ag*): a town on the Penobscot River.

maw: stomach.

Melita (mĕl′ĭ tȧ): the ancient name for Malta.

memorial: a statement of facts addressed to a government or high officer.

Mendes Pinto (me̱n′dĕsh pĭn′tō̆); a Portuguese traveler.

mere: a lake or pool.

merrymen: retainers, companions.

metropolis (mē̆ trŏp′ō̆ lĭs): a chief city.

Minas (mī′nȧs): an arm of the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia.

ministry (mĭn′ĭs trў): the profession of minister or clergyman.

minstrelsy: song.

minuet (mĭn ū̆ ĕt′): a kind of slow, graceful dance.

minute (mī nūte′): very small.

misanthropic (mĭs ăn thrŏp′ĭc): hating mankind.

Mohicans (mō̆ hĭ′cănz̨): a tribe of Algonquin Indians living originally along the Hudson River.

Molina (mō lī′nä): a companion of Pizarro.

monody (mŏn′ō̆ dў): a mournful song having a single voice part.

monotone (mŏn′ō̆ tōne): a single unvaried tone.

mooseberries: the fruit of the hobblebush.
moosewood: the striped maple.
morris: an old game.
Moskoe (môs′kē): one of the Lofoden islands.
mull: to work a thing over mentally.
multitudinous: great in number.
mutters: mutterings (page 50).
mutual (mū′tū ăl): relating to two persons.
myriad (mȳr′ĭ ăd): a great number.

naked eye: unaided eye; without the help of a telescope.
Nar: a river in Umbria noted for its whitish, sulphurous water.
nathless: nevertheless.
necromancer (nĕc′rō măn çēr): a magician or sorcerer.
Nekayah (nē kā′y′ä*h*): a princess in "Rasselas."
Nequinum (nē kwī′nŭm): the ancient name of Narni, in Umbria.
nether (nĕth′ēr): under.
nethermost (nĕth′ēr mōst): lowest.
new-farrowed: newly born.
Nineveh (nĭn′ē vĕ*h*): an ancient city of Assyria.
Nisroch (nĭs′rŏ-c*h*): an Assyrian god.
noble: an old English coin worth 6s. 8d.
North Aa (ä): a village in Holland.
Northumberland: the northernmost county of England on the North Sea.

obdurate (ŏb′dū rāte): hard, stern.
oblivious (ŏb lĭv′ĭ o*ŭs*): forgetful of.
obnoxious: hateful, offensive.
offices: services.
Old Colony: the Plymouth colony.
Old Probabilities: a name given to the government weather forecaster.
ominous (ŏm′ĭ no*ŭs*): foreshadowing ill.
orbèd (ôrb′ĕd): having the form of an orb, round.
orbit: the path of a planet or any heavenly body.
orderly: an officer whose duty it is to carry the orders of a superior officer.
osier (ō′zhēr): a pliable willow.
osteria (ŏs tā rī′ä): an inn (Italian).

pæan (pæ′ăn): a song of joy.
pageant (păġ′ĕ*a*nt): a show or procession.
Palatinus (păl *ȧ* tī′nŭs): the Palatine, one of the seven hills of Rome.
pale: a fenced field.
palfrey (pȧl′freў): a saddle horse; often a small horse for ladies.
pall (pȧl*l*): a fine cloth spread over something, especially over a coffin.
pall (pȧl*l*): to become tasteless or disgusting by too large a quantity; to cloy.
Palmas (päl′mäs): a cape of Liberia.
parole (pȧ rōle′): a pledge given by a prisoner in consideration of which he is allowed freedom; also a paper granting freedom on such conditions.
parts: capabilities, talents (page 58).
pathos (pā′thŏs): tender sorrow aroused by suffering or distress.
patois (pȧ twä′ or păt′wä): a dialect or form of speech peculiar to a certain class or locality.

Paumanok (pa̤u măn′ŏk): the Indian name for Long Island.

Pedro de Candia (pe̤′drō de̤ cän′-dĭ ä): a companion of Pizarro.

peer: an equal.

Pekuah (pē̤ kū′ä*h*): the princess's attendant in "Rasselas."

pelf: wealth, frequently ill-gotten wealth.

pellicle: a thin film or flake.

peltries: pelts, fur skins.

penny (*plural*, pence): an English coin worth about two cents.

pent: shut in.

personalities: personal remarks, usually offensive.

peruke (pē̤ rṳke′): a wig.

phenomenon (phē̤ nŏm′ē̤ nŏn): usually a strange sight or event.

pibroch (pĭ′brŏĸ): a kind of martial music played on the bagpipe.

Picus (pī′cŭs): an ancient Italian chief.

pierceable (pēr′sȧ ble): that can be pierced.

pilaster (pĭ lăs′tēr): half of a square pillar used upon the face of a building.

pip: to peep like a chicken.

pique (pīk): the point of a saddle (page 273).

plain: old English for complain.

Pleiades (plē′yȧ dēz): a group of stars in the constellation Taurus, six visible without a telescope.

point: one of the thirty-two points into which the circle of the compass is divided.

Pointers: the two stars in the Great Bear, or Great Dipper, which are almost in a line with the North Star.

polar ray: the light from the pole-star, or North Star.

Pont Royal (pôn′ rwȧ yȧl′): a bridge in Paris.

port: the manner in which a person bears himself; behavior.

portcullis (pŏrt cŭl′lĭs): a grating of iron or heavy timbers hung over the gateway of a castle and lowered to prevent passage.

portend (pŏr tĕnd′): to foretell something sad or evil.

portent: an omen, especially that which portends evil.

postern (pōs′tērn): a private entrance.

posthumous (pŏs′t*h*ŭ̆ mo̤ŭs): after death.

postilion (pŏs tĭl′yŏn): the rider of one of the left-hand horses of a coach.

pound: in English money 20 shillings, or in U. S. money about $4.86.

Pozzuoli (pŏt swō′lē): an Italian town near Naples.

precursor (prē̤ cûr′sŏr): a forerunner, one who precedes.

premonition (prē̤ mŏ̤ nĭ′tiŏn): a forewarning.

premonitory (prē̤ mŏn′ĭ tŏ̤ rў): warning.

presage (prē̤ sāg̈e′): to foretell.

pricking: urging a horse forward by pricking his sides with the spur.

prior (prī′ôr): before.

privily (prĭv′ĭ lў): secretly.

proboscis (prŏ̤ bŏs′cĭs): a long tube-like extension of the mouth of insects through which they suck their food.

prodigies: marvels.

prolix (prō′lĭx or prŏ lĭx′) : long and tiresome.

Prospero (prŏs′pĕr ō) : the rightful Duke of Milan, in "The Tempest."

provost (prŏv′ŏst or prō′vō) : a person having authority over certain matters, a president.

Punchinello (pŭn chĭ nĕl′lō) : a humpbacked character in the Italian puppet shows; Punch.

purport (pûr′pōrt) : meaning.

Quatre Bras (kȧ′tr' brȧ′) : a Belgian village.

rack : thin, flying, broken clouds; a straining or wrenching, as by storms.

Ramnian (răm′nĭ ăn) : a member of the Ramnes, one of the three original tribes of Rome.

rampired (răm′pīred) : fortified with ramparts.

Rance (răns) : a river in France.

Rasselas (răs′sĕ lăs) : a story by Dr. Johnson.

razed : old English for grazed.

recessional (rĕ çĕsh′ŏn ăl) : a hymn sung as the choir or clergyman leaves the chancel, after service.

reciprocate (rĕ çĭp′rŏ cāte) : to give in return.

redoubtable (rĕ doubt′ȧ ble) : formidable.

redress (rĕ drĕss′) : a making right, or reparation.

refluent (rĕf′lų ĕnt) : flowing back, ebbing.

régime (rā zheem′) : rule or management.

reiterate (rĕ ĭt′ĕr āte) : to repeat again and again.

rendezvous (răn′dĕ vōō) : a meeting by appointment; also a place of meeting.

reposited : old English for "deposited."

respectively (rĕ spĕc′tĭve lў) : in the order named.

retributory (rĕ trĭb′ ů tŏ rў) : carrying retribution or punishment.

revelry (rĕv′ĕl rў) : merrymaking.

rife : abounding, full.

roads : an anchorage.

roan : a horse of a bay, chestnut, red or brown color mixed with gray or white.

roe : a small and very swift deer.

roister or **roisterer** : a rowdy.

Ronsin (rôn′săn′) : a French name.

rosbif (rŏs′bĕf′) : French for "roast beef," a nickname applied to an Englishman.

roses : rosettes.

rowel (row′ĕl) : the small spiked wheel on a spur.

Rubicon (rų′bĭ cŏn) : a river in Italy by crossing which Cæsar made it impossible for him to turn back; hence, a line separating two possible courses of action.

rubicund (rų′bĭ cŭnd) : ruddy, reddish.

rubied (rų′bĭed) : ruby-colored.

rue (rü) : French for "street."

Rue de l'Echelle (rü′ dĕ lā shĕl′) : a street in Paris.

runic (rų′nĭc) : mystic. (From the runes or symbols used in secret writings by the ancient Teutonic peoples.)

ruthlessly (rųth′lĕss lў) : without pity.

Sabrina (sȧ brī′nȧ) : a nymph of the river Severn.

St. Helena (hĕ lē′*nȧ*) : an island in the Atlantic.

St. Malo (săn mȧ′lō) : a French town on the English Channel.

sallows : willows.

sanguine (săn̲′gwĭn) : blood-red.

sarcophagus (sär cŏph′*ȧ gŭs*) : a stone coffin.

Sartor Resartus (sär′*tôr* rē̆ sär′*tŭs*) : "the patcher patched," a book by Carlyle.

satiety (*sȧ* tī′ē̆ *tў*) : fullness beyond desire, surfeit.

savanna (*sȧ* văn′*nȧ*) : a grassy plain.

scar : a protruding rock.

scrupulous : careful, conscientious.

seductive (sē̆ dŭc′*tĭve*) : tempting.

Seius (sē′*ĭ ŭs*) : the supposed lord of Ilva.

seneschal (sĕn′ē̆ *schăl*) : the steward or overseer of a medieval lord.

Sennacherib (sĕn *năeh*′ēr ĭb) : an Assyrian king.

seraphic (sē̆ răph′ĭc) : like a seraph or angel.

seven stars : either the Pleiades or the seven stars in the Great Dipper.

shagreen (*shȧ* grēen′) : a kind of untanned leather made in Russia and the East.

shard : a fragment of some brittle substance, as a shell.

Sharezer (shȧ rē′zēr) : a son of Sennacherib.

shilling : an English coin equal to twelvepence, or about 24 cents.

shire (*shīre*) : a county.

shrieve : to shrive, to receive confession as a priest.

shrouds : ropes stretching from the masthead to the sides of a vessel as a support.

siesta (sĭ ĕs′*tȧ*) : a nap at midday, after luncheon.

simultaneous (sī mŭl tā′nē̆ *oŭs*) : at the same time.

Sinai (sī′*naī*) : a mountain north of the Red Sea, where God appeared to the Israelites.

sinister (sĭn′ĭs tēr) : unlucky, evil.

sinuous (sĭn′ū *oŭs*) : wavy, winding.

siren (sī′rĕn) : one of the sea nymphs who were said to frequent an island near Italy and lure mariners upon the rocks by their singing.

sirrah (sĭr′*răh*) : a form of address used to inferiors, and showing anger or contempt.

sith : old English for "since."

sizar (sī′zär) : a student, in some of the English universities, who is educated free of charge, or who pays his expenses by working.

slabs : the outside pieces of a log, usually with the bark upon them, sawed off when cutting it up into boards.

slack : slack water, the time of the tide when the water is still, between ebb and flow.

sloop : a single-masted vessel, rigged fore-and-aft.

solaced (sŏl′ăst) : cheered or comforted.

soldi (sŏl′dĭ) : plural of "soldo," a small Italian coin worth about one cent.

Solidor (sō′lĭ dôr′) : a French fortress.

soliloquy (sŏ lĭl′ŏ quў) : a talking to one's self.

solstice (sŏl′stĭçe) : the time at which the sun is farthest from

the equator — June 21 and December 21.

spank: to move briskly (page 306).

spasmodic (spăz mŏd′ĭc): fitful, in spasms.

Spezia (spĕt′syä): a town in Italy.

spherule (sphĕr′ụle): a little sphere.

Spurius Lartius (spū′rĭ ŭs lär′shĭ ŭs): one of the companions of Horatius.

squalid (squạl′ĭd): dirty.

stall: a seat in the choir of a church (page 225).

status (stā′tŭs): legal standing of a person or thing.

stead (stĕad): service, advantage.

stole: a long loose robe.

strada (strä′dä): a street (Italian).

strand: shore.

strappado (străp pā′dō): an ancient instrument of punishment.

straths (stráths): wide river valleys.

subaltern (sŭb ạl′tĕrn): any officer below the rank of captain.

subtle (sŭbt′le): delicate.

succory (sŭc′cō rў): chicory, a plant bearing heads of bright blue flowers.

sugar-loaf: shaped like the old-fashioned sugar loaf — conical with rounded top.

suite (swēt): a body of attendants (page 240).

supernal (sū pēr′năl): having a very high place or nature.

surtout (sŭr tōōt′ or sŭr tōō): a long, close-fitting overcoat.

swain: a young countryman.

swinglebar: a singletree, the pivoted or swinging bar to which the traces of a harness are fixed.

swound: old English for "swoon."

Sycorax (sў′cō răx): a witch, in "The Tempest."

sylvan (sў′văn): pertaining to the woods.

Tabard (tăb′ărd): the name of an old inn near London.

taciturn (tăç′ĭ tûrn): silent, reticent, reserved.

tallow-chandler: one who makes or sells tallow candles.

tarantella (tä′rän tĕl′lä): a Neapolitan dance.

tattoo: a military call sounded on drum, bugle, or trumpet, giving notice to soldiers to go to their quarters.

termagant (tĕr′mȧ gănt): quarrelsome, scolding.

theological (thē ō lŏj′ĭ căl): pertaining to the science of God and religion.

theories (thē′ō rĭęs): individual views that explain observed facts.

Thoreau (thō′rō): an American naturalist.

thrall: slavery (page 224).

thrid: to thread, to pierce through.

"thunder and lightning": a cloth of dark gray with white flecks.

Tifernum (tĭ fĕr′nŭm): an ancient Italian city on or near the site of the modern Città di Castello.

tight: strong and well-formed (page 175).

tintinnabulation (tĭn tĭn năb ŭ lā′tiŏn): a tinkling or jingling, as of bells.

Titan (tī′tăn): in Greek mythology, one of the gigantic gods who preceded Zeus and the Olympians.

Titanic (tī tăn'ĭc) : like the Titans; gigantic.

Titian (tĭ'shĭ ăn) : a member of the Tities, one of the three original tribes of Rome.

tocsin : an alarm bell.

Tongres (tôNgr') : a town in Belgium.

torsion (tôr'siŏn) : a twisting.

Toulon (too lôN') : a city in France.

Tourville (too r'vĭlle) : admiral of the French fleet in 1692.

Trafalgar (trăf'ăl gär') : a Spanish cape.

trammel : an iron hook used for hanging kettles over a fire.

translucent (trăns lū'çĕnt) : partly transparent.

trattoria (trät'tō rī'ä) : an eating house (Italian).

treacle (trē*a*'cle) : molasses.

tricolor (trī'cŏl'ŏr) : the French flag, of blue, white, and red, adopted at the time of the French Revolution.

Triton (trī'tŏn) : a demigod, son of Neptune. His horn was a conch shell, and the blowing of it was said to make the roaring of the sea.

truculent (trŭc'ū lĕnt) : fierce, savage.

trysting (trŷst'ĭng) **day** : an arranged day of meeting.

Tuileries (twēl'rē) : a royal palace in Paris.

Tumbez (tum'bĕth, or tum'bĕz) : a town on the coast of Peru.

turkis (tûr'kĭs) : an old word for "turquoise," a greenish blue.

udder : the milk bag of cows or other animals.

umbrageous (ŭm brā'*g*eoŭs) : shady.

unbeholden : unseen.

unbodied (ŭn bŏd'ĭed) : freed from the body.

unmeet (ŭn meet') : unfit.

unpremeditated (ŭn prē mĕd'ĭ tāt ĕd) : not thought of beforehand.

unscathed (ŭn scā*th*ed') : safe, unharmed.

untimely : before its time.

unwittingly : unintentionally, without knowing why.

Uttoxeter (ŭt tŏx'ē tēr or ŭx'tēr) : a town in England.

vagaries (vȧ gā'rĭe*s*) : freaks, whims.

Valdez (văl'dĕth) : a Spanish general.

valet (văl'ĕt or văl'ā) : a manservant who has charge of one's clothes.

van : the front of an army.

vaunt : boast.

vernal : pertaining to spring.

vesper : evening.

vicar (vĭc'ăr) : a clergyman of the Episcopal or Catholic Church having charge of a church or mission as the bishop's deputy.

vindicated (vĭn'dĭ cāt ĕd) : justified, made good.

virgin (vĭr'jĭn) : young, unmarried.

vociferous (vō çĭf'ēr *oŭs*) : noisy.

Volscian (vŏl'shĭ ăn) : a Latin tribe.

voluble (vŏl'ū ble) : fluent, talkative.

voluminously (vō lū'mĭ no*ŭs* lў) : copiously, in great volume.

voluptuous (vō lŭp'tū *oŭs*) : full of pleasure to the senses.

vortices (vôr'tĭ çē*s*) : plural of "vortex," the center of a whirlpool or eddy.

Vurrgh (vûr): Væro, one of the Lofoden islands.

wain: a wagon.
wake-robin: the trillium, a spring flower.
wallet (wąl'lĕt): here, a knapsack for carrying provisions on a journey.
Warwick (wąr'*w*ĭck): a noted English family.
whist: hushed, silent.
whittle: a knife.
wight (wī*gh*t): a person, a creature.
wist: first person singular, preterit of *wit*, I knew.
wold (wōld): a plain.
woof: the cross threads of a woven fabric.

yellow-breeched: clothed with yellow breeches.
yeoman: an English farmer or freeholder.
yuca (yụ'cä): the cassava plant or fruit (page 364).

Zoeterwoude (zụ'tĕr wou dĕ): a village and fortress in Holland.
zone: a girdle.